

[Intro]

## My BackPages

C Am C F G C

Rich sings verses 1 & 3  
John sings verses 2 & 4  
No capo. C harmonica

[Verse 1]

C Am Em  
Crimson flames tied through my ears

F G C  
Rollin' high and mighty traps

C Am Em C  
Pounced with fire on flaming roads

F Em G  
Using ideas as my maps

F Am G C  
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I

Am F G  
Proud 'neath heated brow.

C Am C  
Ah, but I was so much older then,

F G C  
I'm younger than that now.

[Verse 2]

C Am Em  
Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth

F G C  
"Rip down all hate," I screamed

C Am Em  
Lies that life is black and white

F G  
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed

Am Em  
Romantic facts of musketeers

F G  
Foundationed deep, somehow.

C Am C  
Ah, but I was so much older then,

F G C  
I'm younger than that now.

Verse 3

C Am Em  
In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand  
F G C  
At the mongrel dogs who teach  
C Am Em  
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy  
F G  
In the instant that I preach  
Am F C  
My existence led by confusion boats  
Am Em G  
Mutiny from stern to bow.  
C Am C  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
F G C  
I'm younger than that now.

Instrumental. Same as a verse.

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

Verse 4

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

C Am C F G C

