

Guantanamo

Ry Cooder

You never missed your water till your well ran dry
You never missed your baby till she said goodbye
Never tried the righteous path till it was gone
Never missed your soul till you lived it down

In Guantanamo
In Guantanamo
In Guantanamo
You can't come back from Guantanamo

Now we climbed down out of the mud and the slime
We thought about it and wondered why
Later on, we made a real round wheel
Composed a song with a real good feel

Buddha and Jesus, they laid it on the line
We took a wrong turn with a bigot mind
Your God is dead, now you better try and find
I'm tellin' you for the last time

At Guantanamo, no place to play
Guantanamo, you best keep away
Guantanamo, what would Jesus say?
You can't come back from Guantanamo
Can't come home from Guantanamo

Guantanamo, no place to play
Guantanamo, you best keep away
Guantanamo, hear what I said
Little children know that you can't come home
Ain't goin' back from Guantanamo

Guantanamo, no place to play
Guantanamo, you best keep away
Guantanamo
Well you can't come back from Guantanamo
Can't come back from Guantanamo