

My Back Pages

Ramones

Crimson flames tied through my ears, rollin' high and mighty traps
Pounced with fire on flaming roads, usin' 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 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 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
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 thinkin', 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
I was so much older then, I'm younger than that
now
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now

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