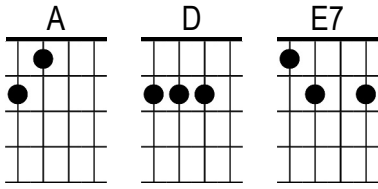# A Boy Named Sue

Johnny Cash

A   D   E7

Intro

A |

Well, my **A** daddy left home when I was three

And he **D** didn't leave much to ma and me

Just this **E7** old guitar and an empty bottle of **A** booze

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

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

Was **E7** before he left, he went and named me, **A** "Sue" |

Well, he **A** must o' thought that is quite a joke

And it **D** got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk,

E7 It seems I had to fight my whole life **A** through

Some | gal would giggle and I'd get red

And **D** some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head,

I **E7** tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named, **A** "Sue" |

Well, I **A** grew up quick and I grew up mean,

My **D** fist got hard and my wits got keen,

I'd **E7** roam from town to town to hide my **A** shame

But I | made me a vow to the moon and stars

That I'd **D** search the honky-tonks and bars

And **E7** kill that man who gave me that awful **A** name

Well, it was **A** Gatlinburg in mid-July

And I **D** just hit town and my throat was dry,

E7 I thought I'd stop and have myself a **A** brew

At an | old saloon on a street of mud,

D There at a table, dealing stud,

E7 Sat the dirty, mangy dog that named me, **A** "Sue"

Well, I **A** knew that snake was my own sweet dad

From a **D** worn-out picture that my mother'd had,

E7 And I knew that scar on his cheek and his evil **A** eye

He was | big and bent and gray and old,

And I **D** looked at him and my blood ran cold

And I **E7** said, "My name is 'Sue.' **A** How do you do? | Now you gonna die" | |

Well, I **A** hit him hard right between the eyes

And **D** he went down, but to my surprise,

E7 He come up with a knife and cut off a piece of my **A** ear

But I | busted a chair right across his teeth

And we **D** crashed through the wall and into the street

E7 Kickin' and a' gougin' in the mud and the blood and the **A** beer

A I tell ya, I've fought tougher men

But I **D** really can't remember when,

E7 He kicked like a mule and he bit like a croco**A**dile

I | heard him laugh and then I heard him cuss,

D He went for his gun and I pulled mine first,

E7 He stood there lookin' at me and I saw him **A** smile

And he said, "Son, **A** this world is rough

And if a **D** man's gonna make it, he's gotta be tough

E7 And I knew I wouldn't be there to help ya a**A**long

So I | give ya that name and I said goodbye

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

E7 And it's the name that helped to make you **A** strong" |

He said, **A** "Now you just fought one hell of a fight

And I **D** know you hate me, and you got the right

E7 To kill me now, and I wouldn't blame you if you **A** do

But ya | ought to thank me, before I die,

For the **D** gravel in ya guts and the spit in ya eye

E7 'Cause I'm the son-of-a-bitch that named you, **A** 'Sue'" | |

I got **A** all choked up and I threw down my gun

And I **D** called him my pa, and he called me his son,

E7 And I came away with a different point of **A** view

And I | think about him, now and then,

Every **D** time I try and every time I win,

E7↓ And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him

Bill or George, any damn thing but **A**↓ Sue