

Vanessa Williams, Colours Of The Wind

"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
How the savage one is me
How can there be so much that 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 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 colours of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colours 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 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 loop 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
whether we are white or copper-skinned
till you can sing with all the voices of the mountain
and can paint with all the colours of the wind
You can own the Earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can sing with all the voiced of the mountain
and can paint with all the colours of the wind