

# 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

Songwriters

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