

# My Back Pages

Bob Dylan

D D7 G D/F# Em7 A7 D  
předehra:

- D Bm G D/F#  
1. Crimson flames tied through my ears  
G D/F# Em7 A7 D  
Rollin` high and mighty traps  
Bm G D/F#  
Pounced with fire on flaming roads  
G D/F# Em7 A7  
Using ideas as my maps  
D F#m/C# G D/F#  
"We`ll meet on edges, soon," said I,  
Em7 A7 Em7 A7  
Proud `neath heated brow,  
D D7 G D/F#  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
Em7 A7 G D  
I`m younger than that now.
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.
5. 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 than,  
I`m younger than that now.

6. 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,bur I was so much older than,  
I`m younger than that now.