

Ella Fitzgerald, Get Out Of Town

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