



## Fill in the gaps

### 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 union man  
Very proud and outspoken  
They came and took him (1)\_\_\_\_\_ I was young  
I will fight 'till his work is done  
And my (2)\_\_\_\_\_ are hungry  
To taste the sweet life  
Though my eyes have (3)\_\_\_\_\_ tired  
Their desire (4)\_\_\_\_\_ me alive  
I will (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ debt  
But they haven't won this one yet  
Soon (7)\_\_\_\_\_ the fields will come fire  
To cleanse the lies from all sides  
The flames of (8)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ America  
Why are the people so quiet in America?



Answer

1. when
2. children
3. grown
4. keeps
5. gather
6. foreign
7. from
8. freedom
9. North

**Fill in the gaps**