Diana Krall "Everytime We Say Goodbye"

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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, they allow you to go

When you're 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

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