**Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)**

Woody Guthrie & Martin Hoffman (as submitted by Charles D.)

**1 2 3 / 1 2 3/**

The **[D]** crops are all in and the **[G]** peaches are **[D]** rotting

The oranges piled high in their **[G]** creosote **[D]** dumps

You're **[G]** flying them back to the **[D]** Mexican border

To pay all their money, to **[G]** wade back a-**[D]**gain

**CHORUS:**

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita

Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria

You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

My **[D]** father's own father, he **[G]** waded that **[D]** river

They took all the money he **[G]** made in his **[D]** life

My **[G]** brothers and sisters come **[D]** working the fruit trees

And they rode in the truck till they **[G]** took down and **[D]** died

**CHORUS:**

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita

Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria

You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

**[D]** Some of us are illegal, and **[G]** some are not **[D]** wanted

Our work contract's out and we **[G]** have to move **[D]** on

**[G]** Six hundred miles to that **[D]** Mexican border

They chase us like outlaws, like **[G]** rustlers, like **[D]** thieves

**CHORUS:**

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Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria

You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

We **[D]** died in your hills, and we **[G]** died in your **[D]** deserts

We died in your valleys, and **[G]** died on your **[D]** plains

We **[G]** died 'neath your trees, and we **[D]** died in your bushes

Both sides of the river, we **[G]** died just the **[D]** same

**CHORUS:**

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You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

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The **[D]** sky plane caught fire over **[G]** Los Gatos **[D]** Canyon

A fireball of lightning that **[G]** shook all our **[D]** hills

**[G]** Who are all these friends, all **[D]** scattered like dry leaves?

The radio says they are **[G]** just depor-**[D]**tees

**CHORUS:**

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You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees

Is **[D]** this the best way we can **[G]** grow our big **[D]** orchards?

Is this the best way we can **[G]** grow our good **[D]** fruit?

To **[G]** fall like dry leaves, to **[D]** rot on my topsoil

And to be called no name, ex-**[G]**cept depor-**[D]**tee

**CHORUS:**

Good-**[G]**bye to my Juan, good-**[D]**bye Rosalita

Adi-**[A7]**os mis amigos, Je-**[D]**sus and Maria

You **[G]** won't have your names when you **[D]** ride the big airplane

All they will call you will **[G]** be depor-**[D]**tees



