

Colours Of The Wind

You think I'm an ignorant savage,
and you've been so many places,
I guess it must be so, but still I cannot see,
How 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 rock, 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 walk the footsteps of a stranger,
You learn things you never knew, you never knew,

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn 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 colours of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind?

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest,
Come taste the sun-sweet berries 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 otter 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 grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know,
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,
whether we are white or copper-skinned,
Can you can sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind?

You can own the Earth and still,
All you'll own is earth until,
You can paint ,with all the colours of the wind...