

## Turn the Page – Bob Seger

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On a **long** and lonesome highway east of Omaha  
You can **listen** to the engine moanin' out as one note song  
You can **think** about the woman or the girl you knew the night **before**  
/ Em - / D - / A - Em - /

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**

Here I **am**, on the **road** again – there I **am**, up on the **stage**  
Here I **go**, playing **star** again – there I **go**, **turn** the **page**  
/ D Em D Em / D A CD Em /

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, rememb'rin' what she **said** ... (*chorus*)

Here I am, on the road again – there I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, playing star again – there I go, there I go