

## Stan Rogers

# "Turnaround"

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Bits and pieces you offered  
Of your life; I didn't think they meant a lot,  
Or said much for you.  
And all the chances to follow  
Didn't make a lot of sense when stacked against  
The choices you made.

For yours was the open road,  
The bitter song, the heavy load  
That I couldn't share  
Though the offer was there  
Every time you turned around.

Now, it's not like you made out  
To hang around, although you know I made some  
sounds  
To show that I cared.  
And when it looked like you heard the call  
I didn't say a lot, although I could've said  
Much more, had I dared.

But yours was the open road,  
The bitter song, the heavy load  
That I couldn't share  
Though the offer was there  
Every time you turned around.

And if I had followed  
A little ways, because we're friends you would have  
made me  
Welcome out there.  
But we both know it's just as well,  
'Cause some can go, but some are meant to stay  
behind,  
And it's always that way.

And yours is the open road,  
The bitter song, the heavy load  
That I'll never share,  
Though the offer's still there  
Every time you turn around.

(Repeat last verse from "Yours")

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