

MY BACK PAGES

E Esus X4

Crimson flames tied through my years
Flowing high and mighty trapped
Countless fire 'n 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

E C#m Abm
A B E
E C#m Abm
A Bsus7
C#m Abm
A Bsus7
E E A E
A Abm F#m E

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 flanks of musketeers,
Foundationed deep, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m Abm
A B E
E C#m Abm
A Bsus7
C#m Abm
A Bsus7
E E A E
A Abm F#m E

Solo on F#m blues @9th

Fearing not I'd become my enemy
In the instant that I preach
Sisters fled by confusion boats,
Mutiny from stern to bow.
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now.

E C#m Abm
A Bsus7
C#m Abm
A Bsus7
E E A E
A Abm F#m E

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 *E E A E* *A Abm F#m E*

E C#m Abm
A B E
E C#m Abm
A Bsus7
C#m Abm
A Bsus7