

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say	
I work in these fields of plenty	
Sweat for the (1) far away	
Fruit once (2) now has bitter taste	
My father was a (3) 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 (4) grown tired	
Their desire keeps me alive	
I will gather no more of (5) (6) 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 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 (7) (8) all sides
The flames of freedom grow higher
Until (9) is satisfied
I (10) gather no more of your bitter fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they come from America
But they fight against us North America
Why are the people so quiet in America?



- 1. company
- 2. sweet
- 3. union
- 4. have
- 5. your 6. bitter
- 7. lies
- 8. from 9. desire
- 10. will

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