

Shel Silverstein, Father Of A Boy Named Sue

(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 mused 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