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 I

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

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, my buddy

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