

Ella Fitzgerald

"Ev'ry 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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