

I was born lucky they (1) say	
I (2) in these fields of plenty	
Sweat for the (3) 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 work is done	
And my children are hungry	
To taste the (4) life	
Though my eyes have grown tired	
Their desire keeps me alive	
I will gather no more of your (5)	fruit
I have a sister she (6) to dream	
Now she works right beside me	
We work the (7) 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 understand (8) acc	ent	
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt		
But they haven't won this one yet		
Soon from the fields will come 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 guns they come from America		
But they fight against us North America	l	
Why are the people so (9)	in America?	



1. always

- 2. work
- 3. company
- 4. sweet
- 5. bitter
- 6. loves
- 7. land
- 8. their
- 9. quiet

Fill in the gaps