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Colors Of The Wind

Reference number PT0283

You think I'm an ignorant savage,
and you've been so many 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 think you own whatever land you land on;
the earth is just a dead 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 look 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 blue corn moon,
or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Come run the hidden 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 does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know.
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
for whether we are white or copper skinned,
we need to sing with all the voices of the mountain,
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 colors of the wind.