

Melody Gardot

"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

(2X)
Just disappear
I care for you much too much
And when you are near,
Close to me, darling
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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