

# Bobby Pinson, Ford Fairlane

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 its 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  
'Cau'e he just let it go

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I wouldn't take a million dollars fot that ol' four-door Ford Fairlane