Get Out of Town

Ella Fitzgerald

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're near, close to me dear We touch too much

The thrill when we meet is so bittersweet That darling, it's getting me down So on your mark get set Get out of town

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