

## Frank Sinatra

### "My Buddy"

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Life is a book that we study,  
Some of its leaves bring a sigh,  
There it was written, my buddy,  
That we must part, you and I.

Chorus:

Nights are long since you went away,  
I think about you all through the day,  
My buddy, my buddy, no buddy 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

Buddies through all the gay days,  
Buddies when something went wrong;  
I wait alone through the gray days,  
Missing your smile and your song.

Chorus:

Nights are long since you went away,  
I think about you all through the day,  
My buddy, my buddy, no buddy 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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