

Deportees

(1948)

di Woody Guthrie

Periodo: La ricostruzione e il boom economico (1946-1966)

Lingua: inglese

Tags: lavoro/capitale

Indirizzo: <https://www.ildeposito.org/canti/deportees>

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

Goodbye 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

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come working the
fruit trees
They rode the big trucks till they lay down
and die

Goodbye 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

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos
Canyon
A fireball of lightning, and it shook all the
hills
Who are these comrades that died like the dry
leaves
The radio tells me they're just deportees

Goodbye 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

We died in your hills and we died in your
deserts
We died in your valleys we died on your
plains
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your
bushes
Both sides of the river we died just the same

Goodbye 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 out and we have to move
on
But it's six hundred miles to that Mexican
border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers,
[like thieves.]

Goodbye 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

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

Goodbye 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.

Informazioni

Woody Guthrie scrisse il testo di questa canzone, che fu poi musicata, dieci anni dopo, da Martin Hoffman, e cantata per la prima volta da Pete Seeger nel 1958. Il 28 gennaio del 1948, in un incidente aereo in California, vicino al confine con il Messico, persero la vita 28 "deportati", ovvero 28 lavoratori messicani che stavano per essere forzatamente rimpatriati.