

Jeff Beck Group, Shape Of Things

Shapes of things before my eyes,
Just help me to despise.
Will time make men more wise?

Here, within my lonely frame,
My eyes just hurt my brain.
Will time make men more sane?

Come tomorrow, will I be older?
Come tomorrow, maybe a soldier, (Now listen)
Come tomorrow, maybe I'm older than today.

(Listen to this)
Here within my lonely frame,
My eyes just hurt my goddamn brain.
Will time make men more sane?