

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 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 children are hungry
To taste the sweet life
Though my eyes (2) (3) 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 right beside me
We work the land we can never own

Someday we'll (4) what we have sown
don't look east I don't look west
don't understand their accent
f it's not soldiers it's foreign debt
But they haven't won this one yet
Soon from the fields (5) come fire
To cleanse the lies (6) all sides
The flames of (7) grow higher
Until desire - is satisfied
will gather no more of your (8) fruit
And they want to help in America
And the (9) they come from America
But they fight against us North America
Why are the people so guiet in America?



1. born

- 2. have
- 3. grown
- 4. reap
- 5. will
- 6. from
- 7. freedom
- 8. bitter
- 9. guns

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