

## I was born lucky they always say I work in these (1)\_\_\_\_\_\_ of plenty Sweat for the company far away Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste My (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ are hungry To (4)\_\_\_\_ the sweet life Though my eyes have (5)\_\_\_\_ 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ beside me

We work the land we can never own

## Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. fields
- 2. father
- 3. children
- 4. taste
- 5. grown
- 6. right
- 7. reap
- 8. cleanse
- 9. your
- 10. guns

## Fill in the gaps