



## Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky they always say  
I work in these fields of plenty  
Sweat for the company far away  
Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste  
My father was a (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ own

### Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap what we have sown  
I don't (4)\_\_\_\_\_ (5)\_\_\_\_\_ I don't look west  
I don't understand their accent  
If it's not (6)\_\_\_\_\_ it's foreign debt  
But they haven't won this one yet  
Soon from the fields will come fire  
To cleanse the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ from all sides  
The (8)\_\_\_\_\_ of freedom grow higher  
Until desire - is satisfied  
I will gather no more of your (9)\_\_\_\_\_ fruit  
And they want to help in America  
And the guns they come from America  
But they fight against us North America  
Why are the people so quiet in America?



Answer

**Fill in the gaps**

1. union
2. taste
3. never
4. look
5. east
6. soldiers
7. lies
8. flames
9. bitter