

You think you own what ever 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 never knew.

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,
or ask the grinning bobcat why he grins?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
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 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 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.

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,
or ask the grinning bobcat why he grins?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

You'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.
For whether we are white or copper skinned
you need to sing with all the voices of the mountain.
You need to paint with all the colors of the wind.
You can own the earth and still all you own is earth until
you can paint with all the colors of the wind.