

Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Buddy"

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From my kitchen window, I spy Buddy.
Where did his mother go?
I wonder over tea and toast and honey,
It is 3am, he is in his PJ's talking to his cats again.
Oh Buddy.

They say that Buddy's lived in that house since '43.
Now that his mother's gone, Buddy never married.
Neither he or me can sleep
We've both got worries but Buddy has got no one.
Oh Buddy.

I knew the moment I saw you that I would write this
story for you.
I knew the moment I saw you.

Watching him wash his hands repeatedly.
Where did your mother go?
I know you must miss her Buddy.
Saw him on the street just once - Sunday suit,
And his hair wet down to his face.
He smiled at no one I could see.

There's a Buddy on every block.
There's a Buddy behind some big brick wall
Keeping company with newspapers,
Passing time to the sound of their own voice.

I knew the moment I saw you.

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