

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say	
I work in these fields of plenty	
Sweat for the (1)	far away
Fruit once sweet now has bitter tas	ste
My father was a union man	
Very proud and outspoken	
They came and took him when I wa	as young
I will fight 'till his work is done	
And my children are hungry	
To taste the sweet life	
Though my (2) have great	own tired
Their desire keeps me alive	
I will gather no (3) of yo	our (4) 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 have sown	
I don't look east I don't look west	
I don't understand their accent	
If it's not (5) it's foreign debt	
But they haven't won this one yet	
Soon (6) the fields will come fire	
To cleanse the lies from all sides	
The flames of (7) grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit	
And (8) want to help in America	
And the (9) (10) come from America	
But they fight against us North America	
Why are the people so quiet in America?	



- 1. company
- 2. eyes
- 3. more
- 4. bitter
- 5. soldiers
- 6. from
- 7. freedom
- 8. they
- 9. guns
- 10. they

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