

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

Lyrics submitted by Sumer.

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