

Ella Fitzgerald

"Every Time We Say Goodbye"

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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'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,
Everytime we say goodbye.

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