

Fireball Rolled a Seven

[Dave Dudley](#)

Somewhere in South Carolina near a dirt track there's a shrine
Erected to the memory of a little 'ole friend of mine
A natural born dirt dauber, car racing was his game
He rolled 'ole number 7 Fireball was his name With the makings of a honker and a roll of bailing wire
He tied his hopes together and just set them tracks on fire
Three hundred fifty on the hood; a big 7 on each door
In his heart a will to win and his right foot on the floor His motto was a simple one "Stand on it and turn left.
If someone's gonna beat you make him run"
All he knew was ??? and always lead the rest
Fireball rolled a seven and he won. He took the world 600, the old Atlanta 5
Bristol, Richmond, Nashville, Daytona for the ride
The hotdogs laid it on him. They'd draft, chart, and sweat.
But Fireball rolled a seven, the kind that's hard to get. He had the pole at Darlington; he won it off the rail.
And he run away at Charlotte, 600 miles of Hell.
A slingshot sewed up Petty; he was out in front real fast.
A checkered flag was in the bag; nobody would get past. He was flat out in that back shoot; only 3 laps from the
start.
When he saw a yellow bumper cross up and come apart.
A rookie and a shaker, runnin' scared and lost it all.
A hush fell on that crowd; number 7 took the wall. His old skidlid hangs in the hall, the little chargers gone,
To save a friend he laid it on the line.
His old poncho is rust and bound, but his memory still lives on.
Fireball rolled a seven every time.
Fireball rolled a seven every time.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>