

I was born (1) they always sa	y	
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 keeps me alive		
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit		
I (3) a sister she loves to dream		
Now she works right (4) me	9	

We work the (5)_____ we can never own

Fill in the gaps

Someday we'll reap what we have sown		
I don't look (6)	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 this one yet		
Soon from the fields will come fire		
To cleanse the lies from all sides		
The flames of freedom (7	') higher	
Until desire - is satisfied		
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit		
And (8) want t	o help in America	
And the guns they come from America		
But they (9)	against us North America	
Why are the people so quiet in America?		



- 1. lucky
- 2. union
- 3. have
- 4. beside
- 5. land
- 6. east
- 7. grow
- 8. they
- 9. fight

Fill in the gaps