

Fill in the gaps

Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

| You think i'm an ignorant savage | Can you paint with all the (1) of the wind? |
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| 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 (8) berries of the Earth |
| But (1) I cannot see | Come roll in all the riches all around you |
| If the savage one is me | And for once, never wonder what they're worth |
| How can there be so much that you don't know? | The rainstorm 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 (2) is just a dead thing you can claim | In a circle, in a hoop that never ends |
| But I know (3) 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 (9) the wolf cry to the blue corn |
| Are the people who look and (4) like you | moon |
| But if you walk the (5) of a stranger | For whether we are white or copper skinned |
| You'll learn things you never knew you never knew | We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains |
| Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon | We need to paint (10) all the colors of the wind |
| Or (6) the grinning bobcat why he grinned? | You can own the Earth and still |
| Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains? | All you'll own is Earth until |
| Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? | You can paint with all the colors of the wind |



- 1. still
- 2. Earth
- 3. every
- 4. think
- 5. footsteps
- 6. asked
- 7. colors
- 8. sunsweet
- 9. hear
- 10. with

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