

A Boy Named Sue
Capo on 1st fret

A
My daddy left home when I was three
D
And he didn't leave much to ma and me
E
Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze. A
A
Now, I don't blame him cause he run and hid
D
But the meanest thing that he ever did
E
Was before he left, he went and named me "Sue." A

A
Well, he must o' thought that is quite a joke
D
And it got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk,
E
It seems I had to fight my whole life through. A
A
Some gal would giggle and I'd get red
D
And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head,
E
I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named "Sue." A

A
Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean,
D
My fist got hard and my wits got keen,
E
I'd roam from town to town to hide my shame. A
A
But I made a vow to the moon and stars
D
That I'd search the honky-tonks and bars
E
And kill that man who gave me that awful name. A

A
Well, it was Gatlinburg in mid-July
D
And I just hit town and my throat was dry,
E
I thought I'd stop and have myself a brew. A
A
At an old saloon on a street of mud,
D
There at a table, dealing stud,
E
Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me "Sue." A

A
Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
D
From a worn-out picture that my mother'd had,
E
And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil eye. A
A
He was big and bent and gray and old,

D
 And I looked at him and my blood ran cold
 E A
 And I said: "My name is 'Sue!' How do you do!
 Now you gonna die!!"

A
 Well, I hit him hard right between the eyes
 D
 And he went down, but to my surprise,
 E A
 He come up with a knife and cut off a piece of my ear.
 A
 But I busted a chair right across his teeth
 D
 And we crashed through the wall and into the street
 E A
 Kicking and a' gouging in the mud and the blood and the beer.

A
 I tell ya, I've fought tougher men
 D
 But I really can't remember when,
 E A
 He kicked like a mule and he bit like a crocodile.
 A
 I heard him laugh and then I heard him cuss,
 D
 He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,
 E A
 He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him smile.

A
 And he said: "Son, this world is rough
 D
 And if a man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough
 E A
 And I knew I wouldn't be there to help ya along.
 A
 So I give ya that name and I said goodbye
 D
 I knew you'd have to get tough or die
 E A
 And it's the name that helped to make you strong."

A
 He said: "Now you just fought one hell of a fight
 D
 And I know you hate me, and you got the right
 E A
 To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you do.
 A
 But ya ought to thank me, before I die,
 D
 For the gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya eye
 E A
 Cause I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you "Sue.'"

A
 I got all choked up and I threw down my gun
 D
 And I called him my pa, and he called me his son,

