COLORS OF THE WIND

You think I'm an ..... savage
And you've been so many places
I guess it must be so
But ..... I cannot see
If the savage one is me
How can there be so much that you don't know
You don't know

You think you own whatever land you land on
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every ..... and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name

You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you ..... the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew, you never knew

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue ..... moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun sweet ..... of the Earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth

LIVEWORKSHEETS

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the ..... are my friends
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

How high does the sycamore ..... ?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know

And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are ..... or copper skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
We need to ..... with all the colors of the wind

You can own the Earth and still
All you'll own is Earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the .....

LIVEWORKSHEETS