

Roberta Gambarini

"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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