

VERSE:

          D                                  G                  D  
The crops are all in and the peaches are gathered  
          (D)                                  A7          D  
The oranges packed in their creosote bins  
          G                                  D  
They're flying them off to the Mexican border  
          (D)                                  A7          D  
It will take all their money, to get back again

CHORUS: (After each verse)

          G                                  D  
Farewell to my friends, good-bye Rosalita  
          D                                  D  
Adios mis amigos, Jesuse Maria  
          G                                  D  
You won't have a names when you fly the big airplane  
  A7          D  
All they will call you will be deportees

- 2 The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon  
A fireball lit up and it shook the hills round  
Who are these men, who are scattered like dry leaves?  
The radio says they are just deportees
  
3. Is this the best way we till our good orchards?  
Is this the best way to sow our good fruit?  
To lie on the ground and rot neath the topsoil  
And never know no name, except deportees.
  
4. Some folks are illegal, and some are not wanted  
Our work contracts finished we've got to move on  
We'er Six hundred miles from the Mexican border  
They'll chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like  
thieves

