

David Crosby, Too Young To Die

(Jimmy Webb)

[Intro. (Acoustic Guitar)]

I recall my so called misspent youth
It seems more worthwhile every single day
Cruisin' Van Nuys and acting so uncouth
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 roller-skate
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

[Instrumental (Piano)]

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

[Instrumental (Electric Guitar)]

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 County 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 felt so much alive
Too fast for comfort
Is too low to fly
Too young to die

Just a little bit too young
Too young
To die

[Ending (Electric Guitar, Synth and Piano)]