

Tennessee Ernie Ford, 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 bones
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

Chorus:

You load sixteen tons, and whattaya get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
St. Peter don'cha call me, cause 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!"

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus