My Back Pages

(Dylan)

C / / / / / / / / / / / / /
C   Am   Em
Crimson flames tied through my ears
F       G       C
C       Am       Em
Rollin high and mighty traps
C       Am       Em
Countless violent flaming roads
F       G
C       Am       Em
Using ideas as my maps
Am       Em
“We’ll meet on edges soon”, said I
F       G       / / /
Proud ‘neath heated brow

    / C       F       C
    Ah, but I was so much older then
    F       G       C / / / / / / /
I’m younger than that now

C       Am       Em
Half wracked prejudice lea-eaped forth
F       G       C
“Rip down all hate”, I screamed
C       Am       Em
Lies that life is black and white
F       G
C       Am       Em
Spoke from my skull, I dreamed
Am       Em
Romantic flanks of musketeers
F       G       / / /
Foundationed deep, somehow---

    / C       F       C
    Ah, but I was so much older then
    F       G       C / / / / / / /
I’m younger than that now

/ C       Am       Em
In a soldier’s stance, I aimed my hand
F       G       C
/ C       Am       Em
At the mongrel dogs who teach
F       G
Fearing not I’d become my enemy
C       Am       Em
In the instant that I preach
Am       Em
Sisters fled by confusion boats
F       G       / /
Mutiny from stern to bow
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now

My guard stood hard when abstract threats
Too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow

Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now

Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now