

Sixteen Tons

Bo Diddley

People say a man is made outta mud
Poor man made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
Owe my soul to the company store

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I started to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
The straw boss said, "Well, now bless his soul"

He loaded sixteen tons and what did he get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
Owe my soul to the company store

You see me comin', you better step aside
A lotta men didn't and a lotta of 'em died
One fist of iron, the other one of steel
The right one don't get you, then the left one will

You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
Owe my soul to the company store