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Iron Maiden
"Run To The Hills"

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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, you sing it
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 woman and wasting the man
The only good Indians 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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