

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say		
I work in (1) fields of plenty		
Sweat for the company far away		
Fruit once (2) now has bitter taste		
My father was a union man		
Very (3) and outspoken		
They came and took him when I was young		
I will fight 'till his work is done		
And my children are hungry		
To taste the sweet life		
Though my eyes have (4) tired		
Their desire keeps me alive		
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit		
I have a sister she loves to dream		
Now she works (5) beside me		
We work the land we can never own		

Someday we'll reap (6)	we have sown	
I don't look (7) I don't look west		
I don't understand their accent		
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt		
But they haven't won this o	ne yet	
Soon from the fields will co	me fire	
To cleanse the lies from all sides		
The flames of freedom grow higher		
Until (8) i	s satisfied	
I (9) gather no r	more of your bitter fruit	
And they want to help in Ar	merica	
And the guns they (10)	from America	
But they fight against us North America		
Why are the people so quiet in America?		



- 1. these
- 2. sweet
- 3. proud
- 4. grown
- 5. right
- 6. what
- 7. east
- 8. desire
- 9. will
- 10. come

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