

# Haulin'

John Hiatt

Haulin', I'm haulin'  
Fort Smith to Louisville  
I'm gonna see my baby  
See my baby with time to kill  
Well, I'm flyin', flyin'  
No one on the road tonight  
My radar detector's not buzzin'  
No eighteen wheeler, not a cop in sight  
Got a little gig in Nashville  
Beat it back to Arkansas  
Followed me all the way to Little Rock  
Sayin' something I done was against the law  
So I'm haulin', haulin'  
Fort Smith to Louisville  
Gonna see my baby  
Gonna see my baby with time to kill  
So I'm haulin', haulin'  
I'm gonna get there  
Rollin' in the bluegrass of Kentucky  
I'm gonna get there  
V-8 slappin out real time  
Deeper than a 808  
Leakin' red eye gravy from my manifold  
Spoutin' hot coffee from the boiler plate  
I'm chewin' up the road like biscuits  
Makin' all the time in the world  
Sun comes up and I'm crossin'  
Kentucky state line gonna see my girl  
She likes it early in the mornin'  
Like it in the evening too  
In between she don't mind it  
Just about any old time will do  
So I'm haulin', haulin'  
Fort Smith to Louisville  
I'm gonna see my baby  
See my baby with time to kill  
And I'm haulin', haulin'  
I'm gonna get there  
Rollin' in the green grass of Kentucky  
Yeah I'm gonna get there  
I tell her not to worry  
They couldn't pin nothin' on me  
Club owner short a hundred dollars  
I do it for fun, but I still gotta eat  
I cut him and I coasted through Conway  
Put him by the side of the road  
Made Fort Smith that evening  
Packed me a bag now I'm ready to go  
And I'm haulin', haulin'  
Fort Smith to Louisville  
I'm gonna see my baby  
Gonna see my baby with time to kill  
Flyin', flyin'  
I'm gonna get there  
Rolling in the green grass of Kentucky  
Oh, I'm gonna get there  
Flyin', flyin'

I'm gonna get there  
Rolling in the green grass of Kentucky  
Oh, I'm gonna get there  
Yeah