

Deportee

Peter, Paul and Mary

1. The crops are all in, the peaches are rotting,
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps
They're flying us back to the Mexican border
To pay all our money just to wade back again.
 2. Some off us are illegal and some are not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
600 miles to that Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like thieves on the run.
- R: Goodbye to Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride a big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees
3. The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
A fireball of lightning that shook all the hills
Where are these friends now all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees.
- R:
4. We died in your hills, we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys and we 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. 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 dry leaves and to rot on the topsoil
And be called by no name except deportees?