

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 hard we fought him well	
Out on the plains we gave him hell	
But many came too much for Cree	
(Oh) (1) we ever be set free?	
Riding through dust clouds and (2)	wastes
Galloping hard on the plains	
Chasing the redskins (3) to their holes	
Fighting them at their own game	
Murder for freedom the (4) 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 (6) game	
Raping the women and wasting the men	
The only good (7) are tame	
Selling them whiskey and taking (8)	gold
Enslaving the young and destroying the old	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
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Run for your lives	



1. will

- 2. barren
- 3. back
- 4. stab
- 5. your
- 6. their
- 7. Indians
- 8. their

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