

## I was born lucky (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 when I was young I will fight 'till his (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_ \_\_ bitter fruit I have a sister she loves to dream Now she works right beside me

We work the land we can never own

## Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap what we have sown	
I don't look east I don't look west	
I don't (4)	their accent
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt	
But they haven't won (5)	one yet
Soon from the fields will come fire	
To cleanse the lies from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until (6) is satisfie	d
I will gather no more of your (7)	frui
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. they
- 2. work
- 3. your
- 4. understand
- 5. this
- 6. desire
- 7. bitter

## Fill in the gaps