

Annie Lennox, Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Ev'ry time we say goodbye I die a little
Ev'ry 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 begin to sing about it
there's no love finer, but how strange the change from
major to minor...
- Ev'ry time we say goodbye.