

What Buddy Was

54-40

I'm on my way
I'm on my way back home
The hours have gone cold
Tunnel a hole for a man
Who wouldn't sorry be seems
Like awful baggage
For a trade
Some will say they
Knew the day before
Now as then is all the rage
But they drove away
What about the play
No one left to call
Buddy was a lover
Lover with the bad blood
Buddy's life is over
And out of time
Buddy was a lover
Lover with the bad blood
Buddy was a lover
Lover with bad blood
Lover with bad blood