

Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

Highwaymen

The crops are all in, and the peaches are rotten
The oranges are all packed in the creosote dumps
They're flying them back to the Mexican Border
To save all their money, and wade back again

My father's own father, he waded that river
Others before him have done just the same
They died in the hills, and they've died in the valley
Some went to heaven, without any name

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be "Deportee"

Some of us are illegal, and others not wanted
Our work contracts out, and we have to move on
(Nelson)
Six-hundred miles to the Mexican Border
They chase us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be "Deportee"

The sky-plane caught fire, over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball a thunder, it shook all the hills
Who are all these dear friends, scattered like dry leaves?
The radio said they were just deportees

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
(Adios a mi Juan, adios Rosalita)
Adios mi amigo, Jesus and Maria
(Adios a mi amigo, Jesus y Maria)
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
(no tendrá un nombre en el aeroplano)
All they will call you will be "Deportee"
(le llamarán serán "Deportee")

Goodbye to my Juan
Adios a mi Juan
Goodbye Rosalita
Adios Rosalita
Adios mi amegos, Jesus and Maria
(Adios a mi amigo, Jesus y Maria)
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
No tendrá un nombre en el aeroplano
All they will call you
Le llamarán serán
Will be
va a hacer
Deportee