

Turn The Page

[Em] On a long and lonesome highway
east of Omaha

[D] You can listen to the engine, moanin'
out as one long song

You can [A] think about the woman
or the girl you knew the night be[Em]fore
But your thoughts will soon be wandering
the way they always do

When you're [D] riding sixteen hours
and there's nothing much to do

You [A] don't feel much like ridin'
you just wish the trip was through [Em]

Chorus:

But here I [D] am, on the road a[Em]gain

There I [D] am, up on [Em] stage

There I [D] go, playing the star [A] again

There I [C] go, [D] turn the [Em] page

Well you walk into a restaurant
strung out from the road

And you [D] feel the eyes upon you
as you're shaking off the cold

You pre[A]tend it doesn't bother you
but you just want to explode [Em]

Most times you hear can 'em talk
other times you can't

All the [D] same old clichés
is that a woman or a man

And you al[A]ways seem outnumbered
you don't dare make a stand [Em]

Chorus

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]

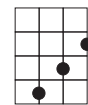
Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed
With the [D] echoes from the amplifiers

ringin' in your head

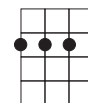
You [A] smoke the day's last cigarette
remembering what she said [Em]

Chorus X2

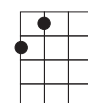
Em



D



A



C

