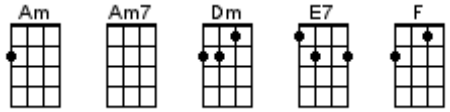
Sixteen Tons v3

Merle Travis 1946 (lyrics in this arrangement from Tennessee Ernie Ford 1955 version)



INTRO: [Am/Am7] [F/E7] [Am/Am7] [F/E7]

Some **[Am/Am7]** people say a man is **[F/E7]** made out of mud. A
[Am/Am7] poor man's made out of **[F/E7]** muscle and blood
[Am] Muscle and blood and **[Dm]** skin and bones. A
[Am↓] mind that's weak and a **[E7↓]** back that's strong

CHORUS: You load **[Am/Am7]** sixteen tons **[F/E7]** what do you get?
A-**[Am/Am7]**nother day older and **[F/E7]** deeper in debt. Saint
[Am] Peter, don't you call me 'cause **[Dm]** I can't go. I
[Am↓] owe my soul to the **[E7↓]** company store
[Am] Do do do do **[E7↓↓]** do-do-do **[Am]** ooo **[Am]** I was

[Am/Am7] born one morning when the **[F/E7]** sun didn't shine. I
[Am/Am7] picked up my shovel and I **[F/E7]** walked to the mine. I loaded
[Am] sixteen tons of **[Dm]** number nine coal. And the
[Am↓] straw boss said, "Well, a-**[E7↓]** bless my soul!"

CHORUS: You load **[Am/Am7]** sixteen tons **[F/E7]** what do you get?
A-**[Am/Am7]**nother day older and **[F/E7]** deeper in debt. Saint
[Am] Peter, don't you call me 'cause **[Dm]** I can't go. I
[Am↓] owe my soul to the **[E7↓]** company store
[Am] Do do do do **[E7↓↓]** do-do-do **[Am]** ooo **[Am]** Was

[Am/Am7] born one mornin' it was **[F/E7]** drizzlin' rain
[Am/Am7] Fightin' and trouble are **[F/E7]** my middle name. I was
[Am] raised in the canebreak by an **[Dm]** old mamma lion. Ain't no
[Am↓] high-toned woman make me **[E7↓]** walk the line

CHORUS: You load **[Am/Am7]** sixteen tons **[F/E7]** what do you get?
A-**[Am/Am7]**nother day older and **[F/E7]** deeper in debt. Saint
[Am] Peter, don't you call me 'cause **[Dm]** I can't go. I
[Am↓] owe my soul to the **[E7↓]** company store
[Am] Do do do do **[E7↓↓]** do-do-do **[Am]** ooo **[Am]** If you

[Am/Am7] see me comin' better **[F/E7]** step aside. A
[Am/Am7] lot of men didn't, a **[F/E7]** lot of men died
[Am] One fist of iron, the **[Dm]** other of steel. If the
[Am↓] right-one-don't-get-you-then-the **[E7↓]** left one will

CHORUS: You load **[Am/Am7]** sixteen tons **[F/E7]** what do you get?
A-**[Am/Am7]**nother day older and **[F/E7]** deeper in debt. Saint
[Am] Peter, don't you call me 'cause **[Dm]** I can't go. I
[Am↓] owe my soul to the **[E7↓]** company store
[Am] Do do do do **[E7↓↓]** do-do-do **[Am]** do **[Am↓]**