

Finn Brothers, Homesick

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

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For the spirit I'm missing
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For the country that I'm living in