

Christy Carlson Romano

"Colours Of The Wind"

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you can 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 people who look and think like you,
but if you walk the footsteps of a stranger,
you'll 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
and the heron and the otter are my friends
and we are all connected in a circl,
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's he 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

for whether we are white or copper skinned,
we just 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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