

Christian Ingebrigtsen

"Too young to die"

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I could hear my past coming.
For as long as I've been running.
I've tried to hard to think that somehow we'll survive.

And finally I think God is on my side.
So come with me on broken wings.
This is our free ride.

Coz I hear heaven calling, whoa.
But we don't have to keep on fallin', whoa.
But baby of you run with me tonight.
We're too fast to live, too young to die.

I know I'm supposed to stay here.
Waiting for some kind of saviour.
But these streets are calling out my name.
They keep telling the same story.
But we can find our own glory.
They're just poets searching for their 20 minutes fame.

Together we can make it if we try.
So let's start something different, babe.
And kiss our past goodbye.

Coz I hear heaven calling, whoa.
But we don't have to keep on fallin', whoa.
But baby of you run with me tonight.
We're too fast to live, too young to die.

I see something in your eyes tonight.
There is fire in your soul.

Coz I hear heaven calling, whoa.
But we don't have to keep on fallin', whoa.
But baby of you run with me tonight.
We're too fast to live, too young to die.

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