

## 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 (2) was a union man		
Very proud and outspoken		
They came and took him (3) I was young		
I will fight 'till his work is done		
And my children are hungry		
To taste the sweet life		
Though my eyes (4) grown tired		
Their desire keeps me alive		
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit		
I (5) a sister she loves to dream		
Now she works right (6) 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) hav	ven't won this one yet	
Soon from the fields w	vill come fire	
To cleanse the lies from all sides		
The flames of (9)	grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfi	ed	
l 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		
Why are the people so quiet in America?		



- 1. company
- 2. father
- 3. when
- 4. have
- 5. have
- 6. beside
- 7. soldiers
- 8. they
- 9. freedom
- 10. gather

## Fill in the gaps