

Fill in the gaps

White man (1) across the sea		
He brought us (2) and misery		
He killed our tribes (3) our creed		
He took our (4) for his own need		
We fought him hard we fought him well		
Out on the plains we (5) him hell		
But many came too much for Cree		
(Oh) will we ever be set free?		
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes		
Galloping (6) 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 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 (7)	whiskey and taking their gold	
Enslaving the young a	and destroying the old	
Run to the hills		
Run for (8)	lives	
Run to the hills		
Run for (9)	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		



Fill in the gaps

- 1. came
- 2. pain
- 3. killed
- 4. game
- 5. gave
- 6. hard
- 7. them
- 8. your
- . ,
- 9. your