Fireball

Dan Reeder

Contemplate the subtle grace of Ditmar
As he drives his race car
Through turn six at Riverside in a powerslide

He used to play the cello in a jazz band
O so mellow and so low
The guys would close their eyes and say go man go

Well there ain't no sunshine when she's gone
And there ain't no peace when she's at home

If it had been a boxing match they'd say
He tried to save the bout with a sunday punch
And a knockout in the last round

He braked too late in the back straight
Hit the wall they all say that car was a fireball
Before it hit the ground

And there ain't no sunshine when she's gone
And there ain't no peace when she's at home

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