

Maysa

"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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