

Rolf Harris**"Ned Kelly"**

Visit "[Ned Kelly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ned Kelly was my son

His early life was a battle in the jail for a cattle job he'd
never done

It taught him the law didn't work for the poor of the
land

And three years locked him in Melbourne's Pentridge
Jail

Gave him that Ned Kelly brand

You see, the pride of the Kelly's Ned, my son, my son

Ride like a Kelly with your head held high

And die like a Kelly, Ned, if you must die

Was in the drinks of the trouper staggered up in a
stupour and he poured out a tale

He swore Ned had jumped him, shot him in the leg, left
him for dead

And on the word of that sneakin' lyin' hound

A man hunt was started for Ned

Could give the slip to the trackers, Ned, my son, my
son

Go for the gullies where the gums grow high

And die like a Kelly, Ned, if you must die

But in the bush of New South Wales a man can
disappear

And six months passed before they crossed his track

An ambush and a gunfight, three troopers lyin' dead

For Kelly there was no turnin' back

He sauntered deep into Jerilderie and pulled off a
robbery of two thousand pounds

He and his men, they were sure they were headin' to
hang

And all Australians marvelled at the price

On the heads of the Ned Kelly gang

Be sure you fight like a Kelly, Ned, my son, my son

Fight to the finish with your head held high

And die like a Kelly, Ned, when you die

It wasn't a police informer cut the Kelly's down
The one who tried it, paid with his life
The gang themselves held up a town and settled in to
drink
Sick of years of robbing and strife

That's where the state troupers found them in the dark
and surrounded them in Glenrowan Pub
Fifty or more poured shot through the doors and the
walls
And in the dawn of th

Visit [Rolf Harris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.