

# Turn The Page – Metallica

On a long and lonesome highway  
East of Omaha  
You can listen to the engines,  
Moaning out it is one old song  
You can think about the woman,  
Or the girl you knew the night before  
But your thoughts will soon be  
Wandering the way they always do  
When you are riding sixteen hours  
And there is nothing much to do  
You don't feel much like riding,  
You just wish the trip was through

But here I am, on the road again  
There I am, up on the stage  
There I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page

You walk into a restaurant,  
Strung out from the road  
And you feel the eyes upon you,  
As you are shaking off the cold  
You pretend it doesn't bother you,  
But you just want to explode  
And most times you can't hear them talk,  
Other times you can  
All the same old cliches:  
Is it woman? Is it man?  
And you always seem outnumbered,  
You dare not make a stand, make your stand

But here I am, on the road again  
There I am, up on the stage  
There I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page

[Verse 3]

Out there in the spotlight,  
You're a million miles away  
Every ounce of energy,  
You try to give away  
And the sweat pours out your body,  
Like the music that you play  
Later in the evening,  
As you lie awake in bed  
With the echoes of the amplifiers,  
Ringing in your head  
You smoke the day's last cigarette,  
Remembering what she said  
What she said

But here I am, on the road again  
There I am, up on the stage  
There I go, playing the star again  
There I go, turn the page

There I go, turn that page  
There I go, yeah, there I go, yeah  
There I go, yeah, Here I go  
There I go, there I go  
And I'm gone



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych