

Porter Cole

"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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