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
Am

Ev - er heard the wolf cry to the Em

Em F Am Am7 C/E

blue corn moon, or asked the grin - ning bob - cat why he grinned? Can you F G C/E Am7

F6

sing with all the voi - ces of the moun - tain? Can you F6

F6

paint with all the col - ors of the
wind? Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

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

rain-storms 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, 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 mountain, 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.