

Joan Osborne "My Back Pages (Feat. Jackson Browne)"

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My Back Pages

Written by 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,

'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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