

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

There's no love song finer but how strange the change
From major to minor everytime we say goodbye
Everytime we say goodbye