

A Boy Named Sue

Johnny Cash

GIII GIII

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

Well he [G] must've thought that was quite a joke
And it [C] got a lot of laughs from a-lots of folks
It [D] seems I had to fight my whole life [G] through
Some [G] gal would giggle and I'd get red
And [C] some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head
I [D] tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named [G] 'Sue'

Well I [G] grew up quick and I grew up mean
My [C] fists got hard and my wits got keen
I'd [D] roam from town to town to hide my [G] shame
But I [G] made me a vow to the moon and stars
I'd [C] search the honky-tonks and bars
And [D] kill that man that gimme that awful [G] name

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

Well, I [G] knew that snake was my own sweet dad
From a [C] worn-out picture that my mother'd had
And I [D] knew that scar on his cheek and his evil [G] eye
He was [G] big and bent and gray and old
And I [C] looked at him and my blood ran cold
And I said [D] "My name is 'Sue!' [D] How do you do? Now you gonna [G] die!"
[G] (Yeah, that's what I told him)

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

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

And he said [G] "Son, this world is rough
And if a [C] man's gonna make it he's gotta be tough
And I [D] knew I wouldn't be there to help you a- [G] long
So I [G] give ya that name and I said goodbye
I [C] knew you'd have to get tough or die
And it's the [D] name that helped to make you [G] strong"
[G] (*Yeah!*)

He said [G] "Now you just fought one hell of a fight
And I [C] know you hate me, and you got the right
To [D] kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you [G] do
But you [G] ought to thank me before I die
For the [C] gravel in yer guts and the spit in ya eye
Cause [D] I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you [G] 'Sue'"
[G] (*Yeah, what could I do? What could I do?*)

I got [G] all choked up and I threw down my gun
And I [C] called him my pa, and he called me his son,
And I [D] come away with a different point of [G] view
And I [G] think about him, now and then
Every [C] time I try and every time I win

A capella

And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him

A capella

Bill or George, anything but Sue, I still hate that name!

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