

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