

## Clara

Marty Robbins

Clara, Clara, where can you be  
Clara, Clara, come back to me  
I love you honestly  
Think of you constantly  
Clara, come back to me

Friends ask about you  
Why I'm here without you  
So hard to explain but I try  
You found a new love  
Said we were through, love  
Sometimes I wish I could die

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Think of you constantly  
Clara, where can you be