

My Back Pages

Bob Dylan

D D7 G D/F# Em7 A7 D
předehra:

- D Bm G D/F#
1. Crimson flames tied through my ears
G D/F# Em7 A7 D
Rollin` high and mighty traps
Bm G D/F#
Pounced with fire on flaming roads
G D/F# Em7 A7
Using ideas as my maps
D F#m/C# G D/F#
"We`ll meet on edges, soon," said I,
Em7 A7 Em7 A7
Proud `neath heated brow,
D D7 G D/F#
Ah, but I was so much older then,
Em7 A7 G D
I`m younger than that now.
2. 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
Foundationed deep, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I`m younger than that now.
3. Girls` faces formed the forward path
From phony jealousy
To memorizing politics
Of ancient history
Flung down by corpse evangelists
Unthought of, though, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I`m younger than that now.
4. 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.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I`m younger than that now.
5. 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 pathway led by confusion boats
Mutiny from stern to bow.
Ah, but I was so much older than,
I`m younger than that now.

6. 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 define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older than,
I`m younger than that now.