

Fill in the gaps

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 (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 (4) back to (5)
holes
Fighting (6) 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
Pun for your lives

Soldier blue in the barren wastes

Hunting and killing (7) game
Raping the women and wasting the men
The only good Indians are tame
Selling (8) whiskey and taking their gold
Enslaving the young and destroying the old
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
Run to the hills
Run for your lives



- 1. killed
- 2. fought
- 3. came
- 4. redskins
- 5. their
- 6. them
- 7. their
- 8. them
- 9. your

Fill in the gaps

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