

My Back Pages (Dylan ala Byrds)

Intro: G Em Bm C D G

G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Crimson flames tied through my ears			Rollin' high and mighty traps		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	
Pounced with fire on flaming roads			Using ideas as my maps		
Em		Bm	C	D	
"We'll meet on edges, soon said," I,			Proud 'neath a heated brow		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Ah, but I was so much older then			I'm younger than that now.		
[d	e	b	c	d	d]

G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
In a soldier's stance I aimed my hand			At the mongrel dogs who teach		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	
Fearing that I'd become my enemy			In the instant that I preach.		
Em		Bm	C	D	
My pathway led by confusion boats			Mutiny from stern to bow		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Ah, but I was so much older then			I'm younger than that now.		

SOLO – Verse chords

G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Yes, my guards stood hard when abstract threats			Too noble to neglect		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	
Deceived me into thinking			I had something to protect.		
Em		Bm	C	D	
Good and bad, I define these terms			Quite clear, no doubt, somehow,		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Ah, but I was so much older then			I'm younger than that now.		
G	Em	Bm	C	D	G
Ah, but I was so much older then			I'm younger than that now.		