

Anne Murray, My Buddy

Life is a book that we study.
Some of it's 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 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.

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Your buddy misses you...