

TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL, TOO YOUNG TO DIE

WORDS & MUSIC BY IAN ANDERSON

Moderato

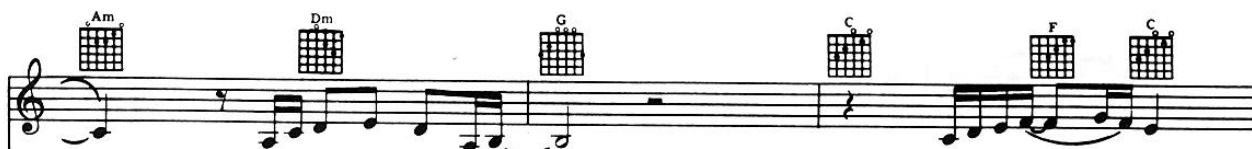


Verse



1. The old rock - er wore his
2. He once owned a Har - ley
3. 3rd Verse

hair too long,
Dav - id-son,



wore his trou-ser cuffs too tight. —
and a Tri-umph Bon-ne-ville, —

Un-fash-ion-a - ble
count-ed his friends — in



G C B \flat Am Dm

to the end. _____
 burnt out spark _____ plugs, _____ and prays that he al - ways will.

Drank his ale too light,
 he al - ways will.

G G C G

death's head belt - buck-le.
 But he's the last of the blue - blood

P G F Em Am

Yes - ter-day's dreams _____ the trans - port caf' pro-phet of doom. _____
 greas - er boys, _____ and all his mates are do-ing time. _____

TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL,

Chords: D, G, C, G, D, G, F

Ring-ing no change_ in his dou-ble sewn seams,_ in his
Mar-ried with three_ kids up by the ring_ road,

Chords: Em, Am, D, Eb, F, Chorus Bb, C, C7

post_ war ba_ by gloom_ Now he's Too_ Old,_ oh,
sold their souls_ straight down the line.

Chords: F, Bb, F, Eb, A

oh,_ To Rock N' Roll, oh, oh, { but he's } Too_ Young To
{ and he was }

Chords: Dm, Eb, F, Bb, C, C7, F, Bb, F

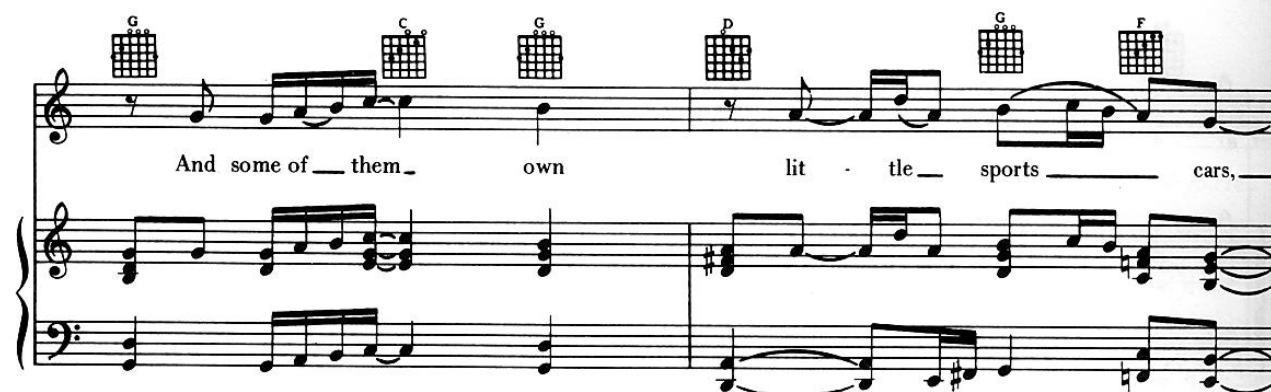
Die._ { Yes he's } Too_ Old, oh, oh,_ To Rock N' Roll, oh,
He was }

To Coda 

oh, { but he's } Too Young To Die.
and he was



And some of them own lit - tle sports cars,



and meet at the ten - nis club do's for drinks on a Sun - day,



work on a Mon - day. They've thrown a-way their blue - suede



shoes. Now they're Too _____ Old, oh, oh, _____ To Rock N' Roll, oh,

oh, and they're Too_ Young To Die. _____ Yes they're Too _____ Old, oh,

oh, _____ To Rock N' Roll, oh, oh, and they're Too_ Young_ To

Die.

Chord progression: Fm, Ddim, Eb, Db, F

D.S. (Chorus) al Coda

3. *p* *And he was*

Coda *Die. Now you're*

Double Time Rock Tempo

Chord progression: Bb, C, C7, F

a' nev - er too old, oh, oh, for rock n' roll,

Chord progression: Bb, F, Eb, Bb

oh, oh, if you're too young to die.

And though you're — — but he was

too young — — to die.

molto ritard

a tempo

3rd VERSE

So the old rocker gets out his bike,
 to make a ton before he takes his leave
 upon the al 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,
 as he hits the trunk road doing around one-hundred twenty
 with no room left to brake. (Chorus)
 And he was Too Old To Rock N' Roll,
 and he was Too Young To Die.
 Yes he was Too Old To Rock N' Roll,
 but he was Too Young To Die.