

Fill in the gaps

White man (1)	across the sea
He (2)	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 (3)	we gave him hel
But many came 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 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 (4) live	es
Soldier blue in the barren wastes	

Hunting and killing their game	
Raping the women and wasting the men	
The only (5) Indians are tame	
Selling them whiskey and taking their gold	
Enslaving the (6) and destroying the old	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for your lives	
Run to the hills	
Run for (7) 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. came

- 2. brought
- 3. plains
- 4. your
- 5. good
- 6. young
- 7. your

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