

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