Some people say a man is made outta mud
A man's made outta muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and and bones
A mind that's a-weak and a back that's strong

You load 16 tons, what do you get?
day older and deeper in debt
St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the store

I was one mornin' when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I to the mine
I loaded 16 tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said, "Well, a-bless my soul"

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

If you 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 get you
Then the one will

LIVEWORKSHEETS