

Waylon Jennings, Turn The Page

On a long and lonesome highway east of Omaha
you can listen to the engine moanin' out its one note song
or you can think of the woman, the girl you knew the night before

your thoughts will soon be wondering the way they always do
when your ridin' sixteen hours and there's notning much to do
and you don't feel much like ridin' you just wish the trip was through

Here I am on the road again
there I am up on the stage
here I go playin' star again
there I go turn the page

Well you walk in to a restaraunt strung out from the road
you can feel the eyes upon you as your shaking 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 cliches 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' star again
there I go turn the page

Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed
the echoes of the amplifiers ringin' in your head
you smoke the days last cigarette tryin' to remember what she said

say here I am on the road again
there I am up on the stage
here I go playin' star again
there I go turn the page