

Get Out Of Town

Caetano Veloso

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