

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 (3) 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 redskins back to (4) holes
Fighting them at (5) own game
Murder for freedom the stab in the back
Women and children are cowards attack
Run to the hills
Run for your 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 Indians are tame
Selling them whiskey and taking their gold
Enslaving the (6) and destroying 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 (7) lives
Run to the hills
Run for your lives



- 1. hard 2. plains
- 3. came
- 4. their
- 5. their
- 6. young
- 7. your

Fill in the gaps