

## Jimmy Cozier

### "Sixteen Tons"

Visit "[Sixteen Tons](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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.

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, if you see me comin', better step aside.  
A lotta 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.

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.

