

Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

Woody Guthrie & Martin Hoffman (as submitted by Charles D.)

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The **[D]** crops are all in and the **[G]** peaches are **[D]** rotting
The oranges piled high in their **[G]** creosote **[D]** dumps
You're **[G]** flying them back to the **[D]** Mexican border
To pay all their money, to **[G]** wade back a-**[D]**gain

CHORUS:

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita
Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria
You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane
All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

My **[D]** father's own father, he **[G]** waded that **[D]** river
They took all the money he **[G]** made in his **[D]** life
My **[G]** brothers and sisters come **[D]** working the fruit trees
And they rode in the truck till they **[G]** took down and **[D]** died

CHORUS:

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita
Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria
You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane
All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

[D] Some of us are illegal, and **[G]** some are not **[D]** wanted
Our work contract's out and we **[G]** have to move **[D]** on
[G] Six hundred miles to that **[D]** Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like **[G]** rustlers, like **[D]** thieves

CHORUS:

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita
Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria
You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane
All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

We **[D]** died in your hills, and we **[G]** died in your **[D]** deserts
We died in your valleys, and **[G]** died on your **[D]** plains
We **[G]** died 'neath your trees, and we **[D]** died in your bushes
Both sides of the river, we **[G]** died just the **[D]** same

CHORUS:

Good-[G]bye to my Juan, good-[D]bye Rosalita
Adi-[A7]os mis amigos, Je-[D]sus and Maria
You [G] won't have your names when you [D] ride the big airplane
All they will call you will [G] be depor-[D]tees

The [D] sky plane caught fire over [G] Los Gatos [D] Canyon
A fireball of lightning that [G] shook all our [D] hills
[G] Who are all these friends, all [D] scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are [G] just depor-[D]tees

CHORUS:

Good-[G]bye to my Juan, good-[D]bye Rosalita
Adi-[A7]os mis amigos, Je-[D]sus and Maria
You [G] won't have your names when you [D] ride the big airplane
All they will call you will [G] be depor-[D]tees

Is [D] this the best way we can [G] grow our big [D] orchards?
Is this the best way we can [G] grow our good [D] fruit?
To [G] fall like dry leaves, to [D] rot on my topsoil
And to be called no name, ex-[G]cept depor-[D]tee

CHORUS:

Good-[G]bye to my Juan, good-[D]bye Rosalita
Adi-[A7]os mis amigos, Je-[D]sus and Maria
You [G] won't have your names when you [D] ride the big airplane
All they will call you will [G] be depor-[D]tees

