

Whitney Houston, Colors Of The Wind

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 bob cat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
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 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 hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does that 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 sing with all the voices of the mountain
We need 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