

# 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?