

A
Haulin', I'm haulin'
D
Fort Smith to Louisville
E
I'm gonna see my baby
A
See my baby with time to kill

A
Well, I'm flyin', flyin'
D
No one on the road tonight
E
My radar detector's not buzzin'
A
No eighteen wheeler, not a cop in sight

A
Got a little gig in Nashville
D
Beat it back to Arkansas
E
Followed me all the way to Little Rock
A
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