

# Rod Stewart, Everytime 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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