

Too Young To Die

David Crosby

B F Dm7 Csus C
I recall my so called misspent youth
B F B Csus C
Seems more worth while every single day
B F Dm Csus C
Crusing Van Nuys and acting so uncouth
B F B Csus C
All the joys of running away oh yea
B F Dm Csus C
There was no speed limit on the Nevada state line
B F B Csus C
The air was red white on those top down nights
B F Dm Csus C
You and me my old roller skate
B C F/A B F/AGm7
And the common sense to know our rights
B F B F C Dm Gm7 F
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line
C Dm C/E FsusF
I've never been so much alive
B C Dm7 Gm7 F/A G/B C B F/AB C
Too fast for comfort too low to fly too young to die
B F Dm Csus C
They say a man can't love a material thing
B F B Csus C
With aluminum skin and caste iron soul
B F Dm CsusC
They never heard your engine sing
B F B Csus C
There is peace with losing control
B F Dm Csus C
With Sticky Fingers turned up real loud
B F B C
God we were flirting with catastrophe
B F Dm Csus C
We were doing everything that's not allowed
B C F/A B F/A Gm7
Life didn't come with a warrant y for you and me
B F B F C Dm Gm7 F
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line
C Dm Csus
I've never been so much alive
B C Dm7 Gm7 F/A G/B C B F B C
Too fast for comfort too low to fly too young to die

B F B Csus C
There is peace in losing control
B F B C
When I die I don't want to go to heaven
B F Dm C
I just want to drive my beautiful machine
B F B CsusC
Up north on some Sonoma county road
B C F/A B F/A Gm7
With Jimmy Dean and Steve McQueen all the boys be singing
B F B F C Dm Gm7 F
Sweet old racing car of mine roaring down that broken line

C **Dm** **Csus**
I've never been so much alive
B C **Dm7 Gm7 F/A** **G/B C** **B F B C**
Too fast for comfort too low to fly too young to die