Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

Highwaymen

The crops are all in, and the peaches are rotten The oranges are all packed in the creosote dumps They're flying them back to the Mexican Border To save all their money, and wade back again

My father's own father, he waded that river Others before him have done just the same They died in the hills, and they've died in the valley Some went to heaven, without any name

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane All they will call you will be "Deportee"

Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted Our work contracts out, and we have to move on (Nelson) Six-hundred miles to the Mexican Border They chase us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane All they will call you will be "Deportee"

The sky-plane caught fire, over Los Gatos Canyon A fireball a thunder, it shook all the hills Who are all these dear friends, scattered like dry leaves? The radio said they were just deportees

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita (Adios a mi Juan, adios Rosalita) Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria (Adios a mi amigo, Jesus y Maria) You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane (no tendrá un nombre en el aeroplano) All they will call you will be "Deportee" (le llamarán serán "Deportee")

Goodbye to my Juan Adios a mi Juan Goodbye Rosalita Adios Rosalita Adios mi amegos, Jesus and Maria (Adios a mi amigo, Jesus y Maria) You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane No tendrá un nombre en el aeroplano All they will call you Le llamarán serán Will be va a hacer Deportee