

# Deportee (Plane Wreck At los Gatos)

**Richard Shindell**

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting  
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps  
They're flying 'em back to that Mexico border  
To take all their money to 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 come working the fruit trees  
They rode the big trucks till they lay down and died  
CHORUS  
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria  
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane  
And all they will call you will be deportee  
Some of us are illegal, and all are not wanted  
Our work contract's out and we've got to move on  
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves  
We died in your hills, we died in your deserts  
We died in your armies, we died on your plains  
We died 'neath your trees and we died 'neath those bushes  
Both sides of that river, we died just the same  
CHORUS  
The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon  
Like a fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills  
Who are all these friends, dying like dry leaves?  
The radio says they are just deportees  
Is 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 rot on my topsoil  
And be known by no name except deportee  
CHORUS

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