

## Run to hills

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White man came across the sea  
He brought us pain and misery  
He killed our tribes, he 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 will we ever be set free?

Riding through dustclouds and barren wastes  
Galloping hard on the plains  
Chasing the redskins back to their holes  
Fighting them at their own game  
Murder for freedom a stab in the back  
Women and children and cowards attack

Run to the hills run for your lives  
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Soldier blue on the barren wastes  
Hunting and killing their game  
Raping the women and wasting the men  
The only good Indians are tame  
Selling them whisky and taking their gold  
Enslaving the young and destroying the old

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