

Fill in the gaps

Hunting and killing their game

White man came across the sea				
He brought us pain and misery				
He (1) our tribes killed our creed				
He took our game for his own need				
We (2) him hard we fought him well				
Out on the plains we gave him hell				
But many came too much for Cree				
(Oh) will we ever be set free?				
Riding through (3) clouds and barren wastes				
Galloping hard on the plains				
Chasing the redskins (4) to their holes				
Fighting them at their own game				
Murder for (5) the stab in the back				
Women and children are (6) attack				
Run to the hills				
Run for your lives				
Run to the hills				
Run for (7) lives				
Soldier blue in the barren wastes				

Raping the women and wasting the men				
The	(8)	(9)	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				
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- 1. killed
- 2. fought
- 3. dust
- 4. back
- 5. freedom
- 6. cowards
- 7. your
- 8. only
- 9. good

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