

John Hiatt "Fireball Roberts"

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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 it followed me to your house
And he carried his old chew bone

I got a 57 Ford, babe
Painted Fireball Roberts, white and red
Got a 57 Ford, baby
Painted Fireball Roberts, white and red

Got 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

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