

The Shape of Things to Come

Slade

There's a new sun
Rising up in the sky
There's a new voice
Crying without afraid to die

Let the old one
Make believe it's blind and deaf and dumb
But nothing can change the shape of things to come

There are changes
Lying ahead on every road
There are new thoughts
Ready and waiting to explode
When tomorrow is today
The bells made all fuzz up
But nothing can change the shape of things to come

The future's coming on now sweet and strong
And no-one gonna hold it back for long

There are young dreams
Crowding out old realities
Revolutions
Sweeping in like a fresh new breeze

Let the old one
Make believe it's blind and deaf and dumb
Nothing can change the shape of things,
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Nothing can change the shape of things,
Nothing can change the shape of things to come