

## "A Boy Named Sue" –Shel Silverstein

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 "Sue."

Well, 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 "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 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 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 your 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 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-b\_\_\_\_\_ 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 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!