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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