

Hank Thompson

"Sixteen Tons"

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SIXTEEN TONS

Writer Merle Travis

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"
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', 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
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
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
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
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