

Redgum "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

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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
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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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