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 Music: *My Back Pages* by Bob Dylan
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C D C G C G
 The misty rays of morning filter into my room at dawn
 C D C G C D7
 But we don't pay attention, we just shuffle and move along
 G D C G C G
 I used to go to bed at night and sleep to some late hour

G D G C G
 Oh I used to have a life back then
 G C G D7 G
 But I play Magic now.

Reds and greens, white, black and blue are swirling before my eyes
 I'll trade you all my Atogs for just one card that flies
 I used to play some other games but they've all slipped away somehow.

Magic was still fresh and new when Arabian Nights came out
 If we'd have known how the price would grow we'd have bought that damn store out
 Now we pay 30 bucks a pack as we wipe our fevered brow

Antiquities was next in line, Mishra and Urza's kin
 I spent all of my savings—and got a deck full of clay men
 I'd buy a pack and say “no more!” — next day I'd break my vow

Legends then had been released and I'm runnin' to the store
 I pawned my mother's jewelry to buy fifteen packs more
 A year ago I didn't know a Craw Wurm from a cow

Again more new cards were released and things were looking stark
 So I sold my best friend's Spellfire cards so I could buy the Dark
 But still I couldn't keep it up, you'd think I'd learn by now

My credit cards have been recalled, I'm overdrawn again
 My local game store owner has become my closest friend
 I used to purchase food and clothes; I used to smell the flowers