

# My Buddy Steve (Long Lost Friend)

The Left Banke

When I was 25  
I wondered if he still was alive  
So I went off to Milan  
To find my long-lost friend

As I crossed the ocean  
A starlit ocean  
The bluest ocean  
Thinking of my long-lost friend

Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve  
Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve

What is right, and what is wrong  
When you find that love is gone?  
Letting years pass with the dawn  
And now is the find of your life

Then I looked, and there he was  
And he told me he was what he was  
All the pain that showed in his eyes  
Want to turn back the years of his life

Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve  
Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve

What a weekend, what a reward  
It doesn't matter when I'm not bored  
Once we realized we're winding back time  
There's the answer to one at a time

When I was 21  
He wondered if I wasn't all wrong  
So I told him straight on the line  
To find out would do us no harm

Then we crossed the ocean  
A sunlit ocean  
The bluest ocean  
Having there the times of our life

Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve  
Oh, oh-oh-ah, oh-oh  
How I miss my buddy, Steve

How I missed my buddy, Steve