

Frankie Laine, Sixteen Tons

SIXTEEN TONS.

SOME PEOPLE SAY A 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 WEAK AND A BACK THAT'S STRONG
YOU LOAD SIXTEEN TONS, AND WHAT DO YOU GET
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT
SAY BROTHER DON'T YOU CALL ME 'COS I CAN'T GO
I OWE MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE
I WAS BORN ONE MORNING 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 STRAW BOSS SAID 'WELL BLESS MY SOUL'
I WAS BORN ONE MORNING IT WAS DRIZZLING RAIN
FIGHTING AND TROUBLE ARE MY MIDDLE NAME
I WAS RAISED IN CANE-BRAKE BY AN OLD MAMMA LION
CAN'T NO HIGH TONED WOMAN MAKE ME WALK THE LINE
IF YOU SEE ME COMING BETTER STEP ASIDE
A LOTTA MEN DIDN'T AND 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.