

## Yardbirds, The "Shapes Of Things"

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

Here within my lonely frame  
My eyes just hurt my brain  
But girl it seems theyre saying

Come tomorrow, Will I be older  
Come tomorrow, Maybe a soldier  
Come tomorrow, May I be bolder then today

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

Fallen into your passing hands  
Please dont destroy these lands  
Dont make them desert sands

Come tomorrow, Will I be older  
Come tomorrow, Maybe a soldier  
Come tomorrow, May I be bolder then today

Soon I hope that i will find  
Thoughts deep within my mind  
That wont disgrace my kind

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