

Follies

"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 be 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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