

Dean Martin

"Bet-Cha"

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(Jimmy White)

Deep in the dark jungles of Africa
There is a goddess the natives call Bet-I-Cha

Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha
(Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha)
It's a story that's told of a maid that never will fade
The tale of Bet-I-Cha
(Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha)
Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha
She's the song of delight in the night the natives will
sing to you
Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha
The wise men say she's a spirit
Whose lover left long ago
But others say she's the music
Of lover's hearts all aglow
She may be moonlight so bright
Or soft winds sighin' at night
No matter where you may find her
She's one part close to your heart

Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha
(Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha, Bet-I-Cha)
It's a story that's told of a maid that never will fade
The tale of Bet-I-Cha

They sing of Bet-I-Cha
They sing of Bet-I-Cha
They sing of Bet-I-Cha
They sing of Bet-I-Cha

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