

Ashanti**"Colos Of The Wind"**

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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, are your people
Are the people who look and think like you?
But if you walk the footsteps, of a stranger
You 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 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 rivers are my, brothers
The heron and the otter are my, friends
And we are all connected, to each other
In a circle, of 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, then you'll never know

And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn
moon
Or 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

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