

Shapes Of Things  
The Yardbirds

**F** **Eb** **F**  
Shapes, of things before my eyes,  
**Eb** **F**  
Just teach me to despise.

**Eb**  
Will time make men more wise?

**F** **Eb** **F**  
Here within my lonely frame,  
**Eb** **F**  
My eyes just hurt my brain.

**Eb**  
But will it seem the same?

**Bb** **G#**  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
**Bb** **G#**  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier.  
**Bb** **G#** **C**  
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today?

**F** **Eb** **F**  
Now, the trees are almost green.  
**Eb** **F**  
But will they still be seen?  
**Eb**  
When time and tide have been.  
**F** **Eb** **F**  
Fall, into your passing hands.  
**Eb** **F**  
Please don't destroy these lands.  
**Eb**  
Don't make them desert sands.

**Bb** **G#**  
Come tomorrow, will I be older?  
**Bb** **G#**  
Come tomorrow, may be a soldier.  
**Bb** **G#** **C**  
Come tomorrow, may I be bolder than today?

**F Eb (7x)**

**G# C**

**F** **Eb** **F**

Soon, I hope that I will find,

**Eb**

**F**

Thoughts deep within my mind.

**Eb**

**F**

That won't disgrace my kind.