My Own Space

Steve Miller Band

Sittin' high on a hillside takin' in all the growth
Time to throw away my problems
Cause I made 'em up myself
So I took all those worries, put 'em up on a shelf
And headed on down to the sea shoreClouds slowly passin' as I walked on the sand
I picked up a seashell and I made up my plan
I could feel the spirit of life in my hand
As I reached my destinyWhoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa
I feel free
Whoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa
Where I can have my own spaceI walked on the beach in the early morn
I ran on the sand till I could breathe no more
I stood on a rock looking out at the sea
And believed what I said when I said
I feel free

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