

Turn the Page

Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band

On a long and lonesome highway East of Omaha
You can listen to the engine
Moaning out his one-note song
You can think about the woman
Or the girl you knew the night before
But your thoughts will soon be wanderin' The way they always do
When you're riding sixteen hours
And there's nothin' much to do
And you don't feel much like riding
You just wish the trip was through
Say, here I am
On a road again
There I am
Up on a stage
Here I go
Playin' 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 shakin' 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
All the same old clichés
"Is that a woman or a man?"
And you always seem outnumbered
You don't dare make a stand
Here I am On a road again
There I am
Up on a stage
Here I go
Playin' star again
There I go
Turn the page
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
(Sax solo) Later in the evening As you lie awake in bed

With the echoes from the amplifiers
Ringin' in your head
You smoke the day's last cigarette
Remembering what she said
Ah, here I am On a road again
There I am
Up on a stage
Here I go
Playin' star again
There I go
Turn the page
Ah, here I am
On a road again
There I am
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