

Garage Inc., Turn The Bage

On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha
You can listen to the engine, moanin out as one long song
You can think about the woman, or the girl you knew the night before
And your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do
When you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do
You don't feel much like traveling, you just wish the trip was through
But here I am, on the road again
Here I am, up on the stage
Here I go, playing the star again
There I go, turn the page
You walk into a restaraunt, strung out from the road
And you feel the eyes upon you, as you're shaking off the cold
You pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to explode
Sometimes you can here 'em talk, other times you can't
All the same 'ole cliches: is that a woman or a man?
And you always seem outnumbered, you dare not make a stand
But here I am, on the road again
Here I am, up on the stage
Here I go, playing the star again
There I go, turn the page
Out there in the spotlight, your a million miles away
Every ounce of energy, you try to give away
And the sweat pours from your body, like the music that you play
Later in the evening, as you lie awake in bed
Echos of the amplifiers, ringing in your head
As you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering what she said
But here I am, on the road again
Here I am, up on the stage
Here I go, playing the star again
There I go, turn the page
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