

## 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  
Get out of town  
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