Turn The Page by Bob Seger

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 you’re 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, you’re 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
echoes of the amplifiers, ringin’ in your head
and you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering what you said

CHORUS 2x  

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