

## My Back Pages

The Byrds

Crimson flames tied through my ears  
Throwin' high and mighty traps  
Countless fire and flaming road  
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 flanks of musketeers  
Foundation deep, somehow.  
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 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.

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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.