

Turnaround
©Stan Rogers and Fogerty's Cove Music

Bits and pieces you offered
Of your life; I didn't think they meant a lot,
Or said much for you.
And all the chances to follow
Didn't make a lot of sense when stacked against
The choices you made.

For yours was the open road,
The bitter song, the heavy load
That I couldn't share
Though the offer was there
Every time you turned around.

Now, it's not like you made out
To hang around, although you know I made some sounds
To show that I cared.
And when it looked like you heard the call
I didn't say a lot, although I could've said
Much more, had I dared.

But yours was the open road,
The bitter song, the heavy load
That I couldn't share
Though the offer was there
Every time you turned around.

And if I had followed
A little ways, because we're friends you would have made me
Welcome out there.
But we both know it's just as well,
'Cause some can go, but some are meant to stay behind,
And it's always that way.

And yours is the open road,
The bitter song, the heavy load
That I'll never share,
Though the offer's still there
Every time you turn around.

And yours is the open road,
The bitter song, the heavy load
That I'll never share,
Though the offer's still there
Every time you turn around.
Every time you turn around.
Every time you turn around.