

Every Time We Say Goodbye

Michael Crawford

Every time we say goodbye, I die a little
Every time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little
Why the gods above me, who must be in the know
Think so little of me, they allow you to go?

When you're near there's such an air of spring about it
I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing about it
There's no love song finer but how strange the change
From major to minor every time we say goodbye

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We say goodbye