

David Crosby "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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