

# Wide Open Spaces

FFH

I been thinkin' 'bout fame, thinking 'bout leavin'  
Thinkin' 'bout people and walkin' away  
'Cause I've seen all their faces and tried hard to please them  
It left me so empty at the end of the day

Deep inside me something's beckoning  
A voice from back home  
By the time you started lookin' for me  
I'll be long gone

'Cause I need wide open spaces  
I need rivers that flow  
I need to find where my faith is  
Give me the desert, I'll make it my home

I'm tired of the race, tired of pretending  
Tired of the pressure to just stay ahead  
I can't take the pace, it just seems unending  
If this is living I'd rather be dead

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I need rivers that flow  
I need to find where my faith is  
Give me the desert, I'll make it my home  
Make it my home

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Give me the desert, I'll make it my home  
Give me the desert, I'll make it my home  
Oh, make it my home, make it my home  
Make it my home, oh, yeah