Colours Of The Wind by Pocahontas

You think I'm an ignorant savage	Can you paint (6) all the colors of the wind?
And you've been so many places	Come run the hidden pine trails 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 (1) be so much (2) you	The rainstorm and the (7) are my brothers
don't know?	The heron and the otter are my friends
You don't know	And we are all (8) to each other
You (3) you own whatever (4) you	In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
land on	How high will the sycamore grow?
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim	If you cut it down, then you'll never know
But I know every rock and tree and creature	And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name	For (9) we are white or copper skinned
You think the only people who are people	We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains
Are the people who look and think like you	We need to paint with all the colors of the wind
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger	You can own the (10) and still
You'll learn things you never (5) you never knew	All you'll own is Earth until
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon	You can paint with all the colors of the wind
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?	



- 1. there
- 2. that
- 3. think
- 4. land
- 5. knew
- 6. with
- 7. river
- 8. connected
- 9. whether
- 10. Earth

Fill in the gaps