

Sign, Run To The Hills

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,
Gallop 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 in the barren wastes,
Hunting and killing for 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.

Run to the hills, run for your lives.

(repeat to end)