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## Dead Milkmen "Shapes Of Things"

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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 will it 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 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), will I be bolder than today

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

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