

Deportee

The Kingston Trio

The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning.
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
They're flying them back to the Mexico border
To take all their money to wade back again.

Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Roselita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane.
All they will call you is just deportee.

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 Mexican border
And they chased him like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves.

The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A great ball of fire that shook all the hills.
Who are these friends who are falling like dry leaves?
The radio said, "They're just deportees."

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can raise our good crops?
To fall like dry leaves and rot on our topsoil
And be known by no name except deportee.