

# Sixteen Tons

## Jim Post

Some people say a man is made outta mud  
A poor manÂ´s made outta muscle and blood  
    Muscle and blood and skin and bones  
A mind thatÂ´s a-weak and a back thatÂ´s strong

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
    Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter donÂ´t you call me Â‘cause I canÂ´t go  
    I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one morninÂ´ when the sun didnÂ´t shine  
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine  
    I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal  
And the straw boss said Â‘Well, a-bless my soulÂ’

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
    Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter donÂ´t you call me Â‘cause I canÂ´t go  
    I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one morninÂ’, it was drizzlinÂ’ rain  
    FightinÂ’ and trouble are my middle name  
I was raised in the canebrake\* by an olÂ’ mama lion  
CainÂ´t no-a high-toned woman make me walk the line

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?  
    Another day older and deeper in debt  
Saint Peter donÂ´t you call me Â‘cause I canÂ´t go  
    I owe my soul to the company store

If you see me cominÂ’, better step aside  
    A lotta men didnÂ´t, a lotta men died  
    One fist of iron, the other of steel  
If the right one donÂ´t a-get you, then the left one will

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    Another day older and deeper in debt  
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