

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say		
I work in (1) (2) of plenty		
Sweat for the company far away		
Fruit once (3) 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 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 have a sister she loves to dream		
Now she works right beside me		
We work the land we can never own		

Someday we'll reap what we (5)	sown	
I don't look (6) I don't look west		
I don't understand (7) accent		
If it's not soldiers it's (8)	debt	
But they haven't won this one yet		
Soon from the fields will (9) fire		
To cleanse 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 (10) they come from Ar	nerica	
But they fight against us North America		
Why are the people so quiet in America?		



- 1. these
- 2. fields
- 3. sweet
- 4. have
- 5. have
- 6. east
- 7. their
- 8. foreign
- 9. come
- 10. guns

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