

# A Boy Named Sue (In Concert)

## Johnny Cash

I want you to uh, I want to a,  
If you don't mind Carl, I'd like you to stay out and help us on some songs  
I'd love to

One of the greatest guitar players as well as song writers and singers in Memphis  
Appreciate a little help on guitar, alright. Thank you CarlWell, 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 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'd 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"(yeah, that's what I told him)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 beerI 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 cuss

He went for his gun and I pulled mine first  
He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him smileAnd 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 ya along  
So I give ya 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 ya 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" Well what could I do? What could I do?  
I got all choked up and I threw down my gun  
And I called him my paw, 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! Any-damn-thing but Sue! Alright, thank you very much

Songwriters  
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