

Deportee (plane Wreck At Los Gatos)

[Joan Baez](#)

(Woody Guthrie/Martin Hoffman)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps
You're flying them back to the Mexican border
To pay all their money to wade back again
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis a-mi-gos, Jesus and 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 some of us are not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
But it's 600 miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis a-mi-gos, Jesus and Maria

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportee
My father's own father, waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sister come work the fruit trees
They rode the truck til' they took down and died
The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills
Who are these dear friends all scattered like dry leaves
The radio said they were just deportees
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis a-mi-gos, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportee
No, all they will call you will be deportee
All they will call you will be deportee

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