

Deportee
The Byrds

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From: Harlan L Thompson

DEPORTEE (PLANE WRECK AT LOS GATOS)- The Byrds

D **G** **D**
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
A7 **D** **D7**
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps
G **D**
You re flying them back to the Mexican border
A7 **D** **D7**
To spend all their money, to wade back again

CHORUS:

G **D**
Goodbye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita
A7 **D** **D7**
Adios mes amigos, Jesus y Maria
G **D**
You won t have a name when you ride the big airplane
A7 **D**
And all they will call you will be deportee

Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted
Our work contracts out and we ve got to move on
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves...CHORUS

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
A fireball of lightning, that shook all our hills
Who are all these friends who are scattered like dry leaves?
The radio said they were just deportees...CHORUS TWICE

EXTRA VERSES:

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
And they rode the truck till they took down and died ...CHORUS

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys, and died on your plains

We died neath your trees, and we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river, we died just the same...CHORUS

NOTE: I got most of this from the lyrics archives under Woody Guthrie.
It is a Guthrie song, but I figure Byrds fans might like it too. The
Byrds only sang the first three verses, but I thought I d include all the
ones in Guthrie s version.

(from The Ballad of Easy Rider, 1969)
(sent by Harlan at harlant@hawaii.edu)