

Adam Green "Buddy Bradley"

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This is not a good day to call me
Because I cannot spare some sympathy
My own feeling is mostly unclear
And when I'm talking to you I'm not here
I don't think I'll ever be ready for you
But I'll be trying to help you out too
So I went downstairs for a walk
But I had no strength to not talk

Yes you were the flatulent one
And I am the boy who has a gun
You ran into me with such force
Now all I can be is Buddy Bradley

And all of her friends have been approved by them
And all I can hear is people singing
Now two of a kind has come across my mind
Where forever more is painted on her door
Just cancel the Sunday salon
And bury the grave digger's son
No money could last for too long
Nobody could pay for this song

And all of her friends have been approved by them
And all I can hear is people singing
Now two of a kind has come across my mind
Where forever more is painted on her door

Yes you were the flatulent one
And I am the boy who has a gun
You ran into me with such force
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