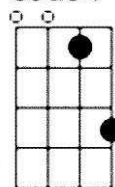


Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gates)

Words: Woody Guthrie Melody: Martin Hoffman I-25

C F C
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
C F C
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps.
F C
They're flying `em back to the Mexico border
C F C Csus4 C
To take all their money to wade back again.

Csus4



Chorus:

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

My father's own father, he waded that river. C F C
They took all the money he made in his life. C F C
My brothers and sisters came workin' the fruit trees, F C
They rode the big trucks `till they laid down and died. C F C Csus4 C

Chorus

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gates Canyon, C F C
A fireball of lightnin' an' it shook all the hills. C F C
Who are these comrades, they're dying like the dry leaves? F C
The radio tells me, "They're just deportees." C F C Csus4 C

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts, C F C
We died in your valleys, we died in your plains. C F C
We died 'neath your trees and we died `neath your bushes, F C
Both sides of the river we died just the same. C F C Csus4 C

Chorus

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards? C F C
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit? C F C
To die like the dry leaves and rot on my topsoil F C
And be known by no name except "deportee." C F C Csus4 C

Chorus