

# Frehley's Comet, 2 Young 2 Die

Walking urban streets and we got ourselves a gun  
Thinking about our lives and the shape, shape, shape  
Shapes of things to come

Ducking down the alleyways of fear  
A hungry cat calls and he knows, knows, knows  
Knows the end is near

Now we can't take it no more  
We'll smash down society's walls

Bad Boys are comin' its too late to cry  
Better start runnin' or kiss your ass goodbye  
Bad Boys are comin' its too late to cry  
Too fast to live too young to die

Listen little darlin' I said you'll never understand  
Our times running out in this jungle land  
Clock strikes twelve and the wind begins to moan  
Shivers down our spines and there's no returning home

Now we can't take it no more  
Were gonna rip down society's walls

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