Bob Seger) by Metallica "Turn The Page -"

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on a long and lonesome highway east of omaha you can listen to the engine's moanin out his one note song

you can think about the woman, or the girl you knew the night before

but your thoughts will soon be wondering the way they always do

when you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do

and you don't feel much like ridin', you just wish the trip was through

CHORUS:

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

when you walk into a restaraunt, strung out from the road

and you feel the eyes upon you, as you're shaking of 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

CHORUS

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 with the echos of the amplifiers, ringin' in your head as you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering what she said

(what she said...)

CHORUS

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