

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 fought him (1) 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 barren wastes		
Galloping hard on the plains		
Chasing the (3) back to their holes		
Fighting them at their own game		
Murder for freedom the stab in the back		
Women and children are (4) 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 (6)	_ Indians are tame	
Selling them whiskey and taking their gold		
Enslaving the young and destroying the old		
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
Run to the hills		
Run for (7)	lives	
Run to the hills		
Run for (8)	lives	
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
Run to the hills		
Run for (9)	lives	



- 1. hard
- 2. plains
- 3. redskins
- 4. cowards
- 5. your
- 6. good
- 7. your
- 8. your
- 9. your

Fill in the gaps