Deportee

Peter, Paul & Mary

The crops are all in, the peaches are rotting
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps
They're flying us back to the mexican border
To pay all our money just to wade back againSome of us are illegal and some are not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
600 miles to that mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like thieves on the runChorus
Goodbye to my juan, good-bye rosalita
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 deporteeThe sky plane caught fire over los gatos canyon
A fireball of lightning that shook all the hills
Who are these friends now all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deporteesChorusWe died in your hills, we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys and 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 sameIs 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 to rot on the topsoil
And be called by no name except
Deportees?Chorus

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