Nazareth, Shapes Of Things/Space Safari

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

Here within my lonely frame
My eyes just hurt my brain
But will it seem the same?

Come tomorrow, will I be older?
Come tomorrow, may be 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?

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

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(p.samwell-smith/k.relf/j.mccarty)