## Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

## Fill in the gaps

You think I'm an ignorant savage And you've been so (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ you own whatever land you land on The Earth is just a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ of the wind?

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Come run the (7) pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sunsweet 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 (8)
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 (9) of the wind



- 1. many
- 2. think
- 3. dead
- 4. look
- 5. blue
- 6. colors
- 7. hidden
- 8. corn
- 9. colors

## Fill in the gaps

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