

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky (1) always say
I work in (2) 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 (3) 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 have grown tired
Their desire keeps me alive
I will (4) no more of (5) bitter fruit
I have a (6) she loves to dream
Now she works right beside me
We work the land we can never own



- 1. they
- 2. these
- 3. came
- 4. gather
- 5. your
- 6. sister
- 7. come
- 8. freedom
- 9. grow
- 10. fight

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