

Everytime We Say Goodbye

Diana Krall

Every time we say goodbye,
I die a little,
Every time we say goodbye,
I wonder why a little,
Why the god's 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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