

M**"Turn The Page"**

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On a long and lonesome highway,
east of Omaha
You can listen to the engines
moanin' out it's one old song
You can think about the woman,
or the girl you knew the night before
But your thoughts will soon be wanderin',
the way they always do
When you're ridin' 16 hours,
and there's nothin' much to do
And you don't feel much like ridin',
you just wish the trip was through

(chorus)

Here I am, on the road again,
there I am, up on the stage
There I go, playin' star again,
there I go, turn the page

So you walk into this restaurant,
uh strung out from the road
And you feel the eyes upon you,
as you're shakin' off the cold
You pretend it doesn't bother you,
but you just want to explode
Yeah, most times you can't hear 'em talk,
other times you can

All the same old cliché's,
is it woman, is it man
And you always seem outnumbered,
you don't dare make a stand
Make your stand

(chorus)

Ah But here I am, on the road again,
there I am, up on the stage
Here I go, ah playin' star again,
there I go, turn the page
Woah

Out there in the spotlight,
you're a million miles away
Every ounce of energy,
you try and give away
As the sweat pours out your body,
like the music that you play

Later in the evenin',
as you lie awake in bed
With the echoes of the amplifiers,
ringin' in your head
You smoke the day's last cigarette,
rememberin' what she said

What she said

Yeah, and here I am,
on the road again,
there I am, up on that stage
Here I go, playin' star again,
there I go, turn the page
And there I go, turn that page

There I go, yeah, Here I go, yeah, yeah
There I go, yeah, Here I go, yeah
Here I go-oh-o, There I go
And I'm gone

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