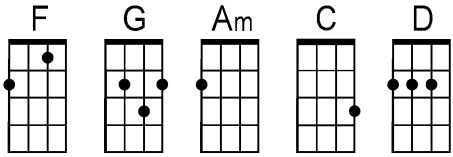


# Only the Good Die Young

by Billy Joel



Intro: F . . . . G . . C . . F . . . . G . . C . . F . . . . G . . C . . F . . . . G /

F G Am F G C  
Come out, Virginia, don't let me wait, you Cath-o-lic girls start much too late,  
F G Am F/ G/  
Aww, sooner or later, it comes down to fate, I might as well be the one....  
F G Am F G C  
Well, they showed you a statue, told you to pray, they built you a temple then locked you a-way,  
F G Am F/ G/  
Ah, but they never told you the price that you pay, for things that you might have done.  
(---tacet-----) C F G C F G C  
Only the good die young....that's what I said..... Only the good die young, only the good die young.

F G Am F G C  
You might have heard I run with a dangerous crowd. We ain't too pretty, we ain't too proud.  
F G Am F/ G/  
We might be laughing a bit too loud, aww but that never hurt no-one.  
F G Am F G C  
So come on, Virginia, show me a sign, send up a signal, I'll throw you a line.  
F G Am F/ G/  
The stained-glass curtain you're hiding be-hind, never let's in the sun..  
(---tacet-----) C F G C F G C  
Darlin', only the good die young, whoa, whoa ,whoa....I tell you only the good die young, only the good die young.

**Bridge1:** G/ F/ C  
You got a nice white dress and a party on your confir-ma-tion  
D F  
You got a brand new soul, mmm, and a cross of gold.  
G/ F/ C  
But, Virginia, they didn't give you quite enough infor-ma-tion.  
D F G  
You didn't count on me, when you were counting on your rosary. (oh, whoa, whoa)

F G Am F G C  
They say there's a heaven for those who will wait, some say it's better but I say it ain't  
F G Am F/ G/  
I'd rather laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints, the sinners are much more fun  
(---tacet-----) C F G C F G C  
You know that only the good die young, whoa baby.... I tell you only the good die young, only the good die young

**Instrumental:** G/ F/ C . . . . D . . . . F . . . .

**Bridge 2:** G/ F/ C  
You say your mother told you all that I could give you was a repu-ta-tion  
D F G  
Aww, she never cared for me, but did she ever say a prayer for me? (oh whoa, whoa)

F G Am F G C  
Come out, Virginia don't let me wait, you Cath-o-lic girls start much too late  
F G Am F/ G/  
Sooner or later it comes down to fate, I might as well be the one.  
(---tacet-----) C F G C F G C  
You know that only the good die young, tellin' you baby, only the good die young, only the good die young.  
F G C  
only the goo-oo--oo-d..... only the good die young.