

I was born lucky (1)	always say	
I work in (2)	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 (4) fight 'till h	nis work is done	
And my children are hungry		
To taste the sweet life		
Though my eyes have grown tired		
Their desire (5)	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		

## Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap what we have sown			
I don't look (6)	I don't look west		
I don't understand their accent			
If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt			
But they haven't won this one yet			
Soon from the (7)	will (8) f	ire	
To cleanse the lies from a	all sides		
The flames of freedom grow higher			
Until desire - is satisfied			
I will (9) r	no more of your bitter fruit		
And they want to help in America			
And the guns they come from America			
But (10) fight a	against us North America		
Why are the people so quiet in America?			



- 1. they
- 2. these
- 3. company
- 4. will
- 5. keeps
- 6. east
- 7. fields
- 8. come
- 9. gather
- 10. they

## Fill in the gaps