Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

in

You think I'm an (1)	_ savage	Can you paint with all the (6)	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 berries of the Earth	
But still I cannot see		Come roll in all the (7) a	all around you
If the savage one is me		And for once, never wonder what they're worth	
How can there be so (2) 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 (3) you own whateve	r land you land on	And we are all (8)	_ to each other
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim		In a circle, in a hoop that (9)	_ ends
But I know (4) (5)	and tree and	How high will the sycamore grow?	
creature		If you cut it down, then you'll never know	
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name		And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon	
You think the only people who are people		For whether we are white or copper skinned	
Are the people who look and think like you		We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains	
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger		We need to paint with all the colors of the wind	
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew		You can own the Earth and still	
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon		All you'll own is Earth until	
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?		You can paint with all the (10)	of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains?			
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?			



- 1. ignorant
- 2. much
- 3. think
- 4. every
- 5. rock
- 6. colors
- 7. riches
- 8. connected
- 9. never
- 10. colors

Fill in the gaps