

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 (2) taste
My (3) was a union man
Very proud and outspoken
They came and (4) him when I was young
I will fight 'till his work is done
And my children are hungry
To (5) 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 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 (6) one yet
Soon from the fields will come fire
To cleanse the lies (7) all sides
The flames of (8) grow higher
Until (9) is satisfied
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they (10) from America
But they fight against us North America
Why are the people so guiet in America?



1. company

- 2. bitter
- 3. father
- 4. took
- 5. taste
- 6. this
- 7. from
- 8. freedom
- 9. desire
- 10. come

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