

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 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