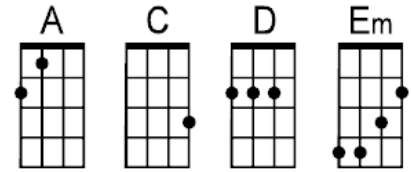


# Turn the Page

Bob Seger



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

Em              But your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do  
D              When you're riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do  
A-Em        And you don't feel much like riding, you just wish the trip was through

D      D              Em              Em              D      D              Em      Em  
Here I am,      on the road again.      Here I am,      up on the stage  
D      D              A              A              C      D              Em      Em  
Here I go,      playing the star again.      There I go,      turn the page

Em              Em              Em                      Em  
Well, you walk into a restaurant, strung-out from the road  
D                      D                                      D                      D  
And you feel the eyes upon you as you're shaking off the cold  
A                      A                                      A                      A      Em      Em      Em      Em  
You pretend it doesn't bother you but you just want to explode

Em              Most times you can't hear 'em talk, other times you can  
D              All the same old clichés: "Is that a woman or a man?"  
A-Em        And you always seem out-numbered, you don't dare make a stand

## <Chorus>

Em                      Em                      Em                      Em  
Out there in the spotlight you're a million miles away  
D                      D                      D                      D  
Every ounce of energy you try to give away  
A                                      A                                      A                                      A      Em      Em      Em      Em  
As the sweat pours out your body like the music that you play

Em              Later in the evening as you lie awake in bed  
D              With the echoes from the amplifiers ringin' in your head  
A-Em        You smoke the day's last cigarette, remembering what she said

## <Chorus 2 times>