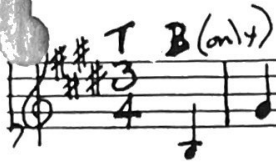


DEPORTEES

words and music: Woody Guthrie
arr: P. Schlosser



- (1) The crops are all in and the pea-ches are rot - ting; The or - an - ges
My fa - ther's own fa - ther, he wa-ded that ri - ver, They took all the
- (2) They say we're il - le - gal they say we're not wan - ted, Our work con - tract's
We died in your hills and we died in your de - serts, We died in your
- (3) The sky plane caught fire o - ver Los Ga - tos Can - yon, A fire - ball of
Is this the best way we can grow our big or - chards? Is this the best



piled in their cre- o - sote dumps; They're fly - ing you back to the Mex - i - can
mo - ney he made in his life; My bro - thers and sis - ters come work-ing the

out and we have to move on. It's six hun - dred miles to that Mex - i - can
val - leys and died on your plains. We died 'neath your trees and we died in your

light-ning, it shook all the hills. Who are those dear friends who are scat-tered like
way we can grow our good fruit? For bo - dies to rot like dry leaves on the



bor - der to pay all your mo - ney to wade back a - gain.
fruit trees, and they ride the truck till they lay down and die. (to chorus) Good -
S, T.

bor - der, They chase us like out - laws, like thieves on the run.
bush - es, Both sides of the ri - ver, we died just the same. (to chorus) Good -
S, T.

dry leaves? The ra - di - o says, "They are just de - por - tees."
top - soil And be known by no name ex - cept "de - por - tees." (to chorus) Good -
S, T.