

## Turn the Page

**Em**

On a long and lonely highway east of Omaha

**D**

You can listen to the engine, moanin out as one long song

**A**

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

And your thoughts will soo be wandering the way they always do

When your riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do

You don't feel much like travelin', you just wish the trip was through

CHORUS:

**D**

**Em**

But here I am, on the road again

**D**

**Em**

Here I am, up on the stage

**D**

**A**

Here I go, playing the star again

**C D**

**Em**

There I go, turn the page

You walk into a restaraunt, strung out from the road

And you feel the eyes opon you, as your shaking off the cold

You pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to explode

Sometimes you hear 'em talkin', other times you can't

All the same 'ole cliche's 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 on that evening, as you lie awake in bed

Echos of the amplifiers, ringin in your head

And you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering what you said

CHORUS

CHORUS