

# Colors of the Wind

Judy Kuhn

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 what ever land you land on  
the earth is just a died thing you can clam  
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 strange  
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 sun sweet berries of the earth  
Come roll in all the riches all around you  
and for once never, wonder what their worth

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers  
the heroin 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

Or weather we are white or coopered 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 colors of the wind

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Lyrics submitted by Sumer.

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