Judy Kuhn (Pocahontas), Colors 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 If the savage one is me Now can there be so much that you don't know? 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'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 sunsweet 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 How high will 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 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