

Ronnie Milsap, Every Time We Say Goodbye

EVERY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE
WRITER COLE PORTER

Every time we say goodbye, I die a little
Every time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little
Why the gods above me, who must be in the know
Think so little of me that they allow you 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 finer but how strange
The change from major to minor
Every time we say goodbye