

# EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE(PORTER) "Seven Lively Arts"

Ev- 'ry time we say good- bye I die - a lit- tle,  
 When you're near there's such an air of Spring a- bout it

Ev- 'ry time we say good- bye I won- der why a lit- tle,  
 I can hear a lark some- where be- gin to

Why the gods a- bove me Who must be- in the know

Think so lit- tle of me They al- low you to go

sing - a- bout it, There's no love song fin- er, But how strange the change from  
 ma- jor to mi- nor Ev- 'ry time we say good- bye.

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