

## Turn The Page

Golden Earring

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha  
You can listen to the engine  
Moanin' out it's one note song  
You can think about the woman  
Or the girl you knew the night before

But your thoughts will soon be wondering  
The way they always do  
When your ridin' sixteen hours  
And there's nothing there to do  
And you don't feel much like ridin'  
You just wish the trip was through

Here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, on the stage  
Here I go, playin' star again  
Here I go, turn the page

Well you walk into a restaurant  
All 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  
It's the same old cliché's  
Is it woman, is it man  
And you always seem outnumbered  
So you don't dare make a stand

Here I am, on the road again  
Here I am, on the stage  
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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  
Ringin' in your head  
You smoke the day's last cigarette  
Remembering what she said

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Here I am, on the road again

Here I am, on the stage  
Here I go, playin' star again  
Here I go, here I go, here I go

Here I am, on the road again  
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Turn the page, turn the page, turn the page