

# David Bowie, Shapes Of Things

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 it seem the same

[CHORUS]

(Come tomorrow), will I be older  
(Come tomorrow), maybe 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  
Boy into your passing hands  
Please don't destroy these lands  
Don't make them desert sands

[CHORUS]

Soon I hope that I will find  
A seed within my mind  
That won't disgrace my kind