

# A Boy Named Sue

[unknown]

Well, my daddy left home when I was three  
And he didn't leave much to ma and me  
Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze  
Now, I don't blame him 'cause he run and hid  
But the meanest thing that he ever did  
Was before he left, he went and named me SueWell, he must o' thought that is quite a joke  
And it got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk  
It seems I had to fight my whole life through  
Some gal would giggle and I'd get red  
And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head  
I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named SueWell, I grew up quick and I grew up mean  
My fist got hard and my wits got keen  
I'd roam from town to town to hide my shame  
But I made me a vow to the moon and stars  
That I'd search the honky tonks and bars  
And kill that man who gave me that awful nameWell, it was Gatlinburg in mid July  
And I just hit town and my throat was dry  
I thought I'd stop and have myself a brew  
At an old saloon on a street of mud  
There at a table, dealing stud  
Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me SueWell, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad  
From a worn out picture that my mother had  
And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil eye  
He was big and bent and gray and old  
And I looked at him and my blood ran cold  
And I said, "My name is Sue! How do you do?  
Now you're gonna die" Well, I hit him hard right between the eyes  
And he went down, but to my surprise  
He come up with a knife and cut off a piece of my ear  
But I busted a chair right across his teeth  
And we crashed through the wall and into the street  
Kicking and a' gouging in the mud and the blood and the beer I tell ya, I've fought tougher men  
But I really can't remember when  
He kicked like a mule and he bit like a crocodile  
I heard him laugh and then I heard him curse  
He went for his gun and I pulled mine first  
He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him smile And he said, "Son, this world is rough  
And if a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough  
And I knew I wouldn't be there to help you along

So I give you that name and I said goodbye  
I knew you'd have to get tough or die  
And it's the name that helped to make you strong" He said, "Now you just fought one hell of a fight  
And I know you hate me, and you got the right  
To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you do  
But you ought to thank me, before I die  
For the gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya eye  
'Cause I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you Sue What could I do? Yeah what could I do?  
I got all choked up and I threw down my gun  
And I called him my pa, and he called me his son  
And I came away with a different point of view  
And I think about him, now and then  
Every time I try and every time I win  
And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him  
Bill or George anything but Sue I still hate that name

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