

## Shel Silverstein "Father Of A Boy Named Sue"

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(Okay now years ago I wrote a song called A Boy  
Named Sue and that was okay  
And everything except then I started to think about it  
and I thought  
It is unfair I am looking at the whole thing from the poor  
kid's point of view  
And as I get more older and more fatherly  
I begin to look at things from an old man's point of view  
So I decided to give the old man equal time okay here  
we go)

Yeah I lef' home when the kid was three and it sure felt  
good to be fancy free  
Tho I knew it wasn't quite the fatherly thing to do  
But that kid kept screamin' and throwin' up and pissin'  
in his pants til I had enough  
So just for revenge I went and named him Sue  
Yeah it was Gatlinberg in mid July I was gettin' drunk  
but gettin' by  
Gettin' old and goin' from bad to worse  
When thru the door with an awful scream comes the  
ugliest queen I've ever seen  
He says my name is Sue how do you do then he hits me  
with his purse

Now this ain't the way he tells the tale but he scratched  
my face with his fingernails  
And then he bit my thumb and kicked me with his high-  
heeled shoe  
So I hit him in the nose and he started to cry and he  
threw some perfume in my eye  
And it sure ain't easy fightin' with a boy named Sue

So I hit him in the head with a caned-back chair  
And he screamed hey dad you mussed my hair  
And he hit me in the navel and knocked out a piece of  
my lint  
He was spittin' blood I was spittin' teeth  
And we crashed through the wall and out into the street  
A kickin and gougin' in the mud and the blood and the  
creme de menth

Then out of his garter he pulls a gun I'm about to get  
shot by my very own son  
He's screamin' bout Sigmond Freud and lookin' grim  
uh  
So I thought fast and I told him some stuff  
How I named him Sue just to make him tough  
And I guess he bought it 'cause now I'm livin' with him  
Yeah he cooks and sews and cleans up the place he  
cuts my hair and shaves my face  
And irons my shirts better than a daughter could do  
And on the nights that I can't score well I can't tell you  
anymore  
Sure is a joy to have a boy named Sue yeah a son is fun  
But it's a joy to have a boy named Sue

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