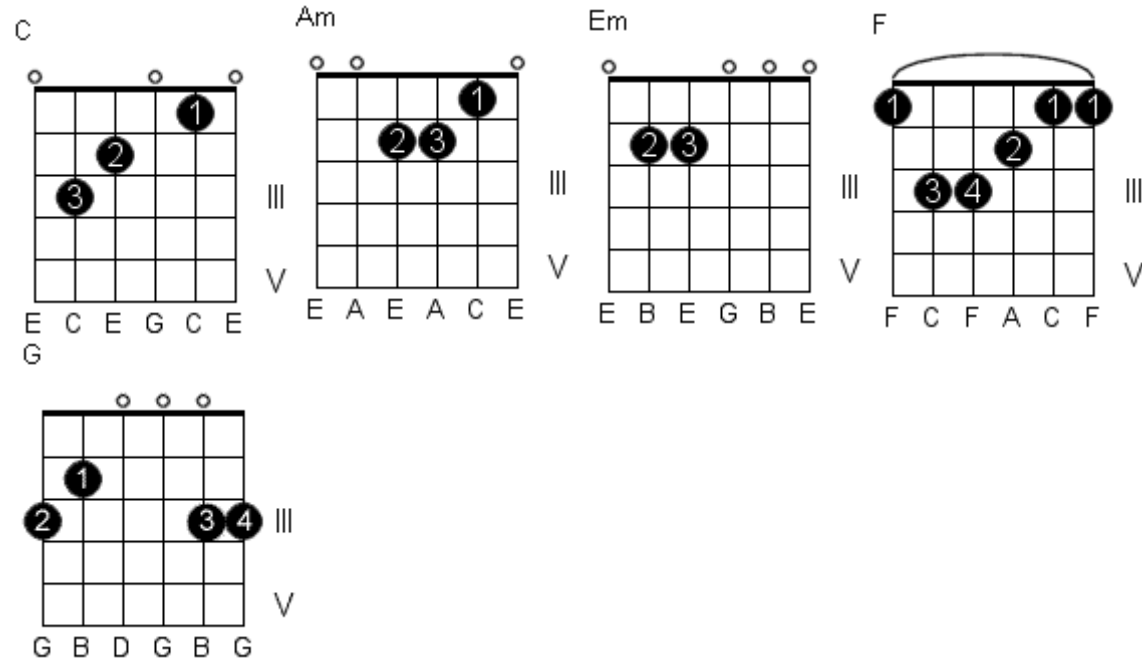


My Back Pages - Bob Dylan

Capo 3



Intro: C

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

C Am Em
Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
F G C
"Rip down all hate," I screamed
C Am Em
Lies that life is black and white
F G
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed

Am Em
Romantic facts of musketeers
F G
Foundationed deep, somehow.

C Am Em
Ah, but I was so much older then,
F G C
I'm younger than that now.

C Am Em
Girls' faces formed the forward path
F G C
From phony jealousy
C Am Em
To memorizing politics
F G
Of ancient history
Am Em
Flung down by corpse evangelists
F G
Unthought of, though, somehow.
C F C
Ah, but I was so much older then,
F G C
I'm younger than that now.

C Am Em
A self-ordained professor's tongue
F G C
Too serious to fool
C Am Em
Spouted out that liberty
F G
Is just equality in school
Am Em
"Equality," I spoke the word
F G
As if a wedding vow.
C Am
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
At the mongrel dogs who teach
C Am Em
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy

F G
In the instant that I preach
 Am F
My existence led by confusion boats
 Am Em G
Mutiny from stern to bow.
 C Am F
Ah, but I was so much older then,
 C G C
I'm younger than that now.

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