Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

You think I'm an ignorant savage	Can you (2) 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 (3) of the Earth
But still I cannot see	Come roll in all the riches all (4) 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 (5) 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 hoop 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 (6) hear the wolf cry to the blue corn
Are the people who look and think like you	moon
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger	For whether we are white or copper skinned
You'll learn things you never (1) you never knew	We (7) 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 with all the (8) of the wind
Or asked 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. knew
- 2. paint
- 3. berries
- 4. around
- 5. rainstorm
- 6. never
- 7. need
- 8. colors

Fill in the gaps