

Boney M. "Chica Da Silva"

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On the first day of spring
They heard the news
The word spread like fire
That she had fallen

The fields of that day
Were watered with tears
Tears that were cried
For Chica Da Silva

Chica Da, Chica Da, Chica Da, Chica Da Silva
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Chica Da, Chica Da, Chica Da, Chica Da Silva

She was young and brave
The prime of her life
Fought for her country
Became a spy

And men told the secrets
Once looked in her eyes
They laid in the arms
Of Chica Da Silva

The game that she played
Couldn't last very long
Luck she relied on
When they had all gone

Her hands tied together
Back on the wall
They shot the life
From Chica Da Silva

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