

DEPORTEE

(W.Guthrie/M.Hoffman)

(Woody Guthrie version)

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

My father's own father he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come work in the fruit trees
And they rode the trucks 'till they took down and died

Goodbye to Juan goodbye Roselita
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

Some of us are illegal and others not wanted
Our work contracts out and we have to move on
Six hundred miles to that Mexico border
They chase us like outlaws like rustlers and thieves

We died in your hills and we died on your deserts
We died in your valleys we died on your plains
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river we died just the same

Goodbye to Juan goodbye Roselita....

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
Like a fireball of lightning shook all our hills
And who are these friends all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says "They are just deportees"

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 your topsoil
And be known by no name except "deportees"

Goodbye to Juan goodbye Roselita....