The Shape of Things to Come

There's a new sun Rising up in the sky There's a new voice Crying without afraid to die

Let the old one Make believe it's blind and deaf and dumb But nothing can change the shape of things to come

There are changes Lying ahead on every road There are new thoughts Ready and waiting to explode When tomorrow is today The bells made all fuzz up But nothing can change the shape of things to come

The future's coming on now sweet and strong And no-one gonna hold it back for long

There are young dreams Crowding out old realities Revolutions Sweeping in like a fresh new breeze

Let the old one Make believe it's blind and deaf and dumb Nothing can change the shape of things, Nothing can change the shape of things, Nothing can change the shape of things, Nothing can change the shape of things to come Slade