

Allman Brothers Band

"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 they seem too same?

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

Soon I hope that I will find
Loves deep within my mind
I won't disgrace my kind

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

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