

## Get Out of Town

Ella Fitzgerald

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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So on your mark get set  
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