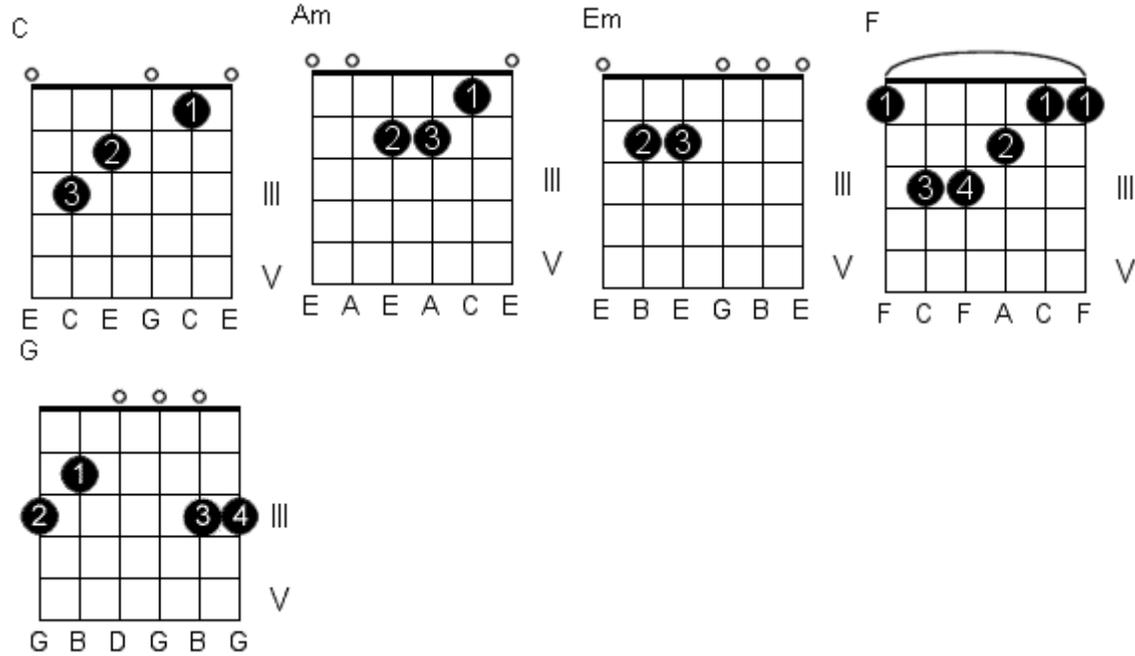


My Back Pages - Bob Dylan

Capo 3

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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

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.