

My Back Pages – Bob Dylan

Intro on D#

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

[Instrumental]

A# A# A# A#

D# Cm Gm
Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
G# A# D#
"Rip down all hate," I screamed
D# Cm Gm
Lies that life is black and white
G# A#
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed
Cm Gm
Romantic facts of musketeers
G# A#
Foundationed deep, somehow.
D# Cm Gm G#
Ah, but I was so much older then,
A# D#
I'm younger than that now.

D# Cm Gm

In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand

G# A# D#

At the mongrel dogs who teach

D# Cm Gm

Fearing not that I'd become my enemy

G# A#

In the instant that I preach

Cm G# D#

My pathway led by confusion boats

Cm Gm A#

Mutiny from stern to bow.

D# Cm G# D#

Ah, but I was so much older then,

A# D#

I'm younger than that now.

D# Cm Gm

Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats

G# A# D#

Too noble to neglect

D# Cm Gm

Deceived me into thinking

G# A#

I had something to protect

Cm Gm

Good and bad, I define these terms

G# A#

Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.

D# Cm G# D#

Ah, but I was so much older then,

A# D#

I'm younger than that now.