Lonely, homely boy they called him Lucy Mama's little man And she calls him Hendershot His mama called him Hendershot

Be seen and not be heard, they told him He grew into a big man they call Hendershot
They always call him Hendershot

Walking down the side streets of SoHo Chances are you'll bump into our friend Hendershot That's Hendershot

Sitting on a blanket near Saint Marks
Is a man selling handbags he gets from
Hendershot
But he doesn't call him Hendershot

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