

I was born lucky they always say
I work in these fields of plenty
Sweat for the company far away
Fruit (1) sweet now has bitter tast
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
4 1 (6)
And my (2) are hungry
To taste the sweet life
To taste the sweet life
To taste the sweet life Though my eyes have grown tired
To taste the sweet life Though my eyes have grown tired Their desire (3) me alive
To taste the sweet life Though my eyes have grown tired Their desire (3) me alive I will gather no more of your bitter fruit

Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll (4) 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 from the fields will come fire
To (6) the lies from all sides
The flames of freedom grow higher
Until desire - is satisfied
I (7) gather no more of your (8)
fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they (9) from America
But (10) fight against us North America
Why are the people so quiet in America?



- 1. once
- 2. children
- 3. keeps
- 4. reap
- 5. soldiers
- 6. cleanse
- 7. will
- 8. bitter
- 9. come
- 10. they

Fill in the gaps