

The Ramones, My Back Pages

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 foundation deep, somehow
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
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
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now
Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now