

Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

| I was born lucky (1) | always say |
|---|---------------------------|
| I work in these fields of plen | ty |
| Sweat for the company far away | |
| Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste | |
| My (2) was | a union man |
| Very (3) 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 (4) the swe | eet life |
| Though my eyes have grown tired | |
| Their desire keeps me alive | |
| I will (5) no | more of your bitter fruit |
| I have a sister she loves to dream | |
| Now she (6) ri | ght beside me |
| We work the land we can (| 7) own |

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. they
- 2. father
- 3. proud
- 4. taste
- 5. gather
- 6. works
- 7. never
- 8. lies
- 9. fight

Fill in the gaps