

My Back Pages (Magokoro Brothers)

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-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 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 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

Songwriters

BOB DYLAN Published by

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