

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 homeWell, I'm sorry, baby
I was tryin' to leave the black dog home
But it followed me to your house
And he carried his old chew boneI got a 57 Ford, babe
Painted Fireball Roberts, white and red
Got a 57 Ford, baby
Painted Fireball Roberts, white and redGot a 57 Ford, baby
Painted Fireball Roberts, white and red
I haven't run my last race, darlin'
But I sometimes wish I didDon'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 turnDon'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 burnNo, it's not everyday you can walk away
With just these few memories to burn

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