

Run to the Hills (1998 Remastered Version)

Iron Maiden

The white man came across the sea,
He brought us pain and misery.
He killed our tribe, 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 to 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, stab in the back.
Women and children are 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's the 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!
Run to the hills, run for your lives! Run to the hills;
Run for your lives!
Run to the hills;
Run for your lives!

Songwriters

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