

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

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