Turn Back the Pages

Stephen Stills

I thought I knew you I guess I took myself Right down the wrong road Leading to the past

I know you're trying To rearrange your mind But you were lying Do you laugh in my face

Turn back turn back the pages Who remembers names Who remembers faces Turn back don't drive yourself crazy

Life's too short for ritualistic chases Maybe tomorrow You'll find you have to cry And in your sorrow

See the mirror it doesn't lie Just like the last time You try to pull me down You are the past time

And blind and death to sound Turn back turn back the pages Who remembers names Who remembers faces

Turn back don't drive yourself crazy Life's too short for repetitious changes No use denying You wasted my time

And caused the crying And the bitterness to hide Just trying to prove You need nobody else

But you're bound to lose Lying to yourself Turn back turn back the pages Who remembers names

Who remembers faces Turn back don't drive yourself crazy Life's too short for ritualistic chases Turn back turn back turn back the pages