

Get Out of Town

Holly Cole

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
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