

# Turn The Page

## Metallica

On a long and lonesome highway,  
east of Omaha  
You can listen to the engines  
moanin' out it's one old song  
You can think about the woman,  
or the girl you knew the night before  
But your thoughts will soon be wanderin',  
the way they always do  
When you're ridin' 16 hours,  
and there's nothin' much to do  
And you don't feel much like ridin',  
you just wish the trip was through  
(chorus)

Here I am, on the road again,  
there I am, up on the stage  
There I go, playin' star again,  
there I go, turn the page  
So you walk into this restaurant,  
uh strung out from the road  
And you feel the eyes upon you,  
as you're shakin' off the cold  
You pretend it doesn't bother you,  
but you just want to explode  
Yeah, most times you can't hear 'em talk,  
other times you can  
All the same old clich

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