Run To the Hills (Live: 1998 Remastered Version)

[Iron Maiden](#)

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, a stab in the back
Women 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's a game
Raping the women and wasting the men
The only good Injuns are tame
Selling them whiskey and taking their goldEnslaving the young and destroying the oldRun to the hills
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