

DEPORTEE

Woody Guthrie

C strum intro

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting **C F C**
Oranges are packed in their creosote dumps **C C G**
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border **F C**
To take all their money and wade back again **C G C**

Chorus

Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Roselita F C
Adios mes amigos, Jesus e Maria G C
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane F C
All they will call you will be ~ deportees C G ~ C

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
It's six hundred miles to the Mexico border
And they chased them like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves

Chorus

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
The great ball of fire and it shook all the hills
Who are these comrades who are falling like dry leaves?
Radio said, "They are just deportees"

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys we died in your plains
We died neath your trees and we died neath your bushes
Both sides of the river we died just the same

Chorus

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards
Is this the best way we can grow our good food
To die like the dry leaves and rot on my top soil
And be known by no name except deportees

Chorus

+ (*Ritardando*) **All they will call you will be ~ deportees**