

Deportees (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)
Woody Guthrie

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps
They're takin' us back to that Mexican border
To pay all our money to wade back again

CHORUS

Good-bye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportee.

My father's own father, he waded that river
Spent all the money he made in his life
My sisters and brothers come working the fruit trees
Rode on the trucks till they took down and died

CHORUS

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted
The crops are all in and we've got to move on
It's six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They drive us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

CHORUS

A sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
Like a fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills
Who are all these people, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees.

We died in your hills; we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys and died on your plains
We died in your orchards and we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

CHORUS

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
People scattered like dry leaves that rot on our topsoil
To be called by no name except deportees?