Too Old To Rock And Roll (Too Young To Die)

Words & Music:
Ian Anderson (Jethro Tull)

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C       F   C           G   C   Bb    Am          Dm                    G
The old rocker wore his hair too long, wore his trouser cuffs too tight.
Unfashionable to the end, drank his ale too light.
G           C   G       D       G  F   Em              Am          D  Eb  F
Death's head belt buckle, yesterday dreams, the Transport Caf' prophet of doom.
Ringing no change in his double-sewn seams in his post-war-baby gloom.
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CHORUS:
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        Bb  C C7 F         Bb F Eb           A           Dm
Now, he's too old-- to rock'n'roll----, but he's too young to die.
        Bb  C C7 F         Bb F Eb           Bb              F
Yes, he's too old-- to rock'n'roll----, but he's too young to die.
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He once owned a Harley Davidson and a Triumph Bonneville.
Counted his friends in burned out spark plugs and prays that he always will.
But he's the last of the blue blood greaser boys and all his mates are doing time.
Married with three kids up by the ring road sold their souls straight down the line.
And some of them own little sports cars and meet at the tennis club dos.
For drinks on a Sunday, work on Monday they've thrown away their blue suede shoes.

CHORUS:

So the old rocker gets out his bike to make a ton before he takes his leave
Up on the A-l by Scotch Corner just like it used to be
And as he flies, tears in his eyes his wind-whipped words echo the final take
And he hits the trunk road doing around 120 with no room left to brake

CHORUS:

No you're never to old to rock and roll, if you're too young to die.
No you're never to old to rock and roll, but he was too young to die.