

TURN THE PAGE

(Cymbals only) On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha
You can listen to the engine 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 wandering the way they always do
When you're ridin' sixteen hours and there's nothin' much to do
And you don't feel much like ridin', you just wish the trip was through

(Hi hat only) Say here I am on the road again
There I am up on the stage
Here I go playin' star again
There I go turn the page

(Hi hat only) Well you walk into a restaurant, 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
Most times you can't hear 'em talk, other times you can
All the same old clichés, "Is that a woman or a man?"
And you always seem outnumbered; you don't dare make a stand

(Drums start) Here I am on the road again
There I am up on the stage
Here I go playin' star again
There I go turn the page

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

stop

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

(Drums start) Here I am on the road again
There I am up on the stage
Here I go playin' star again
There I go turn the page

Here I am on the road again
There I am up on the stage
Here I go playin' star again
There I go
There I go **stop**