

# Dianne Reeves, Goodbye

You come with tender eyes  
My welcome reprieve  
My pleasant reprieve  
It would be simple  
To be seized away  
By the heat of your smile  
By the words that you say  
What to do my love  
With the passion you bring  
With your sincere emotion  
Such a fragile thing  
Should I risk what is precious, my friend  
For a fleeting indulgence  
For a fated end  
Skilled in the game of chance  
I'm tempted  
When you ask me to dance  
But the urgency that is now your voice  
Leaves me shaken and sober  
Leaves me only one choice  
On this bitter sweet night  
I must tell you goodbye