

## Fill in the gaps

I was (1)	lucky they always say
I work in these fields of plenty	
Sweat for the company far away	
Fruit once (2) 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 (4) tired	
Their desire (5)	me alive
I will (6)	no more of (7)
(8) fr	uit
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 soldiers it's foreign debt
But they haven't won this one yet
Soon from the fields will come fire
To cleanse the (9)\_\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (10)\_\_\_\_\_ against us North America
Why are the people so quiet in America?



- 1. born
- 2. sweet
- 3. came
- 4. grown
- 5. keeps
- 6. gather
- 7. your
- 8. bitter
- 9. lies
- 10. fight

## Fill in the gaps