Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

Fill in the gaps

You think I'm an ignorant savage	Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
And you've been so many places	Come run the hidden pine (5) of the forest
I guess it must be so	Come taste the sunsweet berries of the Earth
But still I cannot see	Come roll in all the riches all around you
If the savage one is me	And for once, never wonder what they're worth
How can there be so much that you don't know?	The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
You don't know	The heron and the otter are my friends
You think you own whatever land you land on	And we are all (6) to each other
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim	In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
But I know every rock and tree and creature	How (7) will the sycamore grow?
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name	If you cut it down, then you'll never know
You think the only people who are people	And you'll never (8) the wolf cry to the blue corr
Are the people who (1) and think like you	moon
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger	For whether we are white or copper skinned
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew	We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains
Have you ever (2) the wolf cry to the	We need to paint with all the colors of the wind
(3) corn moon	You can own the Earth and still
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?	All you'll own is Earth until
Can you (4) with all the voices of the mountains?	You can paint (9) all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?	



- 1. look
- 2. heard
- 3. blue
- 4. sing
- 5. trails
- 6. connected
- 7. high
- 8. hear
- 9. with

Fill in the gaps