

0.1 Holiday exercise

Here are the lyrics for the Song, A Boy Named Sue, (click [here](#) for a version on YouTube). Read through the lyrics and do the following;

1. Underline the dependent clauses
2. Write notes saying the function they fulfil in the sentence, e.g. are they postmodifiers, objects etc.
3. Put a square around subordinating words, and circle around coordinating words (or use a colour-coding scheme, e.g. pink for subordinating words / yellow for coordinating words)

I have created online Word documents in OneDrive for you to work on. Could the BScs work on [this document](#), and could the MScs work on [this document](#)?

In addition, for **!!extra points!!** could you identify the following

1. A modal verb expressing epistemic modality
2. A modal verb expressing deontic modality
3. An auxiliary verb used to express a habitual event
4. An indirect object
5. An object complement

Well, my daddy left home when I was three
 And he didn't leave much to ma and me
 Just this old guitar and a empty bottle of booze
 Now, I don't blame him 'cause he run and hid
 But the meanest thing that he ever did
 Was before he left, he went and named me Sue
 Well, he musta (must have) thought that was quite a joke
 And it got a lot of laughs from a' lots of folk
 It seems I had to fight my whole life through
 Some gal would giggle and I'd get red
 And some guy'd laugh and I'd bust his head
 I tell ya, life ain't easy for a boy named Sue

Well, I grew up quick and I grew up mean
 My fist got hard and my wits got keen
 I'd roam from town to town to hide my shame
 But I made me a vow to the moon and stars
 I'd search the honkytonks and bars
 And kill that man that give me that awful name

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

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"
Yeah! That's what I told him

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
Kickin' and a' gougin' in the mud and the blood and the beer
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
And 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 know I wouldn't be there to help you along
So I give you that name and I said goodbye
I knew you'd have to get tough or die
And it's that name that helped to make you strong"
Yeah, 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 you oughtta thank me, before I die
For the gravel in your guts and the spit in the eye
'Cause I'm the son of-a bitch that named you Sue."

Yeah, what could I do? What could I do?
I got all choked up and I threw down my gun
I called him my pa, and he called me his son
And I come away with a different point of view
And I think about him now and then
Every time I try and every time I win
And if I ever have a son, I think I'm gonna name him
Bill or George any damn thing but Sue
I still hate that name
Yeah