Turn Back the Pages

Stephen Stills

I thought I knew you
I guess I took myself
Right down the wrong road
Leading to the past

I know you're trying
To rearrange your mind
But you were lying
Do you laugh in my face

Turn back turn back the pages
Who remembers names
Who remembers faces
Turn back don't drive yourself crazy

Life's too short for ritualistic chases
Maybe tomorrow
You'll find you have to cry
And in your sorrow

See the mirror it doesn't lie
Just like the last time
You try to pull me down
You are the past time

And blind and death to sound
Turn back turn back the pages
Who remembers names
Who remembers faces

Turn back don't drive yourself crazy
Life's too short for repetitious changes
No use denying
You wasted my time

And caused the crying
And the bitterness to hide
Just trying to prove
You need nobody else

But you're bound to lose
Lying to yourself
Turn back turn back the pages
Who remembers names

Who remembers faces
Turn back don't drive yourself crazy
Life's too short for ritualistic chases
Turn back turn back turn back the pages