

## Kris Drever

### "Harvest Gypsies"

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In October we will come  
A hundred and fifty thousand strong  
When the picking's over we'll be gone  
They call us the harvest gypsies

We only came because we must  
We were driven here by dust  
And they won't even look at us  
We're only harvest gypsies

There's apricots in Santa Clare  
In Kern County, they have apples there  
And the grapes, they're growing everywhere  
For the harvest gypsies

In a walnut grove I met a man  
Who lost a child before San Fran  
We're strangers, they don't understand  
We are the harvest gypsies

The hardest that it's ever been  
I sold my blankets for gasoline  
It's only hunger I have seen  
Now I'm a harvest gypsy

The gondolas and railway lines  
Filled with men when it is time  
Drawn by the orange and the lime  
All the harvest gypsies

They hate it when their taxes rise  
And the squatter camps that they despise  
Without us they would rot and die  
Without the harvest gypsies

And the Holbrooks we were farming men  
And I dream one day I will again  
To miss the soil's a curious pain  
When you're a harvest gypsy

