

# The Byrds, Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)

The crops are all in  
And the peaches are rotting  
The oranges piled up  
In their creosote dumps  
You're flying 'em back  
To the Mexican border  
To spend all their money  
To wade back again

{Chorus}:  
Good bye to my Juan  
Goodbye Rosalita  
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";

Some of us are illegal  
And others not wanted

Our work contract's up  
And we have to move on  
600 miles to that Mexican border  
They chase us like outlaws  
Like rustlers, like thieves

{Chorus}

The skyplane caught fire  
Over Los Gatos Canyon  
A fireball of lightning  
Shook all our hills  
Who are all these friends  
Who are scattered like dried leaves  
The radio said  
They were just "deportees";

{Chorus}

{Repeat}