

# Sixteen Tons

Bb Low for Standard Key

Merle Travis

Medium [Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955] (♩ = 140)

Intro

N.C.

Some

Verse

5 N.C.

people say a man is made out of mud... A poor man's made out of

8 C#MI<sup>6</sup>/A# G# C#MI C#MI<sup>7</sup>/B F#MI/A F#MI

mus-cle and blood... Muscle and blood and skin and bones, a

11 C#MI N.C.

mind that's weak and a back that's strong. You load

Chorus

13 C#MI C#MI<sup>7</sup>/B C#MI<sup>6</sup>/A# G# C#MI C#MI<sup>7</sup>/B

six - teen tons, what do you get? An - oth-er day old-er and

To Coda Last Time

16 C#MI<sup>6</sup>/A# G# C#MI C#MI<sup>7</sup>/B F#MI/A F#MI C#MI N.C.

deeper in debt. Saint Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go... I owe my soul to the

20 N.C. N.C. N.C.

compa-ny store. I was

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## ⌘ Coda

25 **C#MI** *rit.* **F#MI** **N.C. freely** 3  
 Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go... I owe my soul  
 30 *a tempo* **N.C.** **G#7** **C#MI**  
 to the compa-ny store.

**Verse 1** 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  
 A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

**Chorus** 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

**Verse 2** 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 9 coal  
 And the straw boss said, Well a-bless my soul!

## Chorus

**Verse 3** I was born one mornin', it was drizzlin' rain  
 Fightin' and trouble are my middle name  
 I was raised in the canebrake by an old mama lion  
 Can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line

## Chorus

**Verse 4** If you see me comin' better step aside  
 A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died  
 One fist of iron, the other of steel  
 If the right one don't getcha, then the left one will

**Chorus** 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