Charlie Landsborough, Everytime We Say Goodb

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.

Why the gods above me who must be in the no Thinks 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 Every time we say goodbye