

Colors of the Wind (Bassen)

(You think you own what-e-ver land.. you land on.

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim;

But) Oo...-...-..

(Has a life, has a spi-rit, has a name.)

You think the on-ly peo-ple who are peo-ple

Are the peo-ple who look and think like you.....

But if you walk the foot-steps of a stran-ger..

You'll learn things you ne-ver knew.. you ne-ver knew...

(S) Have you e-ver heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon..., or

(1) asked the grin-ning bob-cat why he grinned...

(2) let the ea-gle tell you where he's been...

Can you sing with all the voi-ces of the moun...-tain_?

(Can you paint with all the co-lors of the wind?)

Can you paint with all the co-lors of the wind...? **(To Coda)**

(Come run the) Run hid-den pine-trails of the forest..

(Come taste the) Come taste the ber-ries of the earth....

Come roll in all the rich-es all a-round you..

And for once, nev-er won-der what they're worth...

The rain-storm and the ri-ver are my broth-ers..;

The he-ron and the ot-ter are my friends...;

And we are all con-nect-ed to each oth-er.., in a cir-cle, in a hoop, that nev-er- end...**(D.S.)**

(Coda) How high does the syc-a-more_ grow...?

If you cut it down..., then you'll nev_-er know.....

And you'll nev-er hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon....

For wheth-er we are white or cop-per skinned...,

We need to sing with all the voic-es of the moun...-tain...

(We need to paint with all the col-ors of the wind.)

You can own the earth and still.. all you'll own is earth un-til...

You can paint with all the col-ors. of the wind.....