

Holly Cole Trio "Get Out Of Town"

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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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