## Deportee

## Woody Guthrie

[Verse]

D G D

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting

The oranges piled in their creosote dumps

You re flying them back to the Mexican border

(D) **A7** D

To pay all their money, to wade back again

## [Chorus]

(After each verse)

G D

Goodbye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita

A7 I

Adios mes amigos, Jesus and Maria

G

You won t have your names when you ride the big airplane

A7 D

All they will call you will be deportee

- 2. 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
- 3. Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted Our work contracts out and we have to move on Six hundred miles to that Mexican border They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves
- 4. 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
- 5. The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
  A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills
  Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
  The radio says they are just deportees
- 6. 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 like dry leaves, to rot on my topsoil And to be called no name, except deportee.