

Independent Trucker

Brooks & Dunn

Well my daddy was a world class trucker
Took my momma on a four day trip
And she swears to me
That I was conceived
At a big rig dealership

Yeah the story goes
On the day I was born
He hit the road and never he looked back
Well my dad went
And named me a big mistake
But my momma always called me Mac
And

I'm haulin'
Chug-a-luggin through the rain and snow
Yeah I'm haulin'
Put the hammer down and let it roll
My baby's callin'
Sayin "Baby,when ya gonna come home?"
Well I'm an independant trucker
A mother lovin' overloaded on or operator
Just a tearin' up a two lane road

Yeah, I got the chrome girls
On my mud flaps
I keep my cup of coffee on my dashboard
I got a custom airbrush desert scene
And my name painted on the door
I got a cross of Jesus hung on the grill
Lights up like a Christmas tree
And any highway any time of day
That's where I wanna be
Well..

I'm haulin'
Only 700 miles to go
Yeah I'm haulin'
Put the hammer down and let it roll son
My baby's callin'
Sayin "Baby,when ya gonna come home?"
Well I'm an independant trucker
A mother lovin' overloaded on or operator
Just a tearin' up a two lane road

Yeah

I'm haulin'
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Yeah I'm haulin'
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