

Fill in the gaps

i was born lucky they always say	
I work in (1)	fields of plenty
Sweat for the (2)	far away
Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste	
My father was a union ma	ın
Very proud and outspoke	n
They came and (3)	him when I was young
I will fight 'till his work is d	one
And my children are hung	ry
To taste the sweet life	
Though my eyes have gro	own tired
Their desire keeps me ali	ve
I will gather no more of (4	4) bitter fruit
I have a sister she (5)	to dream
Now she works right beside	de me
We work the land we can	never own

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 (7) from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will (8) no more of your bitter fruit	
And they want to help in America	
And the (9) they come from America	
But they fight against us North America	
Why are the people so quiet in America?	



- 1. these
- 2. company
- 3. took
- 4. your
- 5. loves
- 6. east
- 7. lies
- 8. gather
- 9. guns

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