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.