

## Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say
I work in these fields of plenty
Sweat for the company far away
Fruit once (1) now has (2) taste
My father was a union man
Very proud and outspoken
They came and (3) 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 desire keeps me alive
I will gather no (4) of your bitter fruit
I have a sister she loves to dream
Now she works right beside me
We work the (5) 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 soldiers it's foreign debt
But they haven't won this one yet
Soon (6)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the fields will come fire
To cleanse the lies from all sides
The flames of (7)\_\_\_\_\_\_ grow higher
Until (8)\_\_\_\_\_\_ - is satisfied
I will gather no more of your bitter fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they come from America
But they fight against us North America?



- 1. sweet
- 2. bitter
- 3. took
- 4. more
- 5. land
- 6. from
- 7. freedom
- 8. desire

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