

Linda Ronstadt

"Get Out Of Town"

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The farce was ended
The curtain drawn
And I at least pretended
That love was dead and gone

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 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
On your mark, get set,
Get out of town.

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
On your mark, get set,

Get out of town.
On your mark, get set,
Get out of town.
Get out of town.
Get out of town.
Get out of town.

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