

# 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  
But here I am, on the road again  
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