

# Ray Charles, Everytime We Say Goodbye

Oh, 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

And 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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