

My Buddy

Arcade Fire

The night is long since you went away
I dream about you all through the day
My buddy, my buddy, no buddy quite so true.
(Hey that's a wrong note,
And that's a wrong note,
And tune up that G string,
And that's better, that's better, that's better)
Miss your voice, the touch of your hand
I long to know that you understand
My buddy, my buddy, your buddy misses you