

## My Buddy

Dr. John

Life is a book that we study  
Some of it's 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  
And I think about you all through the day  
My buddy, my buddy  
Nobody quite so true  
I miss your voice, 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  
And I long to know that you understand  
My buddy, my buddy  
Your buddy misses you  
My buddy