

# Colors of the Wind

Brian Wilson

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 (who are people)  
Are the people who look and think like you  
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger  
You'll find things you never knew 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? (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 sun sweet berries of the Earth  
Come roll in all the riches all around you (all around you)  
And for once, never wonder what they're worth

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers (brothers)  
The heron and the otter are my friend  
And we are all connected to each other (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 mountains?  
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?  
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

How high does the sycamore grow?  
If you cut it down, 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 can sing with all the voices of the mountains (of the mountains)  
We can paint with all the color 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 (of the wind)