

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