Clouseau, Close Encounters

don't cry now - you know it happens to the best of us good-bye now - and don't forget about the rest of us I'm staying - you never know if they can use me here I'm praying - I won't be looking when you disappear Refrain:

And everybody's looking up for close encounters of another kind.

And it won't help me if I shout but I'm getting pretty close this time - you're on my mind don't worry - I should've told you to beware of me don't hurry - come back to see what ever's left of me I've cried some - but I suppose I'm getting colder now I've died some - but I suppose I'm getting older now I've cried some - but I suppose I'm getting colder now you've died some - but even you are getting older now