

If the Good Die Young

[Tracy Lawrence](#)

It was Sunday morning, I was seven years old
In the backyard playing in a big mud hole
I was all decked out ready for church
And my brand new suit all covered in dirt
Mama hit the ceiling, she was fit to be tied
Talking 'bout how she's gonna tan my hide
Daddy was laughing when I changed my clothes
Saying, "Mama, leave the boy alone"
'Cause if the good die young, if the good die young
Mama's little boy's gonna have a lot of fun
'Cause he's gonna live forever if the good die young
Ten years later I had a hot rod Ford
Constable clocked me at a hundred and four
Judge said, "Boy, you're gonna hurt yourself
You'd a long been dead if you was anybody else"
But if the good die young, if the good die young
Oh, there ain't a sentence gonna hold you son
'Cause you're gonna live forever if the good die young
Well, I've got a good heart, I wouldn't hurt a soul
But I'm gonna keep rocking till they call that roll
Old St. Peter's gonna have to wait
I'm gonna go to Heaven, but I might be late
And if the good die young, Lord, if the good die young
Pedal to the metal, let your motor run
'Cause I'm gonna live forever if the good die young
And if the good die young, Lord, if the good die young
They got the jams, we'll have some fun
'Cause I'm gonna live forever if the good die young
Said, I'm gonna live forever if the good die young

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