

Plane Wreck at Los Gatos-crd
 (Deportee)
 Woody Guthrie}

#VERSE:

The [D]crops are all in and the [G]peaches are [D]rotting
 The [D]oranges piled in their cr[A7]eosote [D]dumps
 You're [G]flying them back to the [D]Mexican border
 To pay all [D]their money, to [A7]wade back ag[D]ain

CHORUS: (After each verse)

Good[G]bye to my Juan, good-[D]bye Rosalita
 Adi[D]os mes amigos, Jes[D]us and Maria
 You [G]won't have your names when you [D]ride the big airplane
 All they will call you will [A7]be deport[D]ee

2. 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
3. Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted
 Our work contracts out and we have to move on
 Six hundred miles to that Mexican border
 They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves
4. We died in your hills, we died in your deserts
 We died in your valleys, and 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
5. The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
 A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills
 Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
 The radio says they are just deportees
6. 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 like dry leaves, to rot on my topsoil
 And to be called no name, except deportee.