

I was born lucky they always say I work in these fields of plenty Sweat for the company far away Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste My (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ the sweet life Though my eyes (3)\_\_\_\_\_ grown tired Their desire keeps me alive I will gather no more of your bitter fruit I have a sister she loves to dream Now she works (4)\_\_\_\_\_ beside me We (5)\_\_\_\_\_ the land we can never own

## Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap what we have sowr	1
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 lies from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no more of your (6)	fruit
And they (7) to help in Amer	ica
And the guns they come from America	
But they fight against us (8)	_ America
Why are the people so (9)	in America?



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. father
- 2. taste
- 3. have
- 4. right
- 5. work
- 6. bitter
- 7. want
- 8. North
- 9. quiet