

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say
I (1) in these 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 came and took him when I was young
I will fight 'till his work is done
And my (2) are hungry
To taste the sweet life
Though my eyes have grown tired
Their desire (3) me alive
I will gather no more of (4) bitter fruit
I have a sister she loves to dream
Now she (5) right beside me
We work the land we can never own

Someday we'll reap what we have sown
I don't (6) east 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 (7) 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 (8) of (9)
(10) fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they come from America
But they fight against us North America
Why are the people so quiet in America?



- 1. work
- 2. children
- 3. keeps
- 4. your
- 5. works
- 6. look
- 7. this
- 8. more
- 9. your
- 10. bitter

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