

# Too Young To Die

David Crosby

I recall my so called misspent youth  
Seems more worth while every single day  
Crusing Van Nuys and acting so uncouth  
All the joys of running away oh yea  
There was no speed limit on the Nevada state line  
The air was red white on those top down nights  
You and me my old roller skate  
And the common sense to know our rights  
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line  
I've never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort too low to fly too young to die  
They say a man can't love a material thing  
With aluminum skin and caste iron soul  
They never heard your engine sing  
There is peace with losing control  
With Sticky Fingers turned up real loud  
God we were flirting with catastrophe  
We were doing everything that's not allowed  
Life didn't come with a warrant y for you and me  
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line  
I've 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 want to go to heaven  
I just want to drive my beautiful machine  
Up north on some Sonoma county road  
With Jimmy Dean and Steve McQueen all the boys be singing  
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line  
I've never been so much alive  
Too fast for comfort too low to fly too young to die