

# 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

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