

Run To the Hills

Vitamin String Quartet

Run to the hills

Alright let's spare me those hands in the air everybody c'mon, yeah 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 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

Woman and children and 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 Injuns are tame Selling them whiskey and taking their gold

Enslaving the young and destroying the old Run to the hills, run for your lives

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