

## Bitter Fruit by Little Steven

I was born lucky (1)\_\_\_\_\_ always say I work in these fields of plenty Sweat for the company 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 fight 'till his work is done And my children are hungry To taste the sweet life Though my eyes have grown tired Their (2)\_\_\_\_\_ keeps me alive I (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (4)	it's foreign debt
But they haven't won this one yet	
Soon from the fields will come fire	
To (5) the lies from all sides	
The flames of freedom grow higher	
Until desire - is satisfied	
I will gather no more of (6)	bitter fruit
And they want to help in America	
And the guns they come (7)	America
But they fight against us North America	
Why are the people so (8)	in America?



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. they
- 2. desire
- 3. will
- 4. soldiers
- 5. cleanse
- 6. your
- 7. from
- 8. quiet