

Dave Dudley **"Fireball Rolled A Seven"**

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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.

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