



## 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ now has bitter taste  
My father was a union man  
Very proud and outspoken  
They came and took him when I was young  
I (2)\_\_\_\_\_ fight 'till his work is done  
And my children are hungry  
To (3)\_\_\_\_\_ the sweet life  
Though my eyes have grown tired  
Their desire (4)\_\_\_\_\_ me alive  
I will gather no more of (5)\_\_\_\_\_ bitter fruit  
I have a sister she loves to dream  
Now she works (6)\_\_\_\_\_ (7)\_\_\_\_\_ me  
We work the land we can never 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 fight against us North America  
Why are the (9)\_\_\_\_\_ so quiet in America?



Answer

1. sweet
2. will
3. taste
4. keeps
5. your
6. right
7. beside
8. from
9. people

**Fill in the gaps**