

At the shopping mall  
I'm surrounded by a parking lot  
Walking down the aisle  
I was thinking about what I had lost

On a Sunday morning  
My hometown is feeling strange to me  
In the stadium  
Dark forces are gathering

Homesick  
For the people that I live with  
Homesick  
For the spirit I'm missing  
Homesick  
For the country that I'm living in

First you make me hungry  
Then you feed me something I don't want  
There's no satisfaction  
For an aching heart  
But life goes on  
And when I complain  
I get thrown out of the restaurant

Homesick  
For the people that I live with  
Homesick  
For the spirit I'm missing  
Homesick  
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