

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 even you are 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