

## 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 sweet now has bitter taste	)
My father was a union man	
Very proud and outspoken	
They came and took him (2)	I was young
I will fight 'till his work is done	
And my children are hungry	
To taste the sweet life	
Though my eyes have 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 (3) bes	side me
We (4) 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 lies from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no more of (5) (6) frui	
And they want to help in America	
And the guns (7) come from America	
But (8) fight against us North America	
Why are the (9) so quiet in America?	



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. company
- 2. when
- 3. right
- 4. work
- 5. your
- 6. bitter
- 7. they
- 8. they
- 9. people