Sixteen Tons

The Rattles

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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