

Don't Like Goodbyes

Harry Connick, Jr.

Don't like goodbyes, tears or sighs
I'm not too good at leavin' time
I got no taste for grievin' time, no, no, not me
You've been my near ones, always my dear ones
I never thought that I would find
Another love, a different kind but it came to be
Well, if you think I'm tellin' you lies
Go try your luck and look into her eyes
But remember, you must remember she's mine
And my world overhead has a clear new shine
Don't want to leave you, sorry to grieve you
It's travelin' time and I must move on
Found the girl to lean upon
And if I could arrange it
Would I care to change it? Not me