

Houston Davis Jones

"Different Hair, Different Shoes"

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Time shapes us like a most skilled sculptor from the
clay of life

And the years define details and form the tales we'll
tell our children

When we're old and they're young like we were

Lives weave in between each other strangely
Never how they'd seem

And the friends that you once knew

They're still the same friends just wearing different
shoes

Life can seem so big like it'll crush you with it's load
So many people playing out this plot we watch unfold
But notice how the dots connect so easily sometimes
With just six degrees that separate me from all these
friends of mine

Someday i'll see you somewhere

Sitting by a bus stop growing different hair

And i'll cry and i'll think back

To golden days that we've now passed

Because time shapes us like a most skilled sculptor
from the clay of life

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