

Fill in the gaps

I was born lucky they always say	
I work in these (1) of plenty	
Sweat for the company far away	
Fruit once sweet now has (2)	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 desire keeps me alive	
I will gather no more of your (3)	fruit
I have a sister she loves to dream	
Now she (4) right beside me	
We work the land we can never own	

Someday we'll reap (5) 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 (6) from all sides
The flames of (7) grow higher
Until desire - is satisfied
I (8) gather no (9) of (10)
bitter fruit
And they want to help in America
And the guns they come from America
But they fight against us North America
Why are the people so quiet in America?



- 1. fields
- 2. bitter
- 3. bitter
- 4. works
- 5. what
- 6. lies
- 01 ...00
- 7. freedom
- 8. will
- 9. more
- 10. your

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