

Fill in the gaps

White man came (1) the sea		Hunting and killing (7) game
He brought us (2) and misery		Raping the women and wasting the men
He (3) our (4)	killed our creed	The only good Indians are tame
He took our (5) for his own need		Selling them whiskey and taking their gold
We fought him hard we fought him well		Enslaving the young and destroying the ol
Out on the plains we gave him hell		Run to the hills
But many came too much for Cree		Run for your lives
(Oh) will we ever be set free?		Run to the hills
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes		Run for your lives
Galloping hard on the plains		Run to the hills
Chasing the redskins back to their holes		Run for your lives
Fighting (6) at their own game		Run to the hills
Murder for freedom the stab in the back		Run for (8) lives
Women and children are cowards attack		Run to the hills
Run to the hills		Run for your lives
Run for your lives		Run to the hills
Run to the hills		Run for your lives
Run for your lives		
Soldier blue in the barren wastes		



Fill in the gaps

- 1. across
- 2. pain
- 3. killed
- 4. tribes
- 5. game
- 6. them
- 7. their
- 8. your