

Deportee (Plane wreck at Los Gatos) - Guthrie, Hoffman

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps.
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border
To pay all their money to wade back again.

Chorus:

*Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be "deportees."*

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life;
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.
(Chorus)

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightnin' an' it shook all our hills
who are all these comrades they're dying like the dry leaves?
The radio tells me, "They're just deportees"
(Chorus)

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts
we died in your valleys and died on your plains.
we died 'neath your trees and we died 'neath 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?
To fall like dry leaves and rot on my topsoil
And be called by no name except "deportees"?
(Chorus)