

My Back Pages

Steve Earle

Crimson flames tied through my ears rollin' high and mighty traps

Pounced with fire on flaming roads using ideas as my maps
We'll meet on edges, soon, said I proud 'neath heated brow
Ah, but I was so much older then I'm younger than that now

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

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

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

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 then I'm younger than that now

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 then I'm younger than that now