

Get Out of Town

Jane Monheit

Get out of town before it's too late, my love

Get out of town, be good to me 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 times when we meet is so bittersweet

That darling it's getting me down so on your mark, get set, get out of town Get out of town before it's too late,
my love

Get out of town, be good to me please

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Darling, it's getting me down so on your mark, get set, get out of town

Get out of town, get out of town

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