

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 will (2) 'till his work is done	
And my children are hungry	
To taste the sweet life	
Though my eyes have grown tired	
Their desire keeps me alive	
I will gather no (3) of your bitter fruit	
I have a sister she loves to dream	
Now she works right beside me	
We work the land we can (4) 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 (5) one ye	et
Soon from the fields (6) come fi	ire
To cleanse the lies from all sides	
The (7) of freedom grow h	igher
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit	
And they want to (8) in America	ı
And the guns (9) come from An	nerica
But they fight against us (10)	Americ
Why are the people so quiet in America?	



- 1. sweet
- 2. fight
- 3. more
- 4. never
- 5. this
- 6. will
- 7. flames
- 8. help
- 9. they
- 10. North

Fill in the gaps