

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say		
I work in these (1)	of plenty	
Sweat for the (2)	_ far away	
Fruit once sweet now has bitter ta	ste	
My father was a union man		
Very proud and outspoken		
They came and took him when I v	vas young	
I will fight 'till his work is done		
And my children are hungry		
To taste the sweet life		
Though my eyes have grown tired	i	
Their desire keeps me alive		
I will gather no more of your (3)_		fruit
I have a sister she loves to dream	ı	
Now she works right beside me		
We (4) the (5)	we can ne	ver ow

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



- 1. fields
- 2. company
- 3. bitter
- 4. work
- 5. land
- 6. they
- 7. from
- 8. come
- 9. from

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