

## Fill in the gaps

vvnite man came (1) the sea		Hunting and (7) their game	
He brought us (2)_	and misery	Raping the women and (8)	the me
He killed our tribes killed our creed		The only (9) Indians are tame	
He took our game for his own need		Selling them whiskey and taking their gold	
We (3)	him hard we fought him well	Enslaving the young and destroying the old	
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 (4)_	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 (5)	at their own game	Run to the hills	
Murder for freedom the stab in the back		Run for (10) 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 (6)	_ in the barren wastes		



- 1. across
- 2. pain
- 3. fought
- 4. dust
- 5. them
- 6. blue
- 7. killing
- 8. wasting
- 9. good
- 10. your

## Fill in the gaps