

Fireball Roberts

John Hiatt

I'm sorry babe
I was trying to leave the black dog home
Oh I'm sorry baby
I was tryin' to leave the black dog home

Well I'm sorry baby
I was tryin' to leave the black dog home
But he followed me to your house
And he carried his old chew bone

I gotta a 57 Ford babe
Painted Fireball Roberts white and red
Gotta a 57 Ford baby
Painted Fireball Roberts white and red

Gotta a 57 Ford baby
Painted Fireball Roberts white and red
I haven't run my last race darlin'
But I sometimes wish I did

Don't feel sorry for our love baby
We stuck it right down in the turn
Don't feel sorry for our love babe
Nah, we stuck it right down in the turn

Don't feel sorry for our love baby
Nah we stuck it right down in the turn
And it's not everyday you can walk away
With just these few memories to burn

No, it's not everyday you can walk away
With just these few memories to burn