

My Buddy

Dr. John

Life is a book that we study
Some of it's leaves bring a sigh
There it was written by my buddy
That we must part, you and I
Nights are long since you went away
And I think about you all through the day
My buddy, my buddy
Nobody quite so true
I miss your voice, touch of your hand
I long to know that you understand
My buddy, my buddy
Your buddy misses you
Your buddy misses you
I miss your voice, the touch of your hand
And I long to know that you understand
My buddy, my buddy
Your buddy misses you
My buddy