

# José González, Every Age

Every age has it's turn  
Every bunch of the tree has to learn  
Learn to grow  
Fine it's way  
Make the distans short thios day  
Take the sit  
Take the space  
Take this dreams about better days  
Take your time  
Bulid the home  
Build the place we're all belong

Something changes  
Some remain  
Some will passes unknowns pas  
What to focus on?  
To improve upon?  
In the face ...  
Feel so plain  
Feel so obvious  
To which one the road

..  
Together  
.. what time  
And what we has some

We don;t chees what..  
But we can learn to know  
ourslefs ..  
take this map  
Take this pen  
Take this dreams about better days  
Take your time  
Bulid the home  
Build the place we're all belong