

Richard Shindell

"Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)"

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The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps
They're flying 'em back to that Mexico border
To take all their money to 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 come working the fruit trees
They rode the big trucks till they lay down and died

CHORUS

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

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

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts
We died in your armies, we died on your plains
We died 'neath your trees and we died 'neath those
bushes
Both sides of that river, we died just the same

CHORUS

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
Like a fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills
Who are all these friends, dying like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees

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 rot on my topsoil
And be known by no name except deportee

CHORUS

