

DEPORTEE

Woody Guthrie/Martin Hoffman.
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(Plane Wreck at Los Gatos, by Woody Guthrie)

THE CROPS ARE ALL IN; THE PEACHES ARE RUNNING
THE ORANGES ARE PILED IN THEIR CREOSOTE DUMPS
THEY'RE FLYIN' THEM BACK TO THE MEXICAN BORDER
THEY PAY ALL THEIR WAGES TO WADE BACK AGAIN
GOODBYE TO MY JUAN, GOODBYE ROSALITA, ADIOS MI AMIGOS, JESUS Y
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
HE TOOK ALL THE MONEY HE MADE IN HIS LIFE
MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS COME WORK IN THE FRUIT TREES
THEY RODE THE TRUCK TILL THEY LAID DOWN AND DIED
GOODBYE ..

SOME OF US ARE ILLEGAL; SOME OF ARE UNWANTED
OUR CONTRACTS ARE UP AND IT'S TIME TO GO HOME
WE'VE SIX HUNDRED MILES TO THE MEXICAN BORDER
CHASE US LIKE OUTLAWS, LIKE HUSTLERS, LIKE THEIVES
GOODBYE

WE DIED IN YOUR HILLS AND WE DIED IN YOUR CANYONS
WE DIED IN YOUR VALLEYS AND DIED ON YOUR PLAINS
WE DIED 'NEATH YOUR TREES AND WE DIED IN YOUR BUSHES
BOTH SIDES OF THAT RIVER, WE DIED JUST THE SAME

NOW THE SKY PLANE CAUGHT FIRE OVER LOS GATOS CANYON
LIKE A FIREBALL AND LIGHTENING, IT SHOOK ALL OUR HILLS
WHO ARE THESE FRIENDS THAT ARE SCATTERED LIKE DRY LEAVES
RADIO SAYS THEY WERE JUST DEPORTEES

GOODBYE
IS THIS THE BEST WAY WE CAN GROW OUR BIG ORCHARDS
IS THIS THE BEST WAY WE CAN GROW OUR GOOD FRUIT
THEY FALL LIKE DRY LEAVES AND RUN ON OUR TOPSOIL
AND BE KNOWN BY NO NAME EXCEPT DEPORTEES

GOODBYE

ALL THEY WILL CALL YOU WILL BE DEPORTEE

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thanks.

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**