

# 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