

A Boy Named Sue
Shel Silverstein

Key of C

Intro: Chords for first 3 lines

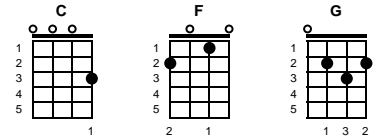
^C
My daddy left home when I was three
And he didn't leave much to ma and me
^F
^G Just this old guitar and an empty bottle of booze
Now, I don't blame him cause he run and hid
^F
But the meanest thing that he ever did
^G
Was before he left, he went and named me "Sue."

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

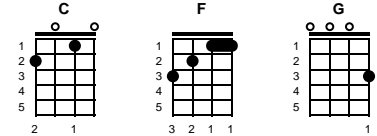
Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean,
^F
My fist got hard and my wits got keen,
^G
I'd roam from town to town to hide my shame.
But I made a vow to the moon and stars
^F
That I'd search the honky-tonks and bars
^G
And kill that man who gave me that awful name.

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

STANDARD

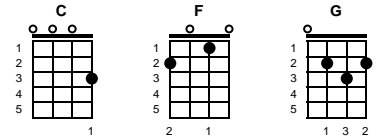


BARITONE



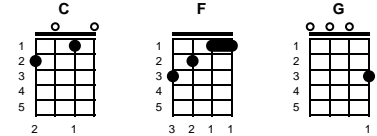
Well, I knew that snake was my own sweet dad
 From a worn-out picture that my mother'd had,
 And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil eye.
 He was big and bent and gray and old,
 And I looked at him and my blood ran cold
 And I said: "My name is 'Sue!' How do you do!
 Now you gonna die!!"

STANDARD



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.

BARITONE

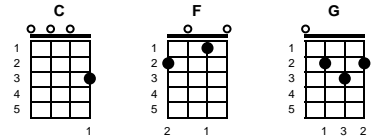


I tell ya, I've fought tougher men
 But I really can't remember when,
 He kicked like a mule and he bit like a crocodile.
 I heard him laugh and then I heard him cuss,
 He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,
 He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him smile.

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-bitch that named you "Sue."

STANDARD



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,
 spoken:
 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!

BARITONE

