

Carly Simon, 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

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

Why the gods above me

Who must be in the know

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