

Too Much. Too Young. Too Fast

Airbourne

Some people like to make all the rules
And tell others what to do
They make it their way so they always win
And the others always lose
Street gangs and madmen
How they wage their private wars
In bankers clothes, their hearts are froze and
Their wives hold hands with whores
I'll sit and spin for a little while
If it's the end of days
I'm goin' out in style
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass
Thieves in the night rob you blind
With surgical precision
You can't evade the eye in the sky
He got facial recognition
Paranoia on every street
It's hard to stay alive
You never know when you'll feel the heat
Before it takes your life
I'll sit and spin for a little while
If it's the end of days
I'm goin' out in style
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna drink it up while it lasts
Too much, too young, too fast
I'm gonna tear it up so fill my glass
Too much, I'm gonna drink it up
Too fast, yeah, while it lasts

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