

## The Black Crowes

### "Shapes Of Things"

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Written by: J. Beck

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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