

MY BACK PAGES

Bob Dylan

E Esus4
/ + + / + + * 4

E C#m G#m
Crimson flames tied through my ears,

A B E
rollin' high and mighty traps

E C#m G#m
Countless fire on flaming roads,

A B
using ideas as my maps

C#m G#m
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I,

A B
proud 'neath heated brow.

E A E
Ah, but I was so much older then,

A B E
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m G#m
Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth,

A B E
"rip down all hate," I screamed

E C#m G#m
Lies that life is black and white,

A B
spoke from my skull, I dreamed

C#m G#m
Romantic facts of musketeers,

A B
foundationed deep, somehow.

E A E
Ah, but I was so much older then,

A B E
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m G#m
In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand,

A B E
at the mongrel dogs who teach
E C#m G#m
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy,

A B
in the instant that I preach

C#m G#m
My pathway led by confusion boats,

A B
mutiny from stern to bow.

E A E
Ah, but I was so much older then,

A B E
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m G#m A B E
/ + + + + / + + + + / + + + + / + + + +

E C#m G#m A B
/ + + + + / + + + + / + + + + / + + + +

C#m G#m A B
/ + + + + / + + + + / + + + + / + + + +

E A E
Ah, but I was so much older then,

A B E
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m G#m
Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats,

A B E
too noble to neglect

E C#m G#m
Deceived me into thinking,

A B
I had something to protect

C#m G#m
Good and bad, I define these terms,

A B
quite clear, no doubt, somehow?

E A E
Ah, but I was so much older then,

A B E
I'm younger than that now.

E *A* *E*
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
A *B* *E*
 I'm younger than that now.

E *Esus4*
 / + + / + + * ~16

