

# Colors of the Wind

*from Pocahontas*

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  
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 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'll 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 mountains  
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 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 will 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  
For whether we are white or copper skinned  
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains  
We need to paint 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 wind