

## 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

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 .....