

Black Crowes

"Shapes Of Things"

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Shapes of things before my eyes
Just teach me to despise
Will time make men more wise
Here within my lonely frame
my eyes just heard my brain
But will it seem the same

Come tomorrow, will I be older
Come Tomorrow, may be a soldier.
Come Tomorrow, may I be bolder than today?

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

Fall into your passing hands.
Please don't destroy these lands.
Don't make them desert sands.

Chorus

Soon I hope that I will find,
Thoughts deep within my mind.
That won't displace my kind

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