My Back Pages

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato (freely)

Capo on 1st fret: D

Chords:
- D
- Eb
- D7
- Eb7
- G
- Ab
- D/F♯
- Eb/G
- Em7
- Fm7
- A7
- B♭7
- D

Verse 1:
Crimson flames tied through my ears, Rollin'

Chords:
- D
- Eb
- Bm
- G
- D/F♯
- Cm
- Ab
- Eb/G

Verse 2-6:
See additional lyrics

Chords:
- G
- D/F♯
- Em7
- A7
- D
- Eb/G
- Fm7
- B♭7

Additional:

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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
2. Half-wrecked prejudice leaped forth,
    “Rip down all here,” 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.

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.

3. Girl’s faces formed the forward path
    From phony jealousy,
   To memorizing politics
    Of ancient history.
   Plunged down by corpse evangelist
    Unthought of, though, somehow,
   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 then,
    I’m younger than that now.

6. Yes, my guards 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.