

[Verse 1]

I am a truthful man
From where the palms grow
I am a truthful man
From where the palms grow
Before I die, I want to
Share the verses of my soul

[Chorus]

Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo
Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo
Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo
Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo

[Verse 2]

I grow a white rose
In June just like in January
I grow a very white little rose
In June just like in January
For the honest friend
Who gives me his frank hand

[Chorus]

Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo
Girl from Guantánamo, peasant girl from Guantánamo