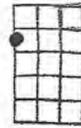


SIXTEEN TONS words and music by Merle Travis

Am
Some people say a man is made out of mud.
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood,

Am



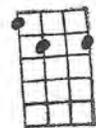
Dm
Muscle and blood and skin and bones,

Dm



Am E7 Am
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

E7



CHORUS: You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt.

Dm

Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go,

Am E7 Am

I owe my soul to the company store. (End: Repeat)

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine.
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine.

Dm

I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

Am E7 Am

And the straw boss said, "Well a-bless my soul." **CHORUS**

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain,
A fightin' and trouble are my middle name.

Dm

I was raised in a canebrake by an ole mamalion,

Am E7 Am

Can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line. **CHORUS**

If you see me coming better step aside,
A lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.

Dm

One fist of iron, the other of steel,

Am E7 Am

If the right one don't get ya, the left one will. **CHORUS**