

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky (1) always say
I work in these fields of plenty
Sweat for the company far away
Fruit once (2) now has bitter taste
My father was a (3) man
Very proud and outspoken
They came and took him (4) I was young
I will fight 'till his work is done
And my children are hungry
To (5) the sweet life
Though my eyes have grown tired
Their desire keeps me alive
will gather no more of your bitter fruit
have a sister she (6) to dream
Now she (7) right beside me
We work the land we can (8) own

Someday we'll reap what we have sown
I don't look east I don't look west
I don't understand their accent
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt
But (9)\_\_\_\_\_\_ haven't won this one yet
Soon from the fields will come fire
To cleanse the lies from all sides
The flames of freedom grow higher
Until desire - is satisfied
I will (10)\_\_\_\_\_ no more of your bitter fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they come from America
But they fight against us North America?



- 1. they
- 2. sweet
- 3. union
- 4. when
- 5. taste
- 6. loves
- 7. works
- 8. never
- 9. they
- 10. gather

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