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.

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| Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth,  "Rip down all hate," I screamed,  Lies that life is black and white  Spoke from my skull I dreamed.  Romantic facts of musketeers  Foundationed deep, somehow,  Ah, but I was so much older then,  I'm younger than that now.  Girl's faces formed the forward path  From phony jealousy,  To memorizing politics  Of ancient history.  Flung down by corpse evangelist  Unthought of, though, somehow,  Ah, but I was so much older then,  I'm younger than that now.  A self-ordained professor's tongue  Too serious to fool  Spouted out that liberty  Is just equality in school.  "Equality," I spoke the word  As if a wedding vow  Ah, but I was so much older then,  I'm younger than that now. | In a soldier's stance I aimed my hand  At the mongrel dogs who teach  Fearing not that I'd become my enemy  In the instant that I preach.  My pathway led by confusion boats  Mutiny from stern to bow  Ah, but I was so much older then,  I'm younger than that now.  Yes, my guards 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. |