

The Legend of Hardhead Ned

Watsky

Once upon a time in a remote Tasmanian trailer park
There was born a baby boy by the name of Nedson Willbry
One day when Nedson was a baby, his crackhead teen mum
Got real distracted watching Teen Mum on the telly and dropped Ned right on
his noggin
Leaving a bump on top of his head
The little bean stopped squirming
And his mum thought he was surely done for
So mummy brought the tiny bundle to the forest during a terrible storm
And left him for dead in a field of pumpkins and wolves

But just then lighting struck
And a cry cut through the night light like a siren on a fire truck
Ned survived by the slightest luck, he wasn't a dead baby, Neddy was alive a
s fuck!

It was a miracle we're hearing
The creatures of the evening came creeping to the clearing
To see this little man nugget
Soon to be immortalized in poetry just like the man from Nantucket
But as the little babe was grown
They gave to him their home
And raised him as their own
He roamed and trapezed from the tallest trees (whee!)
He got his steez from the wallabies
They all loved him
But the Tasmanian Devils loved little Neddy more than all of 'em
They taught him how to spin like a fan
till Ned spun himself into a fine young man
But one day like a sick disease
Loggers crept in and chopped the eucalyptus trees
They smushed the cuddly forest creatures
And turned 'em into body wash and sneakers
But Ned escaped and yelled angrily
That "You abandoned me!
You killed my family!
But God dammit, I can't use your pity"
And he snuck onto a ship bound for New York City

Ned's voyage led him to the deepest, darkest, dankest bowels of that ship
He met all kinds of seedy characters on that voyage, like old Japanese men a
nd their wives
He had meals of fresh cut sashimi, pumpkin pie
And all kinds of delicious breads and cookies and cakes
When he was on that voyage he knew what lied ahead
So he kept his sights set on New York City
And before he knew it, he arrived

Ned almost drowned
He kissed the ground
But his guts were churned up in this town
Where down was up and up was down
So the boy from Down Under flipped right around
Ned did a cartwheel and stopped halfway
And he walked on his palms from that day
But cityfolk treated Ned like a freak
"That handwalking lumpheaded Yeti can't speak"
One night walking home Ned was quite shocked

He saw a B-boy spinning on the sidewalk
He couldn't stop, wouldn't stop
Staring at those limbs, spinning like a wooden top
Sweeter than puddin' pop, Ned was home at last
And every night he'd watch 'em dance through the glass
Of the club, and he'd wait there in line for his chance
But the bouncer said: "freak, you can't dance!"

Oh but Ned, sweet little Ned, he wouldn't get out of line
And the bouncer pushed him, and pushed him
But to catch his balance, Ned, hardheaded, upside down Ned did what Ned did
best
He just spun. And he spun. And he spun. And he spun!
(Go Ned, go Ned, go, go, go Ned!)

Everyone in the club came out to watch what is now regarded
As the greatest fucking head spin of all time
Legend has it that Ned's still out there on Bleecker Street
Spinning on the curb to this very day