

# Turn Back the Pages

Stephen Stills

I thought I knew you, but I did not know few months ago  
Right down the wrong road, leading to the past  
I know you're trying, rearrange your mind  
But when you're 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, find the time to cry  
And in your sorrow, see the mirror never lie  
Just like the last time, you try to pull me down  
You are the past time and you're blind and death to sound So 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 Turn back, turn back  
Turn back, turn back, turn back No use denying, you wasted time  
And caused the crying, bitterness to hide  
Just trying to prove, don't 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, turn back don't drive yourself crazy  
Life's too short for ritualistic chases Turn back, turn back  
Turn back, turn back  
Turn back, turn back

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