

*Note for the teacher:*

Print the following page at least 4 times, and cut all verses. If possible, laminate them.

And you've been so many places
Are the people who look and think like you
But I know every rock and tree and creature
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
But still I cannot see
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains?
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
How can there be so much that you don't know?
I guess it must be so
If the savage one is me
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim
You don't know...
You think I'm an ignorant savage
You think the only people who are people
You think you own whatever land you land on
You'll learn things you never knew, you never knew
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest

For whether we are white or copper-skinned
How high does the sycamore grow?
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains
Come roll in all the riches all around you
We need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can paint with all the colors of the wind
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
You can own the Earth and still
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
Come taste the sun sweet berries of the Earth
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
All you'll own is Earth until
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
The heron and the otter are my friends
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
And we are all connected to each other