

## Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

The Byrds

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting  
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps  
They're flying 'em 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 will be deportees

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

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon  
The great ball of fire it shook all our hills  
Who are these dear friends who are falling like dry leaves?  
Radio said, "They are 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 out topsoil  
And be known by no names except "deportees"