

Buddy

The Orwells

Forgiven, not forgotten
This could be my last day
And in case I don't see ya
I'm comin' back in May

Movin' on, did my time
Feelin' fine, feelin' fine

Keep talking, walking pretty
Remember what I say
I'm gettin' hard in the van
On our way to the bay

I got a pint in my hand
And words to make you stay
A pocket full of rubber
And my hand on your face

Movin' on, did my time
Feelin' fine, feelin' fine

Goodbye Buddy
Goodbye Buddy