

Too Old To Rock 'n' Roll: Too Young To Die (Edited

Jethro Tull

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 belts buckle, yesterday's dreams
The transport caf' 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
Yes, he's too old to rock 'n' roll
But he's too young to die
He once owned a Harley Davidson
And a triumph Bonneville
Counted his friends in burned out spark plugs
And prays that he always will
But he's the last of the blue blood greasers boys
And all of his mates are doing time
Married with three kids up by the ring road
Sold their souls straight down the line
And some of them own little sports cars
And meet at the tennis club do's
For drinks on a Sunday, work on Monday
They've thrown away their blue suede shoes
Now they're too old to rock 'n' roll
And they're too young to die
And they're too old to rock 'n' roll
And they're 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 a 120
With no room left to brake
And he was too old to rock 'n' roll
But he was too young to die
He was too old to rock 'n' roll
And he was too young to die
No, you're never too old to rock 'n' roll
If you're too young to die
[Incomprehensible] never too old to rock 'n' roll
But he was too young to die

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