Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Ella Fitzgerald

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 goWhen 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 goodbyeWhen 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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