

# Eric Fish, Turn The Page

On a long, lonesome highway  
East of Omaha  
You can listen to the engine  
Moaning out his one note 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 riding sixteen hours  
And there's nothin' much to do  
And you don't feel much like riding  
You just wish the trip was through

Say, here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' the star again  
There I go  
Turn the page

Well, you walk into a restaurant  
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  
All the same old clichés  
Is that a woman or a man  
And you always seem outnumbered  
You don't dare make a stand

Here I am  
On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage  
Here I go  
Playin' the star again  
There I go  
Turn the page

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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On the road again  
There I am  
Up on the stage

Here I go  
Playin' the star again  
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