

## My Back Pages (D)

Crimson flames tied through my years  
Rollin' high and mighty traps  
Countless fire on flaming roads  
Using ideas as my maps  
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I  
Proud 'neath heated brow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now.

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D	Bm	F#m	
G	A	D	Dsus4
D	Bm	F#m	
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G	A	D	Dsus4

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  
Foundation deep, somehow

Girls' faces formed the forward path  
From phony jealousy  
To memorizing politics  
Of ancient history  
Flung down by corpse evangelist  
Unthought of, though, somehow

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

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 existence led by confusion boats  
Mutiny from stern to bow

Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats  
Too noble to neglect  
Deceived me into thinking  
I had something to protect  
Good and bad, I defined these terms  
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now..