**Colors of the Wind**

Pocahontas

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MpLnqOvGuMs>

You think I'm an ignorant savage  
And you've been so many \_\_\_\_\_1\_\_\_\_\_\_  
I \_\_\_\_\_2\_\_\_\_\_\_ it must be so  
But still I cannot \_\_\_\_\_3\_\_\_\_\_\_  
If the savage one is \_\_\_\_\_4\_\_\_\_\_\_  
How can there be so much that you don't \_\_\_\_\_5\_\_\_\_\_\_  
You don't \_\_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_\_\_

You think you own whatever land you \_\_\_\_\_7\_\_\_\_\_\_ on  
The Earth is just a dead \_\_\_\_\_8\_\_\_\_\_\_ you can claim  
But I know every \_\_\_\_\_9\_\_\_\_\_\_ and tree and creature  
Has a life, has a spirit, has a \_\_\_\_\_10\_\_\_\_\_\_

You think the only \_\_\_\_\_11\_\_\_\_\_\_ who are people  
Are the people who look and think like \_\_\_\_\_12\_\_\_\_\_\_  
But if you walk the \_\_\_\_\_13\_\_\_\_\_\_ of a stranger  
You'll learn things you never knew, you never \_\_\_\_\_14\_\_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever heard the \_\_\_\_\_15\_\_\_\_\_\_ cry to the blue corn moon  
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he \_\_\_\_\_16\_\_\_\_\_\_  
Can you sing with all the \_\_\_\_\_17\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the mountains  
Can you paint with all the colors of the \_\_\_\_\_18\_\_\_\_\_\_  
Can you \_\_\_\_\_19\_\_\_\_\_\_ with all the colors of the wind

Come run the hidden pine trails of the \_\_\_\_\_20\_\_\_\_\_\_  
Come taste the sun sweet \_\_\_\_\_21\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the Earth  
Come roll in all the riches all around \_\_\_\_\_22\_\_\_\_\_\_  
And for once, never \_\_\_\_\_23\_\_\_\_\_\_ what they're worth

The rainstorm and the river are my \_\_\_\_\_24\_\_\_\_\_\_  
The heron and the otter are my \_\_\_\_\_25\_\_\_\_\_\_  
And we are all connected to each \_\_\_\_\_26\_\_\_\_\_\_  
In a circle, in a \_\_\_\_\_27\_\_\_\_\_\_ that never ends

How high will the sycamore \_\_\_\_\_28\_\_\_\_\_\_  
If you cut it down, then you'll never \_\_\_\_\_29\_\_\_\_\_\_  
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn \_\_\_\_\_30\_\_\_\_\_\_  
For whether we are white or copper \_\_\_\_\_31\_\_\_\_\_\_  
We need to sing with all the \_\_\_\_\_32\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the mountains  
We need to paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the \_\_\_\_\_33\_\_\_\_\_\_ and still  
All you'll own is Earth until  
You can paint with all the \_\_\_\_\_34\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the wind

Source: [LyricFind](https://www.lyricfind.com/)

Songwriters: Alan Menken / Stephen Laurence Schwartz

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