

Unbekannt, My Buddy

Life is a book that we study.
Some of its leaves bring a sigh.
There it was written, my Buddy,
that we must part, you and I...

Nights are long since you went away.
I think about you all through the day,
My buddy, my buddy,
Nobody (or "no buddy") quite so true.
Miss your voice, the touch of your hand-
Just long to know that you understand,
My buddy, my buddy,
Your buddy misses you.

Buddies through all of the gay days.
Buddies when something went wrong.
I wait alone through the gray days,
missing your smile and your song...

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