

## I was born lucky they always say I work in these fields of plenty Sweat for the company far away Fruit (1)\_\_\_\_\_ sweet now has bitter taste My father was a union man Very proud and outspoken They came and (2)\_\_\_\_\_ him when I was young I will (3)\_\_\_\_\_ '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 have a sister she loves to dream Now she works right beside 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 (4)\_\_\_\_\_\_ all sides The flames of freedom grow higher Until desire - is satisfied I will gather no more of your (5)\_\_\_\_\_\_ fruit And they want to help in America And the guns they (6)\_\_\_\_\_\_ from America But they fight against us North America Why are the people so (7)\_\_\_\_\_\_ in America?



- 1. once
- 2. took
- 3. fight
- 4. from
- 5. bitter
- 6. come
- 7. quiet

## Fill in the gaps