

## Sixteen Tons

Harry Nilsson

Some people say man is made out of mud  
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood  
Muscle and blood and skin and bone  
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons and what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go  
I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine  
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal  
And the store-boss said the "Well-a bless my soul"

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I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain  
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
I was raised in the cane-brake by an old mama lion  
Cain't no a high-tone woman make me walk the line

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If you see me comin', better step aside  
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died  
One fist of iron, the other of steel  
If the right one don't git ya, then the left one will

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