

# Byrds

## "Deportee"

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Words by Woody Guthrie  
Music by Martin Hoffman

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting  
The oranges piled up in their creosote dumps  
You're flying 'em back to the Mexican border  
To spend all their money to wade back again  
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita  
Adios mis amigos Jesus y Maria  
You wont have a name when you ride the big airplane  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted  
Our work contracts up and we have to move on  
600 miles to that Mexican border  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves  
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita  
Adios mis amigos Jesus y Maria  
You wont have a name when you ride the big airplane  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon  
A fireball of lightning, shook all our hills  
Who are all these friends who are scattered like dry  
leaves  
The radio said they were just "deportees"  
Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita  
Adios mis amigos Jesus y Maria  
You wont have a name when you ride the big airplane  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

REPEAT

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