

Too Old to Die Young

Rob Starr

If life is like a candle bright
Then death must be the wind
You can close your window tight
And it still comes blowing in

So I will climb the highest hill
And watch the rising sun
And pray that I won't feel the chill
'Til I'm too old to die young

Let me watch my children grow
To see what they become
Lord don't let that cold wind blow
'Til I'm too old to die young

I have had some real good friends
I thought would never die
But all I've got that's left of them
Are these teardrops in my eye

Let me watch my children grow
To see what they become
Lord don't let that cold wind blow
'Til I'm too old to die young
Lord don't let that cold wind blow
'Til I'm too old to die young

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