

303. My back pages (Page 1 of 2)

INTRO C/ Csus4/ (X4)

C Am Em F G C Csus4 C

Crimson flames tied through my years, flowing high and mighty trapped

Am Em F G
Countless fire and flaming road, using ideas as my maps

Am Em F G
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I, proud 'neath heated brow.

C F C F G C Csus4 C Csus4
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

C Am Em F G C Csus4 C

Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth, "rip down all hate," I screamed

Am Em F G
Lies that life is black and white, spoke from my skull, I dreamed

Am Em F G
Romantic flanks of musketeers, foundationed deep, somehow.

C F C F G C Csus4 C Csus4
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

C Am Em F G C Csus4 C

In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand, at the mongrel dogs who teach

Am Em F G
Fearing not I'd become my enemy, in the instant that I preach

Am Em F G
Sisters fled by confusion boats, mutiny from stern to bow.

C F C F G C Csus4 C Csus4
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

BREAK C Am Em F G C Csus4 C Am Em F G Am Em F G

C F C F G C Csus4 C Csus4
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

303. My back pages (Page 2 of 2)

C **Am** **Em** **F** **G** **C** **Csus4 C**
My guard stood hard when abstract threats, too noble to neglect

Am **Em** **F** **G**
Deceived me into thinking, I had something to protect

Am **Em** **F** **G**
Good and bad, I define these terms, quite clear, no doubt, somehow?

C **F** **C** **F** **G** **(C)**
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now.

OUTRO **C/ Csus4/ (X4) C**