

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.