

Les Claypool "Hendershot"

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Lonely, lonely boy they called him Lucy, Mama's little man,
And she calls him Hendershot, his mam 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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