



## Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky they always say

I (1)\_\_\_\_\_ in these fields of plenty

Sweat for the company far away

Fruit once sweet now has (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 right beside me

We (4)\_\_\_\_\_ the (5)\_\_\_\_\_ we can (6)\_\_\_\_\_

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 lies from all sides

The flames of freedom (7)\_\_\_\_\_ higher

Until desire - is satisfied

I will gather no more of your bitter fruit

And they want to (8)\_\_\_\_\_ in America

And the guns they come from America

But (9)\_\_\_\_\_ fight against us North America

Why are the people so (10)\_\_\_\_\_ in America?



Answer

**Fill in the gaps**

1. work
2. bitter
3. taste
4. work
5. land
6. never
7. grow
8. help
9. they
10. quiet