

Fill in the gaps

I was born (1)	they (2)	say
I work in these fields of p	lenty	
Sweat for the company fa	ar away	
Fruit once (3)	_ now has bitter taste	
My father was a union ma	an	
Very proud and outspoke	en	
They came and took him	when I was young	
I will fight 'till his work is o	done	
And my children are hung	gry	
To taste the sweet life		
Though my eyes have gr	own tired	
Their desire keeps me ali	ive	
I will gather no more of yo	our bitter fruit	
I have a sister she loves	to dream	
Now she works right besi	ide me	
We (4) the lar	nd 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 their accent			
If it's not (5)	it's foreign deb		
But (6) haven't won th	nis one yet		
Soon from the fields will (7)	fire		
To cleanse the lies from all sides			
The flames of freedom grow higher			
Until desire - is satisfied			
I will gather no more of (8)	bitter fruit		
And they want to help in America			
And the guns they (9)	from America		
But they fight against us North America			
Why are the people so quiet in America?			



- 1. lucky
- 2. always
- 3. sweet
- 4. work
- 5. soldiers
- 6. they
- 7. come
- 8. your
- 9. come

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