

## Turn the page

**Metallica**

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha,  
You can listen to the engines moanin' out it's one old 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 ridin' 16 hours, and there's nothin' much to do  
And you don't feel much like ridin', 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, uh 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  
Yeah, most times you can't hear 'em talk, other times you can  
All the same old cliché's, is it woman, is it man  
And you always seem outnumbered, you don't dare make a stand  
Make your stand  
But here I am, on the road again, there I am, up on the stage  
Here I go, ah playin' star again, there I go, turn the page

Woah  
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, and here I am, on the road again, there I am, up on that stage  
Here I go, playin' star again, there I go, turn the page

And there I go, turn that page  
There I go, yeah, Here I go, yeah, yeah  
There I go, yeah, Here I go, yeah  
Here I go-oh-o, There I go  
And I'm gone