

Colors of the Wind

Suburban Legends

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 nameYou 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 mountains?
 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 worthThe 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 endsHow 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 corn 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 windYou can own the Earth and still
 All you'll own is Earth until
 You can paint with all the colors of the wind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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