

Every Time We Say Goodbye

[Rod Stewart](#)

Every time we say goodbye I die a little
Every time we say goodbye I wonder why a little
Why you guys above me who must be in the know
Say so little to 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 When you're near there's such an air of spring about it
I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing about it
You see there's no love song finer but how strange the change
From major to minor every time you say honey There's no love song finer but how strange
The change from major to minor every time we say goodbye

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