

# Bruce Springsteen, Deportee

The crops are all in, the peaches are rotting  
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps  
They're flying you back to the Mexico border  
To pay all your money to wade back again

My father's own father, he waded that river  
They took all the money he made in his life  
My brothers and sisters they work in the fruit trees  
They rode the truck till they took down and died

Good-bye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita  
Adios mes amigos, Jesus e Maria  
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane  
And all they will call you will be "deportee";

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted  
Our work contract's out and we have to move on  
Six hundred miles to the Mexican border  
They chase us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves.

We died in your hills. We died on your deserts.  
We've died in your mountains, and died on your plains.

We've died 'neath your trees, and we've died in your bushes.  
Both sides of the river, we've died just the same.

Good-bye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita  
Adios mes amigos, Jesus e Maria  
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane  
And all they will call you will be "deportee";

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon  
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills  
Who were all these dear friends all scattered like dry leaves?  
The radio says they were just deportees.

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?  
And is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?  
To fall like dry leaves and rot on the top soil,  
And be known by no name except "deportee";

Good-bye to my Juan, good-bye Rosalita  
Adios mes amigos, Jesus e Maria  
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane  
And all they will call you will be "deportee";