

COLORS OF THE WIND (POCAHONTAS)

Alan Menken

You think I'm an ignorant savage
And you've been so many places
I guess it must be so
But still I cannot see
If the savage one is me
How can there be so much that you don't
know?
You don't know ...

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
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll 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 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
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
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 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

