

Shapes of Things

David Bowie

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?(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(Come tomorrow)
Will I be older?
(Come tomorrow)
Maybe a soldier
(Come tomorrow)
May I be bolder than today Soon, I hope that I will find a seed within my mind
That won't disgrace my kind

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