

# Beto Cacao

## **UNDOCORRIDOS**

Songs of the Stories and Struggles of the  
Undocumented in the USA

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*Beto Cacao, 47 years old at this writing, was born in the Estado de Mexico, near Mexico City, and has lived in the United States for twenty years. He has worked with his brothers in their auto mechanic shop and at a farmers' market in Athens, Georgia. He lives on the northern edge of that city, famous for its rock music scene and home of The University of Georgia, in a fringe of trailer parks and modest apartments that are home to Hispanic poultry, landscape, restaurant workers, and their families.*

*As a link between this community and non-Hispanic Athens, Beto is an articulate, passionate, and visible activist. Beto is the Athens Immigrant Rights Coalition Coordinator and works with various organizations advocating for immigrant rights in northeast Georgia. He is a co-founder of the annual*

*LatinxFest, which eschews gender-referencing suffixes in an event celebrating diverse Latin cultures and identities.*

*Beto is a singer, musician, and composer of topical songs. He and his brothers play and sing a wide variety of traditional and contemporary Hispanic musical genres, Andean and Cuban as well as Mexican.*

*On this CD Beto alone presents an impressive program of songs—all but one are his own compositions—dealing with issues important to the Hispanic community and beyond: the problems of undocumented immigrants, the status of the “dreamers,” the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program, or DACA, as well as other aspects of ethnic and economic discrimination. He calls his songs “Undocorridos,” corridos of the undocumented, as many, but not all, are in the norteño corrido style. The last song, “Corrido de Freedom University” was written by Jose Fredy Mosso.*

*Growing up in a family of musicians, Beto learned from his uncles and brothers, and plays guitar as well as flute and pan-pipes. As he became interested in protest and topical songs he gravitated toward corridos, which he describes as being more direct and less complicated musically than the huapango or the son de jarocho styles.*

*Beto's songs are honest and deeply felt. They range from the poignant, as in the “Corrido de Pedro Gorosquieta” or “El Dolor Que Bebo,” both of which draw on personal experience in his home community, as does the bitterly humorous, “DWH,” “Driving While Hispanic,” a song about a police officer who takes particular pleasure in arresting Hispanics; to songs of activism like “Dicen Que la Migra” and “Somos Corridos” with its double meanings—“we are chased out” and “WE are the songs!”*

*Underlying these songs is a human sympathy which stands in contrast to the hostility, fear, and anger in much governmental action and popular sentiment today. These are fine songs which will endure beyond today's topical relevance and necessity and may well take their place next to Woody Guthrie's “Dust Bowl Ballads” and Aunt Molly Jackson's songs of Kentucky coal mine union organizing.*



*Beto performs here simply, with just his voice and guitar. His spoken introductions in English will guide the non-Spanish speaking listener into the songs, although Spanish and English texts are given below. I have left Beto's English introduction and translations of the songs' lyrics as he wrote them—with a few minor edits in the interest of clarity—as they convey his meanings, in his second language, with eloquent poetic force.*

—Art Rosenbaum, Athens, Georgia 2018

Los corridos son canciones tradicionales mexicanas que datan del siglo XVIII y XIX. Los corridos fueron utilizados para traer noticias de un pueblo a otro, en tiempos en que la noticia impresa no era popular y la cultura oral mexicana era la forma de transmitir las noticias, los corridos tuvieron una función informativa y educativa. Los corridos fueron el medio perfecto de preservar la historia y resaltar la cultura popular mexicana, manteniendo viva la voz del pueblo.

Hoy en día los corridos siguen existiendo, los estilos musicales y las historias que cuentan han cambiado con el tiempo, a travez de los años, he influenciados por los diferentes cambios sociales, politicos y adaptandose a diferentes geografías. Por muchos años, por ejemplo, los corridos presentaron momentos históricos de los libertadores de Mexico, Zapata, Villa, Adelita, las batallas y sus personalidades fueron plasmados en los corridos. Heroes anónimos he historias que de no existir los corridos se hubieran perdido, (como el hecho de que a Huerta le gustar fumar Marihuana).

Historia y la vida en si son complejas. Por la pobreza de Mexico en las zonas rurales, las historias de los heroes fueron suplantados por las historias de los hacendados, los dueños de las tierras, que tenían a los campesinos trabajando para ellos, campesinos descendientes de los indigenas Mexicanos. Los hacendados se convirtieron en los heroes del pueblo cuando proveyeron las escuelas, clínicas y la infraestructura para construir iglesias, entonces los corridos contaban sus historias. Con los años todo cambio y traficar drogas se convierten en una gran industria,

entonces los narcos se convirtieron en los heroes de los historias que cuentan los corridos, por que los narcos dieron trabajo a la gente pobre y ayudaron las economías locales, es aquí donde nacen los narcocorridos.

Undocorridos son las historias de los indocumentados en Estados Unidos, sus vidas, su búsqueda por la liberación. No pretendo haber inventado u nuevos estilo de corridos, ni siquiera un nuevo concepto, por que otros han hecho ya este tipo de historias. Por otro lado sugiero el nombre para identificar este tipo de corridos. Tomo “Undo” de la palabra Undocumented (indocumentado). Una de las palabras con la que los inmigrantes que no tienen estatus legal en Estados Unidos o con un indeterminado estatus migratorio han adoptado para identificarse, en lugar de utilizar la palabra “ilegal” que ha sido utilizada por los grupos anti-inmigrantes, de una manera derogativa, para deshumanizar y oprimir a los inmigrantes que no tienen estatus migratorio en particular y a veces a la comunidad hispana en general.

En estas canciones no presento las rigurosas estructuras rítmicas y métricas de los corridos. Tan solo utilizo las herramientas musicales que poseo, apoyada en mi imaginación y creatividad. Espero disfruten estas historias que presento a qui en este disco compacto, también espero que veas nuevas voces, la voz de los que no tienen voz, los Indocumentados en Estados Unidos.

—Beto Cacao

(translation)

Corridos are the ballads from Mexico, this music genre dating from XVIII-XIX century. On the times of the independence war in Mexico, people used this type of ballads to bring news from one town to the other, in the times when printed press were not popular; and the fact that Mexican culture is oral tradition, it was the perfect medium to preserve those stories and highlight the popular culture and keep alive the peoples' voice, “la voz del pueblo”.



Corridos still exist, during all this time have had changes on the music style and the histories it's been told. Through this years and following the policy, cultural and geographic changes corridos had adopted different forms. For many years for example the corridos did feature the historic episodes in the life of the freedom fighters, Zapata, Villa, Adelita and the battles they fought, also some unknown personalities whose names and stories may be lost if corridos would not exist.

History and life are complex. Because the poverty in Mexico on the countryside was contrasted with the wealth of the "hacendados" who posses a large piece of land and have peasants work for them, mostly indigenous descendants. This "hacendados" become the heroes of the town when they provide with the school supply or support the local churches so many corridos where made to those hacendados. The times changes and drug traffic become a big industry. Then those drug lords become the heroes whom employed poor people and support local economies, is here where "narcocorridos" born featuring those stories, the life of drug traffickers.

Undocorridos is the stories of Undocumented Immigrants, their lives, their struggle and fight for liberation. I don't pretend to have invented a new corrido style or a new concept, because other people have done this type of stories. I'm on the other hand suggesting a name to identify those corridos. I'm taking Undo- from the word Undocumented. One of the terms Immigrants with not legal immigration status or undetermined immigration status had choose to use to identify their self, instead of "Illegal," because this word have been used by anti-immigrant groups in a derogative way to de-humanize and oppress immigrants without immigration status and some cases to all Latinx community (aka Mexicans).

I'm not presenting in my songs, the rigorous structures and rhythms of corridos. But I'm using the small set of musical tools I have, supported by imagination and creativity. I hope you enjoy this stories I'm presenting in this CD and I hope you see here a new voice, the voice of the voiceless, undocumented Immigrants in USA.

—Beto Cacao

## 1 Somos Corridos — introduction

spoken: "Somos Corridos." Corridos are traditional songs from Mexico, where they tell stories of important people, important success. Now I've been taking the stories, to tell the stories of undocumented immigrants in the USA. This song, "Somos Corridos," is telling the story of all immigrants in USA who are being blamed for the economy. And nowadays they are taking the streets.

## 2 Somos Corridos (We're Pushed Out)

Somos corridos de todas partes  
se nos acusa de todos males  
si la economia se destruye  
somos inocentes nonos oye

Somos abusado y acusados  
sin respiro somos perseguidos  
se nos trata de criminales  
nos corren de nuestros hogares

Escapamos de nuestros países  
que se empobrecen dia a dia

por las empresas y sus capitales  
somos refugiados de la economia

Solo queremos el respeto  
y también el reconocimiento  
a la gran contribución  
que hacemos a esta nación

Construimos sus carreteras  
vivimos picando piedra  
la cosecha levantamos  
en el campo la vida damos

Escapamos de nuestros países  
que se empobrecen dia a dia  
por las empresas trasnacionales  
somos refugiados de la economia

Hoy las calles tomamos  
hombro con hombro marchamos  
hasta victoria compañeros  
luchando así venceremos  
hasta la victoria compañeros  
luchando así venceremos

(translation)

We're pushed out of everywhere  
We're accused of all evils



If the economy's destroyed  
We're innocent, can't you hear?

We're abused and accused  
We're persecuted without a breath  
We're called criminals  
They push us out of our homes

We escape our countries  
That get poorer every day  
From the businesses and their capital  
We're refugees of the economy

We just want respect  
And also recognition  
Of the great contribution  
That we make to this nation

We build its roads  
Break rocks for a living  
Harvest the crops  
Give our lives in the fields

We escape our countries  
That get poorer every day  
From the transnational businesses  
We're refugees of the economy

Today we take the streets

We march shoulder to shoulder  
Until victory compañeros  
Struggling like this we'll overcome  
Until victory compañeros  
Struggling like this we'll overcome

### 3 Los Inmigrantes de Stillmore — introduction

*On September 1, 2006, federal agents rounded up 120 undocumented immigrants in the Georgia town of Stillmore. As Beto's song relates, many others hid out in the woods. Families were broken up, and the poultry plant that was the mainstay of this town of 1,000 was without a work force. Many non-Hispanic residents objected. One spoke to a journalist. "These people come over here to make a better way of life, not to blow us up," complained Keith Slater, who keeps a portrait of Ronald Reagan on the wall. "I'm a die-hard Republican, but I think we missed the boat with this one."*

spoken: "Los Inmigrantes de Stillmore."  
September, 2006, small town in Georgia.  
They took more than half of the workers.  
Later, they were looking for workers, to  
meet the production in the poultry plant.

Many people was hiding in the forest, for  
about a week. This song, the last verse is  
about the Virgin of Guadalupe, where  
people...lost their faith, still honoring,  
September twelfth.

### 4 Los Inmigrantes de Stillmore (The Immigrants of Stillmore)

Fue un primero de Septiembre  
presente lo tengo yo  
sucedio en Stillmore  
que la migra les callo

Rompieron todas las trailas  
con pistolas los arresto  
dejando familias solas  
a los padres se llevo

escondidos en el monte  
temblando de frio y terror  
sufriendo por el hambre  
con sentimiento y dolor

Con sus chamarras verdes  
realizaron esta acción  
eran los federales  
policías de inmigración

se llevaron a los hombres  
sin ninguna compasión  
'ora buscan trabajadores  
que saquen la producción

no hay justicia para estos  
de la polleras trabajadores  
que pagaban sus impuesto  
y los tratan de ladrones

Guadalupe virgencita  
que proteges a tu gente  
no te olvides madre mia  
de todo el inmigrante

La fe no perderemos  
y el doce con amor  
a la virgen cantaremos  
los inmigrantes de Stillmore.

(translation)

It was September first  
I have present  
It happened at Stillmore  
an Immigration raid

They break in all trailer homes  
a pint gun arrested them



Breaking families apart  
the parents were taken

Hide in the forest  
shaking because the cold and fear  
suffering and hungry  
with the pain and sorrow

With their green jackets  
conduct these actions  
they were federal police  
Immigration Police.

Without compassion  
they took the male population  
but now they looking for workers  
to meet the production standards

There is not justice  
for the poultry worker  
not matter they pay taxes  
they been treated as a criminals

Virgin of Guadalupe  
you protect your people  
don't forget oh mother  
about your immigrant sons

we'll don't lost our faith  
and December 12th  
we'll sing to Virgin Guadalupe  
The Immigrants from Stillmore.

### 5 DWH — introduction

*Twelve states and the District of Columbia  
currently issue driver's licenses to  
undocumented residents, under certain  
conditions. Georgia is not among them.*

spoken: "DWH," "Driving While Hispanic."  
This song is "Spanglish," the language of  
Chicanos in USA.

### 6 DWH (Driving While Hispanic)

Las luces me persiguen, the lights follow me.  
Las luces me persiguen, they won't take my  
liberty.  
Las luces me persiguen, the lights follow me.  
Las luces me persiguen, they won't take my  
liberty.

Jorge was driving, just like every day, he's  
going to work.  
He noticed something's wrong, a police was  
following him for a couple miles.

"Switching lanes too dangerously" is what  
he told him.

"Following too close" was in the ticket.  
He was arrested because no driver license.  
But we know that he was driving while  
Hispanic,  
He was driving while Hispanic!

Cándido was to drive, milk for his kid  
When he saw the lights behind him, he  
know he's going to be stopped.

The police told him he didn't make a stop,  
But in the ticket he wrote that the license  
plate was suspended.

Later in jail Cándido met Jorge, where they  
saw the same police bringing another  
member, their neighbor.

Maria was driving, just like every day she's  
going to work.  
Same police stop her, at the same  
neighborhood, was chasing Latinos.

"Your brake light is broke," is what he  
told her.  
"You are the last person I will arrest today."  
He was laughing.  
She was arrested, vehicles, no driver license.

But we know that she was driving while  
Hispanic,  
We are driving while Hispanic.  
I am driving while Hispanic.

La luces me persiguen, the lights follow me.  
La luces me persiguen!

(translation)

Las luces me persiguen,  
Las luces me persiguen, Me quiero quitar la  
libertad.

Jorge iba manejando al trabajo,  
como cualquier otro día  
se dio cuenta que algo andaba mal  
una patrulla lo seguí por 8 millas  
Cambiando lineas peligrosamente  
le dijo el policia  
manejando muy pegado  
puso en la multa  
Fue arrestado por no traer licencia



Pero, sabemos que el iba.  
manejando y siendo hispano, el iba  
manejando y siendo hispano.

Cándido iba a comprar leche para su hijo  
cuando vio las luces, supo que lo iban a parar  
el policía le dijo que no había hecho el alto  
pero en la multa escribir que la placa  
estaba expirada  
en la celda encontró a Jorge y vieron al  
mismo policía  
traer a otro miembro de su comunidad

Maria iba manejando al trabajo,  
como cualquier otro día  
el mismo policía la paro  
en el mismo vecindario  
estaba cazando latinos

La luz del freno no prende  
le dijo el policía  
tu eres la última persona que arresto hoy  
le dijo mofándose  
fue arrestada por no tener licencia

Pero sabemos que ella iba  
manejando y siendo hispana, estamos  
manejando y siendo hispanos, estoy  
manejando y siendo hispano

Las luces me persiguen, las luces me  
persiguen  
Las luces me persiguen...

### **7 Dicen Que la Migra — introduction**

*ICE is the acronym for U. S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement. It is part of the Federal Homeland Security (DHS) and unlike the Border Patrol, works internally. It is called "la migra" by Hispanics in the United States.*

spoken: "Dicen que la migra anda tras mis huesos." This song is basically a know-your-rights song, and I try to deliver the message for the community to remind silence, to don't open the door, to don't sign any paper if they don't have a lawyer with them.

### **8 Dicen Que la Migra (They Say "ICE" is —)**

Dicen que la migra anda tras mis huesos  
si es así la espero para darle sus besos  
y sin me alcanza la muy condenada  
me para un ratito, para vera enojada

Dicen que la migra va muy atareada  
llevando se viejos, también muchachadas  
que asusta a la gente, que asusta e veras  
pues viene y te lleva, a un que tu no lo quieras

Si viene a tu casa a tocarte la puerta  
No habra tontito o te lleva la puerca  
y si papeles te piden ellos  
tu tienes derechos, has uso de ellos

Permanece callado, tu no digas nada  
No firmes papeles, mantén tu la calma  
Busca un abogado que te represente  
o con peticiones, buscamos sacarte.

Es una Injusticia eso de las redadas  
Rompiendo Familias, no se arregla nada  
Las leyes Injustas han sido creadas  
para oprimirte, y no vales nada

Por eso la migra, va muy atareada  
levando viejos, también muchachadas  
que asusta a la gente, asusta de veras  
pues viene y te lleva, a un que tu no lo quieras.

(translation)

They say ICE is after my bones,  
if that's the case, I'll wait for them to

throw them kisses,  
and if the damned patrol doesn't reach me,  
I'll stop for a moment to see them furious.

They say ICE is going around really busy  
taking away with them both old and  
young people,  
scaring people, truly scaring people  
since they come and take you away even  
against your will.

If they come to your home and knock on  
your door,  
don't open, silly, or the beast would take you  
along with them,  
and if they request papers,  
you have rights, make sure to enforce them.

Stay quiet, don't say anything,  
don't sign any papers, stay calm,  
look for an attorney to represent you  
or we will get you out of trouble with  
signed petitions.

ICE raids are such an injustice,  
nothing is fixed by separating families.  
Unfair laws have been created  
to oppress you and make you feel worthless.



This is why ICE is going around very busy, taking away with them both old and young people, scaring people, really scaring people since they come and take you away even against your will.

### 9 El Corrido de Pedro Gorosquieta — introduction

*CBS News Atlanta reported the incident related in this corrido on April 30, 2014: "It was a bizarre and tragic accident [in Athens. Pedro Gorosquieta] was driving in his 1995 Ford Windstar Minivan on a road in the Pinewood Mobile Home Park just after 7 a.m. Wednesday. According to a police report, a large tree fell onto the van, crushing the vehicle and landing on top of Gorosquieta. Several residents rushed to cut the tree and save the man. A fire and rescue team was called to the scene...but it was too late." Beto Cacao, who was on the scene, related this event in the best tradition of corridos.*

spoken: Pedro Gorosquieta. I was learning about corridos in town, in Athens, and I was talking with someone who do corridos, and asked him what is the tradition for him,

to do corridos; and he said the most strong tradition is when something tragic happens, and you're gonna do a song about a tragic moment, like, say, somebody dies, you have to ask permission to the widow, to write about that event of the person. So I did it.

It happened, the person, Pedro Goresquieta was an immigrant from Mexico who didn't have anyone in town, in the United States, but his family, wife and children. And he was working in the landscape, he was a regular person, he was nobody special, even in the community. And it happens that a terrible storm happened early in the year, and it take down one tree, and the tree fell over his car when he was to work.

So the neighbors, we heard the storm, and we heard when the tree fell down, and we go out and see that. So people gathered and bring chain saws, and we being able to take down the tree before the police and the fire-fighters came.

But we were not able to remove—to take him out. But—he was dead already. So it happened that when—his funeral, the police officers and the fire department, and

the ambulance came to the funeral. There was a huge big funeral in Athens, with people from many different backgrounds, races, different races, and religions, came to honor the life of Pedro Gorosquieta.

So I thought this is unique, especially in this moment when the rhetoric on undocumented immigrants is so strong. And then nobody asked about his immigration status—but a human being who was killed by a tree in a tragical accident.



Family photo of Pedro Gorosquieta

### 10 Corrido de Pedro Gorosquieta (The Corrido of Pedro Gorosquieta)

Muy buenas tardes a todos  
hoy yo les vengo a cantar  
la triste historia de un hombre  
hombre derecho y cabal

Pedro Gerosquieta por nombre  
el que nació en Michoacán  
donde creció sin su padre  
donde peleó por su pan

Pa'l norte jalo un buen día  
buscando una vida mejor  
pero lo que el no sabía  
que ahí su cuerpo dejó

Una tormenta mortal  
un árbol poplar tiro  
en su caída letal  
los sueños le arrebató

Los vecinos en el trance  
el arbolito cortaron  
pero llegaron muy tarde  
por que sin vida lo hallaron.



Un mundo vino al sepelio  
toda la gente lloro  
los noticieros dijeron  
un hombre bueno murió

Gente de todas las razas  
vinieron a su entierro  
unidos todos rezaron  
no importaron los credos

Cinco sus hijos quedaron  
solitos sin su papa  
su esposa reza al cielo  
nada se puede curar

Vuela vuela palomita  
vuela y vuela muy alto  
lleva te lejos el canto  
y a todos diles muy alto

Que el buen Pedro en su muerte  
a todos nos ha juntado  
y lo recordamos siempre  
como un buen ser humano.

(translation)

Good evening everyone,  
today I'm going to sing

the sad story of a man,  
a respectable and decent man.  
His name was Pedro Gorosquieta,  
who was born in Michoacán  
where he grew up without his father,  
where he worked hard for his bread.

One day, he head up to El Norte  
looking for a better life.  
However, he didn't know  
he never was going to return.

During a dangerous storm,  
a poplar tree fell down  
taking away his dreams  
in its deadly fall.

Immediately, the neighbors  
cut the tree into pieces,  
but they arrived too late  
since they found him already dead.

A lot of people came to his funeral,  
everyone was mourning.  
The news broadcasts reported  
a very good man passed away.

People of all races  
came to Pedro's burial,

all of them prayed together  
no matter their religious background.  
His five children were left behind  
alone without their father,  
his widow would pray to heaven  
saying "this is not going to change."

Fly, little dove, fly,  
fly, fly up to heaven,  
carry far away this song  
and tell all in a loud voice:

Good Pedro on his death  
has united all of us  
and he will always be remembered  
as a great human being.

### 11 El Dolor que Bebo — introduction

spoken: "El Dolor Que Bebo." This is a song I  
made for a 12-year old kid, she just lived in  
front of my house. And her dad was taken  
by Immigration. And then a friend of the  
family tried to relieve the pain of the  
separation of the family, the loss of the dad.  
And at some point, he was very close to the  
family when Immigration took him too.  
So I wrote this song to keep that idea

in their minds how deportation breaks  
the hearts of the entire family but it  
destroys sometimes a small person, like  
my little neighbor.

### 12. El Dolor que Bebo (The Pain I Drink)

En mi comunión primera  
aprendi el ave maria  
el gran dia llegaría  
como la primavera

En la hamaca mecíamos  
nuestros sueños de niños  
nuestros planes compartidos  
con la familia que tuvimos

Por que se lo llevan mama?  
todo nos quitan,  
solo el dolor nos dejan.  
no se lleven a Papa

El hielo llevo de madrugada  
"a un paseo te llevamos" dijeron  
jamás lo regresaron  
mi vida se desgajaba



Lo que en la escuela me decían  
que a la luna llegaría (mentían)  
que podía ser lo que quería  
y nada me detendría, mentira

Por que se lo llevan mama?  
todo nos quitan,  
solo el dolor nos dejan.  
no se lleven a papa

Un amigo el vestido me regalo  
blanquito pa' la ocasión  
y todo para la comunión  
con carino el señor me ayudo

La migra se lo llevo  
en la carcel lo registro  
como a mi padre lo deporto  
es el dolo que bebo hoy

Por que se lo llevan mama?  
todo nos quitan,  
solo el dolor nos dejan.  
no se lleven a papa

El hielo en un periodo corto  
La vida me ha roto.  
La migra en un periodo corto  
La vida les ha roto.

(translation)

In my first communion  
I learned the Hail Mary  
the great day would come  
like spring

In the hammock we used to swing  
our children's dreams  
our shared plans  
with the family we had

Why are they taking him mom?  
they take everything from us,  
they only leave us pain.  
don't take dad away

ICE arrived at dawn  
"we'll take you for a walk" they said  
they never brought him back  
my life was coming apart at the seams

All the things they told me in school  
that I would reach to the Moon (they lied)  
they said I could become whatever I wanted  
and that nothing would stop me (what a lie)

Why are they taking him mom?  
they take everything from us,

they only leave us pain.  
don't take dad away

A friend bought me the dress  
white for communion  
and everything for the occasion  
this mister was so nice helping me

The migra took him  
they put him in prison  
they deported my father  
that's the pain I drink today

ICE in a short period of time  
has broken my life  
ICE in a short period of time  
has broken their lives  
ICE in a short period of time  
has broken us.

### 13 El Inmigrante Desagradecido — introduction

spoken: "Inmigrante Desagradecido." This  
song is more about the irony of immigrants  
being in the United States, and why they  
should be grateful, when they've been  
oppressed, when they've been mistreated in

the country. So there's a little bit of dark  
humor, how they drive in fancy trucks, but  
without drivers license they will be in prison.

### 14 El Inmigrante Desagradecido (The Unthankful Immigrant)

Dios bendiga esta tierra  
que con los brazos abiertos  
a quien emigra hambriento  
invita a sembrar en ella.  
Dios bendiga y doy gracias  
a los americanos  
los mares viene cruzando  
llevando la democracia

A mi país llego un día  
con el libre comercio  
ahi pagamos el precio  
por eso venimos de huida

Nos prometieron dinero  
coca-cola y sus banqueros  
pero han secado cerros  
y el agua de los riachuelos

Gracias por las ayudas  
necesitados estamos



aun que a indocumentados  
nos dejan siempre en ayunas

Cômodos aqui estamos  
lujosas trokas tenemos  
aun que sin licencia andemos  
y en la carcel terminemos

Cuanto cariño le tengo  
a este suelo americano  
en los hoteles mi hermano  
a dejar las manos vengo  
Todo a qui es muy bonito  
aun que vicisitudes  
por trabajar sin papeles  
a la carcel vas todito

Nos encierran un rato  
diez u ocho años pasamos  
miles de verdes pagamos  
pa' violadores mas barato

Todo a qui me lo han dado  
solo un pequeño problema  
que a mi familia entera  
a mi me la han deportado

A mi país llevo un día  
con el libre comercio

ahi pagamos el precio  
por eso venimos de huida

Nos prometieron dinero  
coca-cola y sus banqueros  
pero han secado cerros  
y el agua de los riachuelos

(translation)

God bless this land  
Who with open arms  
Invites those who emigrate hungry  
To plant their seeds

God bless and I give thanks  
To the Americans  
That cross the seas  
Bringing democracy

It came to my country one day  
With free trade  
There we paid the price  
That's why we came fleeing

They promised us money  
Coca-Cola and bankers  
But they've dried the hills  
And the water from the streams

Thanks for the help  
We're needy  
Even though they always leave  
The undocumented fasting

We're comfortable here  
We've got luxurious trucks  
Even if we drive without licenses  
And end up in jail

I have so much affection  
For this American soil  
In the hotels my brother  
I'm coming to leave my hands

Everything here is very beautiful  
Even with vicissitudes  
For working without papers  
You're going completely to jail

They lock us up a while  
We spend eight or ten years  
We pay thousands of bucks  
Cheaper for rapists

They've given me everything here  
Just a little problem  
That they've deported  
My entire family

It came to my country one day  
With free trade  
There we paid the price  
That's why we came fleeing  
They promised us money  
Coca-Cola and bankers  
But they've dried the hills  
And the water from the streams

### **15 Corrido de Freedom University — introduction**

*After the Georgia legislature passed a bill banning undocumented students from attending the major state universities and denied out-of-state tuition waivers for undocumented residents at other state colleges and universities, Freedom University was founded. There professors and students could advance education off-campus. For a fuller story of "the Dreamers" of Georgia, see an article in the May 22, 2017 New Yorker, "The Underground University That Won't be Stopped." Some state universities have been removed from the ban, but at this writing (2018), the University of Georgia remains on the list.*



spoken: “Corrido de Freedom University.” This song, the lyrics are of Jose Fredy Mosso who was one of the students of Freedom University. Freedom University of Georgia is a school who opens the doors for undocumented immigrants, normally kids who have been banned to attend the top eight universities in Georgia. So it’s part of civil disobedience of undocumented immigrants with an alliance: students and teachers get together to open the doors for Freedom University.

**16 Corrido de Freedom University  
(The Corrido of Freedom University)**

Hoy no les voy a cantar  
de falsos héroes y narcos  
mejor les voy a contar  
de los indocumentados  
los estudiantes valientes  
que no se rajan pa’ nada

Toda la vida estudiaron  
con esperanzas y sueños



Beto Cacao and Linda Lloyd, Director of the Athens/Clarke County Economic Justice Coalition, University of Georgia arch, June 30, 2018

para llegar a graduarse  
y de ahí seguir al colegio  
pero al recibir diplomas  
se les rompieron los sueños

Por gracia hay un programa  
que los une y los ampara  
para seguir en la lucha  
las de hoy y las de mañana  
lleva de nombre en inglés  
Freedom University

La lucha está ya muy fuerte  
ellos ya no tienen miedo  
van a seguir adelante  
hasta cumplir con sus sueños  
gritan a todo pulmón  
estamos y no nos vamos  
Mandan mensaje al congreso  
necesitamos un cambio  
no nos quedamos parados  
viendo que no hacen caso  
saldremos y gritaremos  
hasta cumplir nuestro sueño

Por gracia hay un programa  
que nos une y nos ampara  
para seguir en la lucha  
pas de hoy y las de mañana

lleva por nombre en inglés  
Freedom University

(translation)

Today I won’t sing  
about fake heroes and gangsters  
rather will tell you  
about Undocumented  
the brave students  
those who don’t step back

Their life was school  
hoping and dreaming  
for a graduation moment  
but when they receive their diplomas  
their dreams went broke

By grace there is program  
that unite and protect them  
to continuous in the struggle  
today and future struggle  
that programs is called  
Freedom University

The struggle is getting rough  
but they are unafraid  
they will continuous advancing  
until they dreams become true



screaming out loud  
here we are and we don't go any where

They sending to congress a message  
we need a change  
we'll not just stand an watching  
knowing you are doing nothing  
we'll come out and chanting  
until our dreams become true.

By grace there is program  
that unite and protect them  
to continuous in the struggle  
today and future struggle  
that programs is called  
Freedom University!

.....

Beto Cacao, vocals and guitar

Letra y Musica:  
tracks 1-14: Beto Cacao  
tracks 15-16: Jose Fredy Mosso

I'd like to give credits for those who helped  
on the English translations of the songs:  
Adam Lassila, Ximena Gonzales, and  
Benjamin Milano. —Beto Cacao

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