

Dead Milkmen, Shapes Of Things (Originally By T

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

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