

Travis Tritt, Homesick

(Buddy Bue, J.R. Cobb)

Guitars ring in the dead of night, sing so blue, sound so right

It makes you homesick

Listen close to the guitar man, native son of a foreign land

The boy's homesick

He's homesick, for days bygone

Homesick, for home sweet home

Where were you in '69, smokin' dope, drinkin' wine

Just an outlaw

Distant drums beats an old refrain, shakes your feet, pounds your brain

Like a buzzsaw

In the darkness down the hall, black-light posters on the wall

Jimi Hendrix

Someone's lost in yesterday, hazy dreams of Monterey

And Woodstock, all right

Repeat Chorus

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It makes you homesick

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The boy's homesick

He's homesick, for days bygone

Homesick, Lord, for home sweet home The boy's homesick