

# Jethro Tull, Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll: Too Young

The old Rocker wore his hair too long,  
wore his trouser cuffs too tight.  
Unfashionable to the end drank his ale too light.  
Death's head belt buckle yesterday's dreams  
the transport cafe prophet of doom.  
Ringing no change in his double-sewn seams  
in his post-war-babe gloom.

Now he's too old to Rock'n'Roll but he's too young to die.

So the old Rocker gets out his bike  
to make a ton before he takes his leave.  
Up on the A1 by Scotch Corner  
just like it used to be.  
And as he flies tears in his eyes  
his wind-whipped words echo the final take  
and he hits the trunk road doing around 120  
with no room left to brake.

And he was too old to Rock'n'Roll but he was too young to die.

No, you're never too old to Rock'n'Roll if you're too young to die.