

Homesick, That's All

Frank Sinatra

I miss the thrill of grammar school romances
I miss the junior prom and graduation dances
The gossip in assembly hall
I'm homesick, that's all

I miss the gang that hangs around at Miller's
Devouring chocolate sodas, with those whipped cream fillers
The girl I promised I would call
I'm homesick, that's all

I miss the midnight services on Christmas Eve
And the joy when Christmas morning came
I miss the scramble for the wishbone every Sunday
And the big Thanksgiving football game

I miss the times I had to set the table
I miss the rolls my mother made when she was able
The fragrant bonfires in the fall
I'm homesick, that's all

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