

## Every Time We Say Goodbye

Ella Fitzgerald

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 waiting to sing about it.  
There's no love song finer, but how strange the change,  
From major to minor, every time we say goodbye.