

## Houston 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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