

# Shapes of Things

## The Jeff Beck group with Rod Stewart

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 heard 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?  
Fallin' into your passing hands  
Please don't destroy these lands  
Don't make them desert sands  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier  
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today?  
Soon I hope that I will find  
Thoughts deep within my mind  
That won't displace my kind

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