

## 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