

My Buddy

[Nancy Sinatra](#)

Nights are long since you went away.
I think about you all through the day.
My buddy, my buddy.
Nobody quite so true. I miss your voice, the touch of your hand.
I long to know that you understand.
My buddy, my buddy.
Your buddy misses you. I miss your voice, the touch of your hand.
I long to know that you understand.
My buddy, my buddy.
Your buddy misses you.

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