

## Steve Earle "My Back Pages"

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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 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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