

Platters

"Sixteen Tons"

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Some people say man's made out mud,
Well, a good man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, and skin and bones,
And mind that's weak and the back that's strong.

You load 16 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 morning when sun didn't shine,
I picked up my shovel and I went to the mine,
Loaded 16 tons of number nine coal,
And the straw boss said: "Well, bless my soul!"

You load 16 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 coming, you better step aside,

A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.
My one fist is iron, the other one's steel,
And if the left don't getcha, then the right one will

You load 16 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 morning, it was drizzling rain,

Fighting and Trouble 's my middle name,
I was raised down the Canebrake by an old mountain
mine,
And there ain't no hard hearted women make me walk
that line!

You load 16 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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