

## **Garage Inc. "Turn The Bage"**

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On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha  
You can listen to the engine, moanin out as one long  
song  
You can think about the woman, or the girl you knew  
the night before  
And your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they  
always do  
When you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing  
much to do  
You don't feel much like traveling, you just wish the trip  
was through  
But here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page  
You walk into a restaraunt, strung out from the road  
And you feel the eyes upon you, as you're shaking off  
the cold  
You pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to  
explode  
Sometimes you can here 'em talk, other times you can't  
All the same 'ole cliches: is that a woman or a man?  
And you always seem outnumbered, you dare not  
make a stand  
But here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, playing the star again

There I go, turn the page  
Out there in the spotlight, your a million miles away  
Every ounce of energy, you try to give away  
And the sweat pours from your body, like the music  
that you play  
Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed  
Echos of the amplifiers, ringing in your head  
As you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering  
what she said  
But here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page  
But here I am, on the road again

Here I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page

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