

Crosby, Stills & Nash

"Turn Back The Pages"

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(Stephen Stills)

Intro. (Acoustic Guitar)

Sometimes i consider my pace

I'm reminded of a train

Gathering speed for the climb to the pass

In whose shadow it already lies a small metal dragon

Approaching the ever-present ascending rise

To the seventh mountain

Reeling and snaking and leaping it seems

Like it wants to come loose from it's path cast in iron

But she can't slow down now as the earth has
presented

A new crest to reach without barely a rest

From the last one

And you wonder just what lies beyond

Though you've been there before

And forget about the effort and the strain

Always ascending each yard adds a mile

To the never-ending pull of the steepening grade

That's before you

A valley a forest a desert a stream

With an oversized bridge for the trickle there beneath

You remember the torrent it turned to last spring

From the snows melting fast and the river it became

In the summer

Perhaps it is ruined from a fire that has scorched it

So badly that nothing will grow without rain

To wash away the blackened soil

Now useless till called upon again

In a future as twisted and far away

As the next range of mountains

So take it as far as you see and beyond

With eyes you don't use enough gather up strength

As thoroughfare gap will await you forever

You're seeking to get there for even before

It's no matter

No distance

It's the ride

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