

## Colors of the Wind

You think you own what-ev-er land you land on.  
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim;  
but I know ev-'ry rock and tree and creature  
has a life, has a spirit, has a name.

You think the on-ly peo-ple who are peo-ple  
are the peo-ple who look and think like you.  
But if you walk the foot-steps of a stran-ger  
you'll learn things you nev-er knew, you nev-er knew.

Have you ev-er heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,  
or asked the grin-ning bobcat why he grinned?  
Can you sing with all the voic-es of the moun-tain?  
Can you paint with all the col-ors of the wind?  
Can you paint with all the col-ors of the wind?

Come run the hid-den pine trails of the for-est.  
Come taste the sun-sweet ber-ries of the Earth.  
Come roll in all the rich-es all a-round you  
and for once, nev-er wonder what they're worth.

The rain-storm and the riv-er are my broth-ers;  
the her-on and the ot-ter are my friends;  
and we are all con-nect-ed to each ot-her  
in a cir-cle, in a hoop that nev-er ends.

Have you ev-er heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,  
or let the ea-gle tell you where he's been?  
Can you sing with all the voic-es of the moun-tain?  
Can you paint with all the col-ors of the wind?  
Can you paint with all the col-ors of the wind?

How high will the syc-a-more grow?  
If you cut it down, then you'll nev-er know, nev-er know.

And you'll nev-er hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.  
For wheth-er we are white or cop-per skinned,  
we need to sing with all the voic-es of the moun-tain.  
We need to paint with all the col-ors of the wind.  
You can own the Earth and still  
all you'll own is Earth un-til  
you can paint with all the colors of the wind