

# Everytime We Say Goodbye

Steve Tyrell

Everytime we say goodbye, I die a little  
And everytime we say goodbye, I wonder why a little  
Why the Gods above me who should be in the know  
Think so little of me they allow you to go?

And 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 everytime we say goodbye

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Everytime we say goodbye