**A Boy Named Sue**

**G**

**My daddy left home when I was three**

 **C**

**And he didn't leave much to Ma and me**

 **D G**

**Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze.**

**G**

**Now, I don't blame him cause he run and hid**

 **C**

**But the meanest thing that he ever did**

 **D G**

**Was before he left, he went and named me 'Sue.'**

**Well, he must o' thought that is was 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 'Sue.'**

**Well, 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 that give me that awful name.**

**Well, 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 'Sue.'**

**Well, 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 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 cuss,**

**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 know I wouldn't be there to help ya along.**

**So I give ya that name and I said good-bye**

**I knew you'd have to get tough or die**

**And it's that 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'.'**

**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 come 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!**