

Homesick

Sheryl Crow

I've gotten used to being gone
Silhouettes and unmade beds
And more and more when I'm alone
I think of you

I'm getting tired of going nowhere
But it's all I ever do
But I can turn this thing around
Guess I don't want to

I turn the key, open up the door
I sit my suitcase down on the hardwood floor
And I call your name, and I climb the stairs
Then I realize that you're not there

And I get homesick
I get homesick
I get homesick
For anywhere but home

I think I used to have the answers
Oh but now I just don't know
Well that question still hangs on
Why did I let you go?
Why did I let you go?

I turn the key, open up the door
I sit my suitcase down on the hardwood floor
And I call your name, and I climb the stairs
Then I realize that you're not there

And I get homesick
I get homesick
I get homesick
For anywhere but home

I keep wishing I'll lose my mind time and time again
There's a picture of it in my head
Of me and you up there

I get homesick
I get homesick
I get homesick
For anywhere but home
Anywhere but home

I get homesick
I get homesick (Oh yes I do)
I get homesick
For anywhere but...
Anywhere but home
Oh but anywhere but home
'Cause I miss you