

# SIXTEEN TONNES

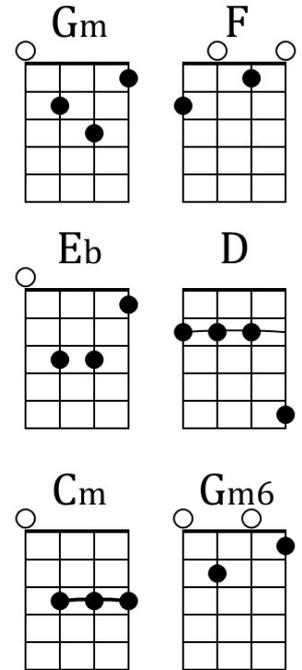
Merle Travis

Phil Doleman  
A LITTLE BIT COUNTRY

<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Eb</b>	<b>D</b>
<b>Gm</b>		<b>Cm</b>		<b>Gm (stop)</b>			

**Gm**                    **F**    **Eb**        **D**  
Some people say a man is made outta mud  
**Gm**                    **F**        **Eb**        **D**  
A poor man's made outta muscle and blood  
**Gm**                                    **Cm**  
Muscle and blood and skin and bones  
**Gm (stop)**  
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  
I 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 walked to the mine  
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal  
And the straw boss said "Well, a-bless my soul"

I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain  
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
I was raised in the canebrake by an ol' mama lion  
Ain't no high-toned woman make me walk the line

If you see me comin', better step aside  
A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died  
One fist of iron, the other of steel  
If the right one don't a-get you  
Then the left one will

