

Fill in the gaps

| I was born lucky they always say |
|--|
| I work in these fields of plenty |
| Sweat for the (1) far away |
| Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste |
| My father was a union man |
| Very proud and outspoken |
| They (2) and (3) him when I was young |
| I will fight 'till his (4) is done |
| And my children are hungry |
| To (5) the sweet life |
| Though my eyes have grown 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 (6) right beside me |
| We work the land we can never 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 (7) | it's foreign debt | |
| But (8) haven't won th | is one yet | |
| Soon from the fields will come fire | | |
| To cleanse the lies from all sides | | |
| The flames of freedom grow higher | | |
| Until (9) is satis | fied | |
| I will gather no more of your bitter fruit | | |
| And they want to (10) | in America | |
| And the guns they come from America | | |
| But they fight against us North America | | |
| Why are the people so quiet in America? | | |



1. company

- 2. came
- 3. took
- 4. work
- 5. taste 6. works
- 7. soldiers
- 8. they
- 9. desire
- 10. help

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