

# Run To The Hills

## String Tribute Players

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  
Gallop 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  
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  
Run to the hills, run for your lives

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