



## Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky they (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ grown tired  
Their desire keeps me alive  
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit  
I have a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ she loves to dream  
Now she (4)\_\_\_\_\_ right beside me  
We work the land we can never own

### Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap (5)\_\_\_\_\_ we have sown  
I don't look (6)\_\_\_\_\_ I don't (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 from 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ from America  
But they (9)\_\_\_\_\_ against us North America  
Why are the (10)\_\_\_\_\_ so quiet in America?



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. always
2. have
3. sister
4. works
5. what
6. east
7. look
8. come
9. fight
10. people