

Harold Arlen, Don't Like Goodbyes

Don't like good-byes, tears or sighs.
I'm not too good at leavin' time.
I got no taste for grievin' time. No, no - not me.

You've been my near ones, always my dear ones.
I never thought that I would find
Another love, a different kind, but it came to be.

Well, if you think I'm tellin' you lies,
Go try your luck and look into her eyes.
But remember, you must remember she's mine,
And my world over head has a clear new shine.

Don't want to leave you, sorry to grieve you.
It's travelin' time and I must move on.
Found the girl to lean upon.
And If I could arrange it,
Oh would I care to change it? Not me!

(Musical interlude)

Don't wanna leave you, sorry to grieve you.
It's travelin' time and I must move on.
Found the gal to lean upon.
And If I could arrange it,
Oh would I care to change it? Not me!