

Deportees

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Thanks Steve Walton

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps
They're flying you back to the Mexican border
To pay all your money, to wade back a- gain{23} {123}

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
And they rode the trucks till they laid down and died{23} {12}

Good- bye to my Juan, good- bye Rosa- lita
Adi- os mi a- migos, Je- sus y Ma- ria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be depor- tees{23} {123} {123} {123}

Some of us are ill- egal, and others not wanted
Our work contract's out and we have to move on
Six hundred miles to the Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers and thieves{23} {123}

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts
We died in your valleys, and died on your plains
We died 'neath your trees, and we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river, we died just the same{23} {12}

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The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
Like a fireball of lightning it shook all our hills
Who are these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deport- ees{23} {123}

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 your topsoil
And to be called no name, ex- cept depor- tees {23} {12}

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{123} {123} {123} ↓