

# 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