

# 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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