# 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