

## Sixteen Tons

Jimmy Dean

Some people say a man is made outta mud.  
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood.  
Muscle and blood, skin and bones;  
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

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

Well, I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine.  
I picked up a shovel, an' I walked out to the mine.  
I loaded sixteen tons of Number 9 coal,  
An' the store boss said: "Well, bless my soul."

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

Well, I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain.  
Fightin' an' trouble was my middle name.  
I was raised in the canebreak by an old mama lion,  
Can't no high-toned woman makes me walk the line.

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Another day older and deeper in debt.  
St Peter don't you call me cause I can't go:  
I owe my soul to the company store.

Well, if you see me comin', better step aside.  
A lot of men didn't, an' a lotta men died.  
One fist of iron, the other of steel.  
If the right one don't get you, then the left one will.

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