

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say	Someday we'll reap what we have sown
I work in (1) fields of plenty	I don't look (15) I don't (16) west
Sweat for the (2) far away	I don't understand (17) accent
Fruit once sweet now has bitter taste	If it's not soldiers it's foreign debt
My father was a union man	But they haven't won (18) one yet
Very proud and outspoken	Soon from the fields will come fire
They came and (3) him (4) I was young	To cleanse the lies from all sides
I (5) fight 'till his work is done	The flames of (19) grow higher
And my children are hungry	Until (20) is satisfied
To (6) the (7) life	I will (21) no more of your bitter fruit
Though my eyes have grown tired	And they want to help in America
Their (8) (9) me alive	And the guns (22) come (23) America
I will gather no more of your (10) fruit	But (24) fight (25) us North
I (11) a sister she (12) to dream	America
Now she (13) right beside me	Why are the people so quiet in America?
We work the (14) we can never own	

1. these

- 2. company
- 3. took
- 4. when
- 5. will
- 6. taste
- 7. sweet
- 8. desire
- 9. keeps
- 10. bitter
- 11. have
- 12. loves
- 13. works
- 14. land
- 15. east
- 16. look
- 17. their
- 18. this
- 19. freedom
- 20. desire
- 21. gather
- 22. they
- 23. from
- 24. they
- 25. against

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