

## Fill in the gaps

| On a (1)                                 | and lonesome highwa    |
|--|------------------------|
| 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       |                        |
| 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         |                        |
| Strung out from the road                 |                        |
| And you feel the eye                     | es upon you            |
| As you're shakin' of                     | f the cold             |
| You pretend it does                      | n't bother you         |
| But you (2)                              | want to explode        |
| Yeah, most times ye                      | ou can't hear 'em talk |
| Other (3)                                | you can                |
| All the same old (cliché's)              |                        |
| Is it woman, is it man                   |                        |
| And you always seem outnumbered          |                        |
| You don't dare make a stand              |                        |
| Make your stand                          |                        |

But here I am, on the road again

| There I am, up on the stage      |  |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Here I go, ah playin' star again |  |
| There I go, turn the page        |  |
| (Woah)                           |  |
| Out there in the spotlight       |  |
| You're a million (4) away        |  |
| Every ounce of energy            |  |
| You try and give away            |  |
| As the (5) pours out your body   |  |
| Like the music that you play     |  |
| Later in the evenin'             |  |
| As you lie awake in bed          |  |
| With the (6) of the amplifiers   |  |
| Ringin' in your head             |  |
| You smoke the day's (7) cigarett |  |
| Rememberin' what she said        |  |
| (What she said)                  |  |
|                                  |  |
| Yeah, and here I am              |  |
| On the road again                |  |
| There I am, up on (8) stage      |  |
| Here I go, playin' star again    |  |
| There I go, turn the page        |  |
| And there I go, turn that page   |  |
| There I go, oh                   |  |
| There I go                       |  |
| (And I'm gone)                   |  |
|                                  |  |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. long
- 2. just
- 3. times
- 4. miles
- 5. sweat
- 6. echoes
- 7. last
- 8. that