Joan Baez "Plane Wreck at los Gatos"

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The crops are all in and the lettuce is rotting
The oranges are pilled in there Creosote dumps
They're flying 'em back to that Mexican border
To pay all their money and wade back again

My father's own father, he waded that river They took all the money he made in his life My brothers and sisters came working the fruit trees They rode on their truck till they lay down and die

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane And all they will call you will be deportees

Some of us are illegal and others not wanted Our work contracts out and we've got to move on It's six hundred miles to that Mexican border They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves

We've died on your hills and we've died on your deserts

We've died in your valleys, we've died in your plains We've died 'neath your trees and we've died in your bushes

Both sides of that river, we've died just the same

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane And all they will call you will be deportees

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon A fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills Who are these chikanos all scattered like dry leaves The radio tells us they're just deportees

Is this the best way we can grow our good orchards Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit To fall like dry leaves and rot on your top soil And be called by no name except deportees

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita Adios mis amigos, Jesus and Maria You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane And all they will call you will be deportees

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