

## **Crosby David**

### **"Too Young To Die"**

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I recall my so called misspent youth  
It seems more worthwhile  
Every single day  
Cruisin' Van Nuys and acting so uncooth  
All the joys of runnin' away  
There was no speed limit  
On the Nevada state line  
The air was red wine  
On those top down nights  
Just you and me  
My old rollarskate  
And the common sense  
To know our rights  
Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort  
Too low to fly  
Too young to die  
You say a man can't love a material thing  
With aluminum skin

And a cast iron soul  
But they never heard your engine sing  
Ah there's peace in losing control  
"Sticky fingers" turned up real loud  
Ah, we were flirtin' with catastrophe  
We were doing everything that's not allowed  
Life didn't come  
With a warranty  
For you and me  
Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort  
Too low to fly  
Too young to die  
There is peace in losing control  
When I die I don't wanna go to heaven  
I just wanna drive my beautiful machine  
Up north on some sonoma country road  
With Jimmy Dean and Steve McQueen  
All the boys be singin', singin'  
Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort

Too low to fly

Too young to die

Just a little bit too young

Too young

To die

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