

# Cook Barbara, In Buddy's Eyes

Life is slow but it seems exciting  
'Cause Buddy's there.  
Gourmet cooking and letter-writing  
And knowing Buddy's there.  
Every morning--don't faint--  
I tend the flowers. Can you believe it?  
Every weekend I paint  
For umpteen hours.  
And yes, I miss a lot  
Living like a shut-in.  
No, I haven't got  
Cooks and cart and diamonds.  
Yes, my clothes are not  
Paris fashions, but in  
Buddy's eyes  
I'm young, I'm beautiful.  
In Buddy's eyes  
I don't get older.  
So life is ducky

And time goes flying  
And I'm so lucky  
I feel like crying,  
And...In Buddy's eyes  
I'm young, I'm beautiful.  
In Buddy's eyes  
I can't get older.  
I'm still the princess,  
Still the prize.  
In Buddy's eyes  
I'm young, I'm beautiful.  
In Buddy's arms,  
On Buddy's shoulder  
I won't Bet older.  
Nothing dies.  
And all I ever dreamed I'd be,  
The best I ever thought of me,  
Is every minute there to see  
In Buddy's eyes