

Em

On a long and lonely highway east of Omaha

.

You can listen to the engine, moaning out as one long song  $$\rm A$$   $$\rm Em$$  You can think about the woman, or the girl you knew the night before

And your thoughts will soon be wandering the way they always do When your riding sixteen hours and there's nothing much to do You don't feel much like travelin', you just wish the trip was through

## CHORUS:

D E

But here I am, on the road again

F

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