

## My Buddy

Lou Rawls

Life is a book that we study  
Some of its leaves bring a sigh  
There it was written by a 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

Miss your voice, the touch of your hand  
Just long to know that you understand  
My buddy, my buddy  
Your buddy misses you

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Your buddy misses you, yes I do