

Jane Monheit

"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 are near close to me, dear we touch too
much
The times 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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Get out of town, get out of town
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