

Turn The Page

Words & Music:
Bob Seger

Em

On a long and lonesome 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.

But your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do.

When you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do.

And you don't feel much like riding, you just wish the trip was through.

CHORUS:

D

Em

D

Em

Here I am, on the road again. There I am, up on the stage.

D

Em

C

D

Em

Here I go, playing star again. There I go, turn the page.

Well, you walk into a restaurant strung out from the road.

And you feel the eyes upon you as you're shaking 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.

Oh, the same old clichés, is that a woman or a man.

And you always seem outnumbered, you don't dare make a stand.

CHORUS:

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.

Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed.

With the echoes from the amplifiers ringing in your head.

You smoke the day's last cigarette remembering what she said.

CHORUS: *[2x - second time, new lyrics:]*

Here I am, on the road again. Here I am, up on the stage

Here I go, playing star again. There I go, there I go.