

GET OUT OF TOWN - (C. Porter) "Leave It To Me"

Get out of town — Be- fore it's too late, my lover — Get out of town, —

Be good to me, please — Why wish me harm? — Why not re-

tire to a farm And be con- tent-ed to charm The birds off the trees? —

Just dis-ap-pear, — I care for you much too much, — And when you are near, —

Close to me, dear, We touch too much. The thrill when we meet Is so bit-ter sweet That,

dar-ling, it's getting me down. — So on your mark, get set, Get out of town.

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