

# Boney M., Chica Da Silva

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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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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