

Silje Nergaard, Every Time We Say Goodbye

Everytime we say goodbye
I die a little
Everytime we say goodbye
I wonder why a little
Why the gods above me
Who must be in the know
Think so little of me
They allow you to go

When you're near
There is 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
Everytime we say goodbye

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