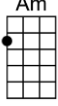
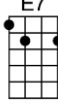
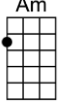


SIXTEEN TONS - Merle Travis

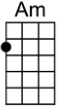
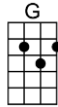
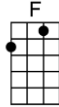
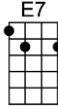
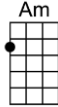
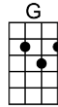
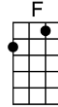
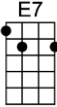
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

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

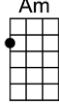
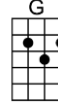
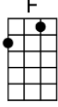
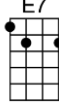
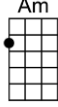
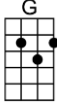
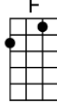
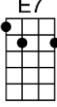
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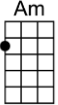
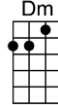
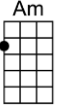
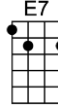
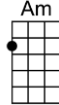
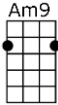



Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a mind that's weak and a back that's strong
 I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal, and the straw boss said, "Well, bless my soul!"
 I was raised in the canebreak by an old mamma lion, can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line
 One fist of iron and the other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

SIXTEEN TONS-Merle Travis

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

Intro: Am E7 Am
Do do do do do do do do
4

Am G F E7 Am G F E7
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

Am Dm Am E7
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:

Am G F E7 Am G F E7
You load sixteen tons and what do you get? An-other day older and deeper in debt

Am Dm Am E7 Am (end on Am9)
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company's store.
4