

Barbara Cook "In Buddy's Eyes"

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Life is slow but it seems exciting
'Cause Buddy's there.
Gourmet cooking and letter-writing
And knowing Buddy's there.
Every morning--don't faint--
I tend the flowers. Can you believe it?
Every weekend I paint
For umpteen hours.
And yes, I miss a lot
Living like a shut-in.
No, I haven't got
Cooks and cart and diamonds.
Yes, my clothes are not
Paris fashions, but in
Buddy's eyes
I'm young, I'm beautiful.
In Buddy's eyes
I don't get older.
So life is ducky
And time goes flying
And I'm so lucky
I feel like crying,
And...In Buddy's eyes
I'm young, I'm beautiful.
In Buddy's eyes
I can't get older.
I'm still the princess,
Still the prize.
In Buddy's eyes
I'm young, I'm beautiful.
In Buddy's arms,
On Buddy's shoulder
I won't get older.
Nothing dies.
And all I ever dreamed I'd be,
The best I ever thought of me,
Is every minute there to see
In Buddy's eyes

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