

I was (1) 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 (2) 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 taste the sweet life
Though my eyes have grown tired
Their desire (3) 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

## 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 (4) o	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 grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no (5) of your bitter f	ruit
And they want to help in America	
And the (6) they come from Ame	erica
But they (7) against us North	Americ
Why are the people so guiet in America?	



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. born
- 2. union
- 3. keeps
- 4. foreign
- 5. more
- 6. guns
- 7. fight