

# 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