



## Fill in the gaps

### Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky they always say  
I work in these fields of plenty  
Sweat for the company far away  
Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste  
My father was a union man  
Very proud and outspoken  
They came and took him (1)\_\_\_\_\_ I was young  
I will (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 'till his work is done  
And my children are hungry  
To taste 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 works right beside me  
We work the land we can (3)\_\_\_\_\_ own

Someday we'll reap what we (4)\_\_\_\_\_ sown  
I don't look east I don't look west  
I don't (5)\_\_\_\_\_ their accent  
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt  
But (6)\_\_\_\_\_ haven't won this one yet  
Soon from the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ will come fire  
To (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the lies from all sides  
The flames of freedom grow higher  
Until desire - is satisfied  
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit  
And they want to help in America  
And the guns (9)\_\_\_\_\_ come from America  
But (10)\_\_\_\_\_ fight against us North America  
Why are the people so quiet in America?



Answer

1. when
2. fight
3. never
4. have
5. understand
6. they
7. fields
8. cleanse
9. they
10. they

**Fill in the gaps**