



## Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky they always say  
I work in these fields of plenty  
Sweat for the (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 'till his work is done  
And my children are hungry  
To taste the (3)\_\_\_\_\_ life  
Though my (4)\_\_\_\_\_ have grown tired  
Their desire keeps me alive  
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit  
I have a sister she loves to dream  
Now she works right (5)\_\_\_\_\_ me  
We work the land we can never 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 this one yet  
Soon from the fields will come fire  
To cleanse the lies from all sides  
The (6)\_\_\_\_\_ of freedom grow higher  
Until desire - is satisfied  
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit  
And (7)\_\_\_\_\_ want to help in America  
And the guns they come from America  
But (8)\_\_\_\_\_ fight (9)\_\_\_\_\_ us  
(10)\_\_\_\_\_ America  
Why are the people so quiet in America?



## Fill in the gaps

### Answer

1. company
2. fight
3. sweet
4. eyes
5. beside
6. flames
7. they
8. they
9. against
10. North