

# Charlie Landsborough, Everytime We Say Goodbye

Every time we say good-bye I die a little  
Every time we say goodbye I wonder why a little  
Why the gods above me who must be in the no  
Think so little of me they allow you to go  
When your 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 finally  
But I've strained the change from major to minor  
Every time we say goodbye

Music.

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