

Colours of the Wind

Connie Talbot

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 mountains?
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind?

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forrest, Come taste the sun sweet 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 otters are my friends
And we are all connected to each other, in a circle in a hoop that never ends

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 colours of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind?

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 mountains
We need to paint with all the colours of the wind

You can own the Earth and still, all you own is Earth until
You can paint with all the colours of the wind

Lyrics submitted by CodyAnne.

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