

Artibella

Ken Boothe

Artibella, my pretty little darling
Please come home to me
Artibella, I saw you with a fella
And I don't like the idea
Artibella, you told me that you loved me
That there's no one else above me
Artibella, you took all my money
And told me that you love me

Artibella, you know that I love you
But you still go away
Come back, come back to me baby
Each and every day

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