

Fill in the gaps

i was (1) lucky they 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 desire keeps me alive
I (2) gather no (3) of your bitter fruit
I have a sister she loves to dream
Now she works right beside me
We (4) the land we can never own

Someday we'll (5) what we have	sown	
I don't look (6) I don't look west		
I don't understand (7) accent		
If it's not soldiers it's (8) o	debt	
But they haven't won this one yet		
Soon from the fields will come fire		
To cleanse the lies from all sides		
The (9) of freedom grow high	gher	
Until desire - is satisfied		
I will gather no more of your (10)	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. born
- 2. will
- 3. more
- 4. work
- 5. reap
- 6. east
- 7. their
- 8. foreign
- 9. flames
- 10. bitter

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