

Get Out Of Town

Anita O'Day

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 mr. 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!