

Rufus Wainwright, Get Outta Town

(by Cole Porter)

Get outta town
Before it's too late, my love
Get outta town
Be good to me please
Why do me harm?
Why not retire to a farm
And be contented to charm the birds off the trees

Just slip away
I care for you much too much
'cause when you are 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 outta town