

Fill in the gaps

_ are tame

White man came across the sea	Hunting and killing their game
He brought us pain and misery	Raping the women and wasting the men
He (1) our tribes killed our creed	The only good (6) are tar
He took our game for his own need	Selling them whiskey and taking their gold
We fought him hard we (2) him well	Enslaving the young and destroying the old
Out on the plains we gave him hell	Run to the hills
But many came too (3) for Cree	Run for (7) lives
(Oh) will we ever be set free?	Run to the hills
Riding through dust (4) and barren wastes	Run for your lives
Galloping hard on the plains	Run to the hills
Chasing the redskins back to their holes	Run for your lives
Fighting (5) at their own game	Run to the hills
Murder for freedom the stab in the back	Run for your lives
Women and children are cowards attack	Run to the hills
Run to the hills	Run for your lives
Run for your lives	Run to the hills
Run to the hills	Run for (8) lives
Run for your lives	
Soldier blue in the barren wastes	



- 1. killed
- 2. fought
- 3. much
- 4. clouds
- 5. them
- 6. Indians
- 7. your
- 8. your

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