My Buddy

Glenn Frey

Life is a book that we study
Some of its leaves bring a sigh
There it was written, by my buddy
That we must part, you and INights are long since you went away
I think about you all through the day
My buddy, my buddy
Nobody quite so trueI miss your voice, the touch of your hand
I long to know that you understand
My buddy, my buddy
Your buddy misses youYour buddy misses you

Songwriters
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