MY BACK PAGES (guitar capo 2, piano +2)

 D Bm

Crimson flames tied through my ears

 G A7 d

Rollin' high and mighty traps...

 D Bm

Pounced with fire on flaming roads

 G A7

Using i-deas as my maps...

 D F#m

"We'll meet on edges, soon” said I,

 G A7

Proud 'neath heated brow...

 D G D

Ah, but I was so much older then

 G A7 D

I'm young-er than that now.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth,"Rip down all hate," I screamed,Lies that life is black and whiteSpoke from my skull I dreamed.Romantic facts of musketeersFoundationed deep, somehow,Ah, but I was so much older then,I'm younger than that now.Girl's faces formed the forward pathFrom phony jealousy,To memorizing politicsOf ancient history.Flung down by corpse evangelistUnthought of, though, somehow,Ah, but I was so much older then,I'm younger than that now.A self-ordained professor's tongueToo serious to foolSpouted out that libertyIs just equality in school."Equality," I spoke the wordAs if a wedding vowAh, but I was so much older then,I'm younger than that now. | In a soldier's stance I aimed my handAt the mongrel dogs who teachFearing not that I'd become my enemyIn the instant that I preach.My pathway led by confusion boatsMutiny from stern to bowAh, but I was so much older then,I'm younger than that now.Yes, my guards stood hard when abstract threatsToo noble to neglectDeceived me into thinkingI had something to protect.Good and bad, I define these termsQuite clear, no doubt, somehow,Ah, but I was so much older then,I'm younger than that now. |