

# 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 shore

Clouds 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 destiny

Whoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa  
I feel free  
Whoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa  
Where I can have my own space

I 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

Whoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa  
I feel free  
Whoa ho ho ho oh oh oh whoa  
Where I can have my own space