

## David Bowie "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 will it seem the same?

(Come tomorrow)  
Will I be older?  
(Come tomorrow)  
Maybe 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, boy into your passing  
hands?  
Please don't destroy these lands  
Don't make them desert sands

(Come tomorrow)  
Will I be older?  
(Come tomorrow)  
Maybe a soldier  
(Come tomorrow)  
May I be bolder than today

Soon, I hope that I will find a seed within my mind  
That won't disgrace my kind

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