**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 Em**

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

**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**