

My Back Pages

Bob Dylan

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-cracked 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, thought 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 existence 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 thoughts
too noble to neglect
decieved 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.

Lyrics submitted by robert.

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