

# Shapes Of Things To Come

Gary Moore

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, will I be bolder than today?  
Now, the trees are almost green  
But will they still be seen

When time and tide have been?  
Soon, I hope that I will find  
Thoughts deep within my mind  
That won't disgrace my kind  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
Come tomorrow, maybe a soldier?  
Come tomorrow, will I be bolder than today?  
Shapes of things before my eyes  
Just teach me to despise  
Will time make man more wise?

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