

Louise went swimming in a river in the morning
She brought a basket full of apples and a tangerine
But she couldn't find a friend she wanted to bring
When she entered the water with a trembling voice

She wondered why she chose to turn a living man into a ghost
But she couldn't blame anyone for having the choice
Louise do not cry, do the right thing and I'll come back some time
When the wind blowing high ... the tangerine and for the sky

Why be the shadow of the memory
There are flowers in bloom around the apple tree that I love the most
But the land of this country has no mercy for its shadows
well I cannot blame anyone for being a ghost