

# Too Young to Die

David Crosby

I recall my so called misspent youth  
It seems more worthwhile, every single day  
Cruisin' Van Nuys and actin' so uncouth  
All the joys of runnin' away There was no speed limit on the Nevada state line  
The air was red wine on those top down nights  
Just you and me my old rollarskate  
And the common sense to know our rights Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort, too low to fly  
Too young to die You say, a man can't love a material thing  
With aluminum skin and a cast iron soul  
But they never heard your engine sing  
Ah, there's peace in losing control Sticky fingers, turned up real loud  
Ah, we were flirtin' with catastrophe  
We were doin' everything that's not allowed  
Life didn't come with a warranty for you and me Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort, too low to fly  
Too young to die There is peace in losing control  
When I die I don't wanna go to Heaven  
I just wanna drive my beautiful machine  
Up north on some Sonoma country road  
With Jimmy Dean and Steve McQueen  
All the boys be singin', singin' Sweet old racin' car of mine  
Roarin' down that broken line  
I never felt so much alive  
Too fast for comfort, too low to fly  
Too young to die Just a little bit too young  
Too young to die

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