

EVERYBODY'S BUDDY



WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
Billy Frisch

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Moderato

Piano

mf

Voice (*con express*)

Boys as a rule — When they're go - ing to school — are con - sid - ered un - ru - ly and
Nev - er would fight — Till he knew he was right — but he al - ways would stick — to the

mp

bad. — They pull the curls — of the nice lit - tle girls — For
end. — Was - n't stuck up — ev - 'ry home less young pup — Could

that is the way — of a lad. — But I knew a sun - ny face
tell that this boy — was their friend. — A good nat - ured com - rade a

Tou-sled hair tot — Who al - ways was known — as the best of the lot. —
reg - u - lar boy — In sun - shine or rain — just a bun - dle of joy. —

rall.

Chorus

3

Bud-dy he was ev-ry bod-y's Bud-dy from the time he was a kid. — He'd

a tempo
mp-f

get the coal, chop the wood, He'd e-ven run the er-ands for the neigh-bor-hood.

Bud-dy, he would help the kids to stud-y, he was ev-'ry bod-y's friend. —

One day the angels in the heav-ens a-bove. — Found out they need-ed some one up there to love — They called for

rall

Bud-dy, our Bud-dy — I wish they'd send him home a - gain. gain. —

mf