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