

Betty Carter, Everytime We Say Goodbye

Oh, 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

And 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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