

# Sixteen Tons

## Bb Low for Standard Key

Merle Travis

Medium [Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955] ( $\text{♩} = 140$ )

**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<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>6</sup>/A<sup>#</sup> G<sup>#</sup>

C<sup>#</sup>MI

C<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>7</sup>/B

F<sup>#</sup>MI/A

C<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>7</sup>/B

mus-cle and blood.

Mus-cle and blood and skin and bones, a

11 C<sup>#</sup>MI N.C.

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

**Chorus**

13 C<sup>#</sup>MI

C<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>7</sup>/B

C<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>6</sup>/A<sup>#</sup>

G<sup>#</sup>

C<sup>#</sup>MI

C<sup>#</sup>MI<sup>7</sup>/B

six - teen tons,

what do you get?

An - oth - er day old - er and

To Coda Last Time  $\oplus$

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

com-pa-ny store.

I was

# Sixteen Tons

## ∅ Coda

25

Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go... I owe my soul

30

a tempo N.C.

to the company 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