

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say
I (1) in these (2) of plents
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 have (3) tired
Their desire keeps me alive
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit
I have a sister she (4) to dream
Now she works right beside me
We work the land we can never own

Someday we'll reap what we (5) 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 (6) haven't won this one yet	
Soon from the fields will (7) fire	
To cleanse the lies from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I (8) gather no more of your bitter fruit	
And they want to (9) in America	
And the guns they come from America	
But they fight against us North America	
Why are the people so (10) in America	a



- 1. work
- 2. fields
- 3. grown
- 4. loves
- 5. have
- 6. they
- 7. come
- 8. will
- 9. help
- 10. quiet

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