

# Get Out of Town

Cole Porter

The farce was ended,  
The curtains drawn,  
And I at least pretended  
That love was dead and gone. But now, from nowhere,  
You come to me as before  
To take my heart,  
And break my heart once more. Get out of town  
Before it's too late, my love.  
Get out of town,  
Be good to mister please! Why wish me harm?  
Why not retire to a farm  
And be contented to charm  
The birds off the trees? Just disappear,  
I care for you much too much,  
And when you are near,  
Close to me dear,  
We touch too much! The thrill when we meet  
Is so bitter-sweet  
That, darling, it's getting me down;  
So on your mark,  
Get set,  
Get out of town!

Songwriters

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