

Shape of Things to Come

Robin Trower

A million words, ten thousand faces
Can't make a sense of what's in, they say.
When someone goes through here and left no traces
No light, just dark, confusing race.
And as it falls, begins to clear
A voice you don't know whispers in your ear:
If you keep going down this burn-out track
You better know right now, you ain't ever coming back.

Look up your head, a hundred years,
Now look back and tell me, what you see?
When men send the gods and always end in tears
And no one knows what it is to be truly free.

Baby boy, don't leave your ways,
I can't tell when you end your days.
If you keep going down this burn-out track
You better know right now you ain't ever coming back.

Turn the wheel, put the foot down hard
Sounds hollow, but there ain't no cars.
Don't look round, the sea's already sawn,
I guess you always known when the deal is blown.

Baby boy, you don't mend your ways,
No one knows when you end your days.
If you stop to think what's really going on
You make out your tips of a shape of things to come.

And as the smoke begins to clear
A voice you don't know whispers in your ear:
If you keep going down this burn-out track
No one knows if you ever coming back.
You ain't ever coming back,
You ain't coming back.