

Bob Seger - Turn the Page

Tom: G

^{Em}
on a long and lonely highway east of omaha
^D
you can listen to the engine, moanin out as one long song
^A
^{Em}
you can think about the woman, or the girl you knew the night
before
^{Em}
and your thoughts will soo be wandering the way they always do
^D
when your riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do
^A
^{Em}
you don't feel much like travelin', you just wish the trip was
through

(refrão)
^D ^{Em}
but here I am, on the road again
^D ^{Em}
here I am, up on the stage
^D ^A
here I go, playing the star again
^C ^D ^{Em}
there I go, turn the page

^{Em}
As you walk into a restaraunt, strung out from the road

^D
and you feel the eyes upon you, as your shaking off the cold
^A
^{Em}
you pretend it doesn't bother you, but you just want to
explode
^{Em}
sometimes you can hear 'em talk, other times you can't
^D
all the same old cliché's is that a woman or a man
^A ^{Em}
and you always seem outnumbered, you dare not make a stand

^{Em}
out there in the spotlight, your a million miles away
^D
every ounce of energy, you try to give away
^A
^{Em}
and the sweat pours from your body, like the music that you
play

^{Em}
later on that evening, as you lie awake in bed
^D
And the echos of the amplifiers, ringin in your head
^A
^{Em}
and you smoke the days last cigarette, remembering what you
said

Acordes



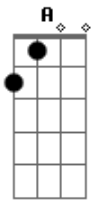
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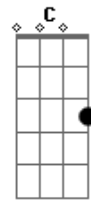
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