

Sixteen Tons

Jimmy Dean

Some people say a man is made outta mud.
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood.
Muscle and blood, skin and bones;
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

You load sixteen tons an' what do you get?
Another 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 store.

Well, I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine.
I picked up a shovel, an' I walked out to the mine.
I loaded sixteen tons of Number 9 coal,
An' the store boss said: "Well, bless my soul."

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I owe my soul to the company store.

Well, I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain.
Fightin' an' trouble was my middle name.
I was raised in the canebreak by an old mama lion,
Can't no high-toned woman makes me walk the line.

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I owe my soul to the company store.

Well, if you see me comin', better step aside.
A lot of men didn't, an' a lotta men died.
One fist of iron, the other of steel.
If the right one don't get you, then the left one will.

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