



D G A7  
I can't hear a word what he's sayin'  
D G A7  
The Scottish driver's got no teeth  
D G A7  
He talks and talks about his children  
D G A7  
He talks and talks right up to Stockton

D A  
And then we're on our way - we take a day we make a little time  
D  
We're high up here above the road and big windows are eyelids  
G  
open into snow

D A  
And then we're on our way - we take a day we make a little time  
D  
We're high up here above the road and big windows are eyelids  
G G/Gb Em  
open into snow

Break - D

Gm A+m D  
And you're sleeping in the corner of the - cab

Gm A+m D  
When you waken up we're driving into snow

Gm A+m  
And the driver's thoughts are driving him - they're driving him -  
they're driving us

D G A7 D G A7  
On and on - their drivin us on

Break - D-G-A7 (x8)

D G A7  
I turn around and help you down  
D G A7 D G A7  
We're miles and miles to the north, now  
D G A7  
It don't take long to get a ride  
D G A7  
They see you shivering by the roadside  
D G A7  
You can hear them say: - "Get in, get in, it's really freezin' x 4

D A  
And then we're on our way - we take a day we make a little time  
D  
We're high up here above the road and big windows are eyelids  
G  
open into snow

D A  
And then we're on our way - we take a day we make a little time  
D  
We're high up here above the road and big windows are eyelids  
G G/Gb Em  
open into snow

D-G-A7-D