

## The 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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