

EL DO RE MI
Stephen L. Suffet

Just like back in Woody's day,
Folks are leaving home today,
Heading straight al Norte,
To the California line.
Across the desert sands they roll,
Across the plains of Mexico,
They think they're going to a sugar bowl,
But here is what they find:

La Migra at the border always say,
You're number fourteen thousand for today.

cho: Si no tiene el do re mi, boys,
Si no tiene el do re mi,
You better go back to beautiful Chiapas,
Or somewhere down in Paraguayee.
California is a Garden of Eden,
It's a Paradise to live in or to see,
But believe it or not,
You won't find it so hot,
Si no tiene el do re mi.

Now if you own a house and land,
Come take your kids to Disneyland,
Welcome to California,
Come see a Dodger game.
But if you're running low on luck,
And you come to earn a buck,
You're gonna find your welcome,
It isn't quite the same.
'Cause I look through the want ads every day,
And the headlines on the papers always say,

Original words & music: Woody Guthrie Ludlow Music 1961
New words: Stephen L. Suffet 2000, 2001
Dedicated to Carol of Cupertino (She knows who she is.)