

Everytime We Say Goodbye

[Nina Simone](#)

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
They think so little of me, they allow you to go, 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, everytime, everytime we say goodbye

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