

Turn The Page

D Harp ^ blow * draw ~ bend t trem

5 5 4 3 3 5 5 4 3 3

* ^ ^ ^ ~ * ^ ^ ^ ~t

Em

On a long and lonesome 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

Em

But your thoughts will soon be wandering, the way they always do

D

When you're riding sixteen hours, and there's nothing much to do

A

Em

And you don't feel much like ridin', you just wish the trip was through

D

Em

Say here I am, on the road again

D

A

Here I go, playing the star again

D

Em

There I am, up on stage

C

D

Em

There I go, turn the page

Em

Well you walk into a restaurant, strung out from the road

D

And you feel the eyes upon you, as you're shaking off the cold

A

Em

You pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to explode

Em

Most times you can hear em' talk, other times you can't

D

All the same ole' cliché's, is that a woman or a man

A

Em

And you always seem outnumbered, you don't dare make a stand

(chorus)

Em

Out there in the spotlight, you're a million miles away

D

Every ounce of energy, you try to give away

A

Em

As the sweat pours out your body, like the music that you play

Em

Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed

D

With the echoes from the amplifiers, ringin' in your head

A

Em

You smoke the day's last cigarette, remembering what she said (chorus twice)