

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 clichs
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

Ah, 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

Ah, here I am
On the road again
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