

Fill in the gaps

white man came across the sea
He brought us pain and misery
He killed our tribes killed our creed
He took our game for his own need
We (1) him hard we fought him well
Out on the (2) we gave him hell
But many came too much for Cree
(Oh) will we ever be set free?
Riding through dust clouds and (3) wastes
Galloping (4) on the plains
Chasing the redskins back to their holes
Fighting them at their own game
Murder for freedom the stab in the back
Women and children are cowards attack
Run to the hills
Run for (5) lives
Run to the hills
Run for your lives
Soldier blue in the barren wastes

Hunting and killing their game	
Raping the women and wasting the men	
The only good (6) are tame	
Selling them whiskey and taking their gold	
Enslaving the young and (7) the	old
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	



- 1. fought
- 2. plains
- 3. barren
- 4. hard
- 5. your
- 6. Indians
- 7. destroying

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