

TURN THE PAGE

On a [Em]long and lonesome highway East of Omaha
You can [D]listen to the engine Moanin' out it's one note song
You can [A]think about the woman Or the girl you knew the night before[Em]

But your [Em]thoughts will soon be wandering The way they always do
When you're [D]ridin' sixteen hours And there's nothin' much to do
And you [A]don't feel much like ridin' You just wish the trip was through[Em]

[CHORUS]

See here I [D]am On the [Em]road again
There I [D]am Up on the [Em]stage
Here I [D]go Playin' [Em]star again
There I [C]go [D]Turn the [Em]page

Well you [Em]walk into a restaurant Strung out from the road
And you [D]feel the eyes upon you As you're shakin' off the cold
You pre[A]tend it doesn't bother you But you just want to explode[Em]

Most [Em]times you can't hear 'em talk Other times you can
All the [D]same old cliches "Is that a woman or a man?"
And you [A]always seem outnumbered You don't dare make a stand[Em]

[CHORUS]

[Em]Out there in the spotlight You're a million miles away
[D]Every ounce of energy You try to give away
As the [A]sweat pours out your body Like the music that you play[Em]

[Em*]Later in the evening As you lie awake in bed
With the [D*]echoes from the amplifiers Ringin' in your head
You [A*]smoke the day's last cigarette Rememberin' what she said[Em]

[CHORUS]

Here I [D]am On the [Em]road again
There I [D]am Up on the [Em]stage
Here I [D]go Playin' [Em]star again
There I [C]go There I [D]go [Em]