

Turn The Page

Golden Earring

On a long and lonesome highway, east of Omaha
You can listen to the engine
Moanin' out it's one note song
You can think about the woman
Or the girl you knew the night before

But your thoughts will soon be wondering
The way they always do
When your ridin' sixteen hours
And there's nothing there to do
And you don't feel much like ridin'
You just wish the trip was through

Here I am, on the road again
Here I am, on the stage
Here I go, playin' star again
Here I go, turn the page

Well you walk into a restaurant
All 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
It's the same old cliché's
Is it woman, is it man
And you always seem outnumbered
So you don't dare make a stand

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Here I go, playin' star again
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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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Here I am, on the road again

Here I am, on the stage
Here I go, playin' star again
Here I go, here I go, here I go

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