

## Redemption

### "Poor Ned"

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Poor Ned, you're better off dead  
At least you'll get some peace of mind  
You're out on the track  
They're right on your back  
Boy they're 'gonna hang you high

Eighteen hundred and seventy eight  
Was the year I remember so well  
They put my father in an early grave  
Slung my mother in gaol  
Now I don't know what's right or wrong  
But they hung Christ on nails  
Six kids at home and two still on the breast  
They wouldn't even give her bail

Poor Ned, you're better off dead  
At least you'll get some peace of mind  
You're out on the track  
They're right on your back  
Boy, they're 'gonna hang you high

You know I wrote a letter  
'Bout Stringy-Bark Creek  
So they would understand  
That I might be a bushranger  
But I'm not a murdering man  
I didn't want to shoot Kennedy  
Or that copper Lonigan  
He alone could have saved his life  
By throwing down his gun

Poor Ned, you're better off dead  
At least you'll get some peace of mind  
You're out on the track  
They're right on your back  
Boy, they're 'gonna hang you high

You know they took Ned Kelly  
And they hung him in the Melbourne gaol  
He fought so very bravely  
Dressed in iron mail

And no man single-handed  
Can hope to break the bars  
It's a thousand like Ned Kelly  
Who'll hoist the flag of stars

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