

Shapes Of Things (Yardbirds)

A G A
Shapes, of things before my eyes,

G A
Just teach me to despise.

G
Will time make men more wise?

A G A
Here within my lonely frame,

G A
My eyes just hurt my brain.

G
But will it seem the same?

CHORUS

D C
Come tomorrow, will I be older?

D C
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier.

D C E
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today?

A G A
Now, the trees are almost green.

G A
But will they still be seen?

G
When time and tide have been.

A G A
Fall, into your passing hands.

G A
Please don't destroy these lands.

G
Don't make them desert sands.

CHORUS

SOLO: A G (x7) C E

A G A

Soon, I hope that I will find,

G

A

Thoughts deep within my mind.

G

That won't disgrace my kind.

CHORUS