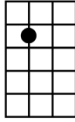


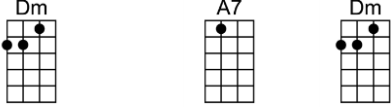
SING D



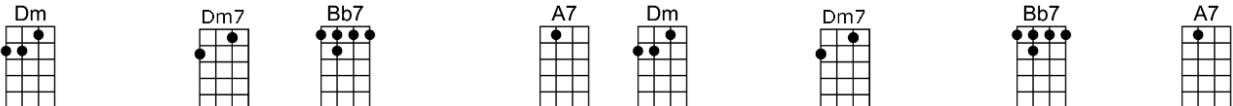
# SIXTEEN TONS

4/4 1...2...1234


**Intro:**



Do do do do do do do do do  
4

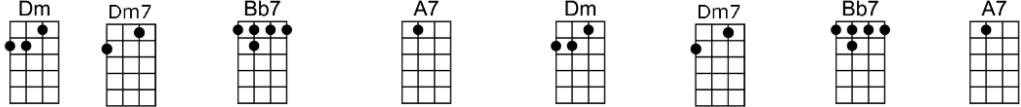


Some people say a man is made out of mud, a poor man's made out of muscle and blood  
Well, I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine, I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine  
Well, I was born one morning it was drizzlin' rain, fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
If you see me comin' better step a - side, a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died  
4




Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a mind that's weak and a back that's strong  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal, and the straw boss said, "Well, bless my soul!"  
I was raised in the canebreak by an old mamma lion, can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line  
One fist of iron and the other of steel, if the right one doesn't get you then the left one will.

## CHORUS:



You load sixteen tons and what do you get? An-other day older and deeper in debt



St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company's store.  
4

# SIXTEEN TONS

4/4 1...2...1234

**Intro:** Dm                    A7            Dm  
Do do do do do do do do  
4

Dm            Dm7    Bb7                    A7    Dm            Dm7            Bb7            A7  
Some people say a man is made out of mud, a poor man's made out of muscle and blood  
Well, I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine, I picked up my shovel and walked to the mine  
Well, I was born one morning it was drizzlin' rain, fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
If you see me comin' better step a - side, a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died  
4

Dm                                    Gm                                    Dm                                    A7  
Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a mind that's weak and a back that's strong  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal, and the straw boss said, "Well, bless my soul!"  
I was raised in the canebreak by an old mamma lion, can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line  
One fist of iron and the other of steel, if the right one doesn't get you then the left one will.

## CHORUS:

Dm    Dm7    Bb7            A7            Dm    Dm7    Bb7    A7  
You load sixteen tons and what do you get?    An-other day older and deeper in debt

Dm                                    Gm            Dm                                    A7            Dm  
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company's store.  
4