

Fill in the gaps

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 (1) taste		
My father was a union man		
Very proud and outspoken		
They came and took him (2) 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 keeps me alive		
I (3) gather no more of your bitter fruit		
I have a (4) she loves to dream		
Now she works right beside me		
We work the (5) 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 (6)	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 (7)	from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher		
Until (8)	is satisfied	
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit		
And they want to help in America		
And the guns (9)	_ come from America	
But they fight against us North America		
Why are the people so quiet in America?		



- 1. bitter
- 2. when
- 3. will
- 4. sister
- 5. land
- 6. their
- 7. lies
- 8. desire
- 9. they

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