

Little Steven, Bitter Fruit

I was born 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 he 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 bitter fruit

I have a sister she loves to dream
Now she works right beside me
We work the land 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 from the fields will come fire
To cleanse the lies from all sides
The flames of freedom grow higher
Until desire - 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
Why are the people so quiet in America?