

# Too Young To Die

## The Living End

Young men standing on the beaches  
Barely 19 summers old  
Young man your country needs you  
Young man do what you're told

Walking on a fine line  
Watching every step  
Read it in the headlines  
Lest we forget

Too young to die  
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Young man dreams of going home  
Back to the southern land  
Watch the girls underneath the boardwalk  
Fish n chips down on the sand

Woken by a bright light  
Hotter than the sun  
In my dreams they're waving  
White flags instead of guns

Too young to die  
Too young to die  
10,000 miles away  
Where heaven and hell collide  
And who decides  
The whites of their eyes  
Too young to die

Old man sits on a park bench  
His memories dissolved  
But he can still see the faces  
Of all the young men  
Who didn't grow old