

Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

The Highwaymen

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotten,
The oranges are packed in the creosote dumps.
They're flyin' them back to the Mexican border,
To save all their money then wade back again.
My father's own father, he waded that river:
Others before him had done just the same.
They died in the hills and they died in the valleys;
Some went to heaven without any name.
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita;
Adios mi amigo; Jesus y Maria.

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
All they will call you, will be: "Deportee".
Some of us are illegal and others not wanted;
Our work contract's out and we have to move on.
Six hundred miles to the Mexican border.
They chase us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves.
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita;
Adios mi amigo; Jesus y Maria.

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
All they will call you, will be: "Deportee".
The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon;
A fireball of thunder, it shook all the hills.
Who are all of these dear friends, scattered like dry leaves?
The radio said they were just 'Deportees'.
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita;
Adios mi amigo; Jesus y Maria.

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
All they will call you, will be: "Deportee".
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita;
Adios mi amigo; Jesus y Maria.

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
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Lyrics submitted by florian pluvier.

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