

Bobby Pinson

"Ford Fairlane"

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Dust on the dash board, rust on the back door
Daddy paid cash for that ol' four-door Ford Fairline
Bottle on the floorboard, butts in the ashtray
Where he sat and talked to mamma after she passed
away
Sittin' on some good years, parked in the driveway
He just let it go

Handcarved minnow, haggin' from a cane pole
Layin' in the trunk, case we passed a hole we had to
fish
Crack in the window, where dad pitched me one soft
and low
Had to duck his head, mamma said i guess he's got
the hang of it now
Until now I didn't know why he never got that window
fixed
He just let it go

The carburetor needs a kit
The driver's side visor's ripped
It's getting a little hard to shift
And the knobs are missing off the radio
It's lost it's glossy candy apple shine
The ink has faded ont he for sale sign
The only dirver that car ever owned

The first million dollars takes it home

The three on the tree was tough
My feet barely reached the clutch but
Daddy'd let me fire it up
Back it out and pull it in

Dent in the fender, sin in the seat where
I found the pin that fell from her hair
The night me and Becky lost it
Sixteen when I stole those keys
I guess he'd been where we'd been
'Caue he just let it go

The carburetor needs a kit

The driver's side visor's ripped
It's getting a little hard to shift
And the knobs are missing off the radio
It's lost its glossy candy apple shine
The ink has faded on the for sale sign
The only driver that car ever owned
The first million dollars takes it home

Dust on the dashboard, rust on the back door
I wouldn't take a million dollars for that ol' four-door
Ford Fairlane

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