

# A Man Who Was Gonna Die Young

Eric Church

I like fast cars and sharp dreams  
Chased a lot of crazy things  
Left behind my share of broken pieces  
This morning I turned 36  
And when you just remember half of it  
You wonder how you outlived Hank or Jesus

I put the rage in the river and the roll in the thunder  
But you kept me from going under  
When that current got too heavy  
I always thought I'd be a heap of metal  
In a cloud of smoke, foot stuck to the pedal  
Sold for parts like a junkyard rusted-out Chevy  
Fear, I've had none  
What the hell made you wanna love  
A man who was gonna die young

In the mirror, I saw my surprise  
Who knew gray hairs liked to hide  
On a head that didn't think he'd live past thirty  
If I make it thirty more, it's the brown that you'll be looking  
for  
As you run your fingers through it and say, "Slow down, honey."

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Call it intuition, or call it crazy  
Just thought by now I'd be pushing up daisies  
But I'll gladly stick around if we're together  
So baby, when you bow your head tonight  
Could you tell the Lord I've changed my mind?  
And with you I'd like to live forever