

# Ella Fitzgerald, Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Everytime we say goodbye, I die a little,  
Everytime 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 song finer, but how strange the change from major to  
minor,  
Everytime we say goodbye.

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