

# 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 running through 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

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