

# White Crosses

Tom Gabel

Well I packed all of my things into this blanket  
To call this year to earn coyotes fill  
Kiss my wife and kids goodbye choke back the quiver in my breath  
And took my first steps into this corridor of death  
If I'm lucky I will make it to a drain  
With 500 of my brothers, I would share the strain  
Of standing in this boxcar praying for rain  
It's the only the way we will quench our thirst  
[Chorus:]In these gardens of white crosses  
Growing in the California sand  
In these gardens of white crosses  
We are the children of poverty trying to a make a stand  
If we make it past the border, we will scatter  
Vanish just like smoke in autumn wind  
I will run until my color will not matter  
Hopin' I can find some work or possibly a friend  
There are others who have made it here  
They will show me how to find a job and a place to lay my head  
And I cannot be concerned with dreams of my children  
For there are 5 others in line for my bed

[Chorus:]In these gardens of white crosses  
Growing in the California sand  
In these gardens of white crosses  
We are the children of poverty trying to a make a stand  
I will gladly pick your peaches or clean your hotel rooms  
I will do the jobs American won't do  
With cell phones to their heads and \$700 dollar shoes  
I will risk my life 'cause it's all I have to lose  
Let the devil in the mountains promise me a ride  
Found an 18 wheeler and put all of us inside  
And just outside of victory, 19 of us died  
None of our bodies hit the floor  
And so my wife she still wonders when I'm coming home  
The riches that I promised her for leaving her alone  
I said I would send her all that I could save  
But I ended up in California in an unknown grave

[Chorus:]In these gardens of white crosses growing in the California sand  
In these gardens of white crosses we are the children of poverty trying to a make a stand

[repeat]

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