

Die Young

Black Sabbath

Gather the wind
Though the wind won't help you fly at all
Your back's to the wall
Then chain the sun
And it turns away to face you
As you run, you run, you run! Behind a smile
There's danger and a promise to be told
You'll never get old
Life's fantasy
To be locked away and still to think you're free
You're free
You're free! So live for today
Tomorrow never comes
Die young, die young
Can't you see the writing in the air?
Die young, gonna die young
Someone stopped the fair Gather the wind
Though the wind won't help you fly at all
Your back's to the wall
Then chain the sun
And it turns away to face you
As you run, you run, you run! So live for today
Tomorrow never comes
Die young, young
Die young, die young
Die young, die young, young
Die young (x7)

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