

Turn the Page

Metallica

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha
You can listen to the engines
moanin' Out its one note song
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 ridin' sixteen hours
And there's nothin' much to do
And you don't feel much like riding
You just wish the trip was through Here I am, On the road again
There I am, Up on the stage
There I go, Playin' star again
There I go, Turn The Page
So you walk into this 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 Yeah, most times you can't hear 'em talk
But other times you can
All the same old clichés:
"Is it woman? Is it man?"
And you always seem outnumbered
You don't dare make a stand
Make your stand Here I am, On the road again
There I am, Up on the stage
Here I go, Playn' star again
There I go, Turn The Page
Whoa-oh
Out there in the spotlight, you're a million miles away
Every ounce of energy, you try and give away
As the sweat pours out your body, like the music that you play
Later in the evenin' as you lie awake in bed
With the echoes of the amplifiers ringin' in your head
You smoke the day's last cigarette
Rememberin' what she said
What she said
(Yeah, what she said.)
Yeah Here I am, on the road again
There I am, up on the stage
Here I go, playn' star again
There I go, Turn The Page

And there I go, turn that page
There I go, yeah
There I go, there I go
(And I'm gone)

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