Intro Em/Am/Em

SIXTEEN TONS

Some / people say a man is / made out of mud

A / poor man's made out of / muscle and blood /

Muscle and blood, and / skin and bones

Em

a / mind that's weak and a / back thats strong

CHORUS:

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

I / owe my soll to the / company store /

Em

I was / born one morning, it was / drizzling rain

A /, fightin' and trouble are / my middle name

I was / raised in a cane-break by an / old mama lion,

Em

ain't no / high-toned woman make me / walk the line

(chorus)

If you / see me comin' better / step aside,

A / lotta men didn't, and 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

(chorus)

K. J.

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