Sixteen Tons

Jerry Reed

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
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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

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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

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