

Plane Wreck At Los Gatos (Deportee)

[Joan Baez](#)

The crops are all in and the lettuce is rotting
The oranges are pilled in there Creosote dumps
They're flying 'em back to that Mexican border
To pay all their money and 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 came working the fruit trees
They rode on their truck till they lay down and die
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
And all they will call you will be deportees
Some of us are illegal and others not wanted
Our work contracts out and we've got to move on
It's six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves
We've died on your hills and we've died on your deserts
We've died in your valleys, we've died in your plains
We've died 'neath your trees and we've died in your bushes
Both sides of that river, we've died just the same
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
And all they will call you will be deportees
The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills
Who are these chikanos all scattered like dry leaves
The radio tells us they're just deportees
Is this the best way we can grow our good orchards
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit
To fall like dry leaves and rot on your top soil
And be called by no name except deportees
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
And all they will call you will be deportees

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