Bob Seger, 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
There I am
Up on the stage
Here I go
Playin the star again
There I go
There I go