## Holly Palmer, Wide Open Spaces

Wide open spaces, I'm falling You think I'm crazy I'm not Voices speak loud in my head Sometimes I can't even get them to stop

But I'd rather speak your name Remember when you came And how you took my breath away

So let me hear the echo of your footsteps And let me feel your fingers through my hair I'm trying hard to fill these open spaces And end up counting hours you're not there

Lately I'm dreaming of water Burning my feet in the sand Sometimes this world is peculiar It seems like you're always changing your plans

But I'd rather speak your name Remember when you came And how you took my breath away

So let me hear the echo of your footsteps And let me feel your fingers through my hair I'm trying hard to fill these open spaces And end up counting hours you're not there