Consuela Biaz

Boney M.

In the hills above Freno
By a shiny mountain stream
A young man laid where he fell
In the ruins of his dreamsHe looked into the sky
Happy to see that the dawn was slowly breaking
And the women knelt beside him
Consuela BiazConsuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela BiazConsuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela BiazIn the town San Domingo
As we laughed and danced all night
To the throb of flamingo guitars
Seemed a long, long way from tomorrow's fightHe came from over the sea
Full of the passion of when you were born to be free
From the Valley of Ronda
Consuela BiazConsuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela BiazConsuela Biaz, the Valley of Ronda
To the hills above Freno
Just to die against her shoulder
Oh, Consuela BiazI'm sorry if I have failed you

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