

## Shapes Of Things (originally By The Yardbirds)

### The Dead Milkmen

Shapes of things before my eyes  
They teach me to despise  
Will time make man more wise?

Here beneath my lonely frame  
My eyes just hurt my brain  
But they don't seem the same?

Come tomorrow will I be older  
Come tomorrow maybe a soldier  
Come tomorrow will I be bolder than today

Now the trees are almost green  
But will they still be seen  
When time and tide have been?

Boy into these passing hands  
Please don't destroy these lands  
Don't make them desert sands

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Come tomorrow maybe a soldier  
Come tomorrow will I be bolder than today

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