

Cya "Too Young"

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This ol' highway's getting longer
Seems there ain't no end in sight
To sleep would be best, but I just can't afford to rest
I've got to ride in Denver tomorrow night

I called the house but no one answered
For the last two weeks no one's been home
I guess she's through with me, to tell the truth I just
can't see
What's kept the woman holding on this long

And the white line's getting longer and the saddle's
getting cold
I'm much too young to feel this damn old
All my cards are on the table with no ace left in the hole
I'm much too young to feel this damn old

The competition's getting younger
Tougher broncs, you know I can't recall
The worn out tape of Chris LeDoux, lonely women and
bad booze
Seem to be the only friends I've left at all

And the white line's getting longer and the saddle's
gettin' cold
I'm much too young to feel this damn old
All my cards are on the table with no ace left in the hole
I'm much too young to feel this damn old

Lord, I'm much too young to feel this damn old

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