Fill in the gaps

Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

You think I'm an ignorant savage	Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
And you've been so many places	Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
I guess it must be so	Come taste the sunsweet (6) of the Earth
But (1) I cannot see	Come roll in all the riches all around you
If the (2) one is me	And for once, never wonder what they're worth
How can there be so much that you don't know?	The (7) and the river are my brothers
You don't know	The heron and the otter are my friends
You think you own whatever land you land on	And we are all connected to each other
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim	In a circle, in a (8) that never ends
But I know every rock and tree and creature	How high will the sycamore grow?
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name	If you cut it down, then you'll never know
You think the only people who are people	And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Are the people who (3) and think like you	For (9) we are white or copper skinned
But if you walk the (4) of a stranger	We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains
You'll learn things you never knew you (5) knew	We need to paint with all the colors of the wind
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon	You can own the Earth and still
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?	All you'll own is Earth until
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains?	You can paint with all the (10) of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?	



- 1. still
- 2. savage
- 3. look
- 4. footsteps
- 5. never
- 6. berries
- 7. rainstorm
- 8. hoop
- 9. whether
- 10. colors

Fill in the gaps