| Colors Of The Wind | |
|--|---|
| [Verse 1] | [Chorus] |
| Gm Bb Gm | Dm Gm Dm Eb |
| You think you own whatever land you land on | Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn |
| Bb Dm | moon |
| The earth is just a dead thing you can claim | Gm Dm |
| Gm Dm Eb Bb | or let the eagle tell you where he's been? |
| But I know every rock and tree and creature | Eb F Dm Gm |
| Cm F Gm | Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain? |
| has a life, has a spirit, has a name. | Eb Bb Gm |
| Bb Gm | Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? |
| You think the only people who are people | Cm Eb Bb |
| Bb Dm | Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? |
| | Can you paint with an the colors of the white? |
| are the people who look and think like you | Dh Eh Dan Can |
| Gm Dm Eb Bb | Bb Eb Dm Gm |
| But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger | How high does the sycamore grow? |
| Cm Eb Bb | Cm F |
| you'll learn things you never knew you never knew. | If you cut it down then you'll never know. |
| rot 1 | 577 |
| [Chorus] | [Verse] |
| Dm Gm Dm Eb | Dm Gm Dm Eb |
| Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn | And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn |
| moon | moon |
| Gm Dm | Gm Dm |
| Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned? | For whether we are white or copper skinned |
| Eb F Dm Gm | Eb F Dm Gm |
| Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain? | We need to sing with all the voices of the |
| Eb Bb Gm | mountains |
| Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? | Cm Dm Gm |
| Cm Eb Bb | We need to paint with all the colors of the wind. |
| Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? | |
| | [Outro] |
| [Verse 2] | Cm7 |
| Bb F Gm | You can own the Earth and still |
| Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest | Dm Eb |
| Bb Dm | All you'll own is earth until |
| Come taste the sun sweet berries of the earth | Gm Dm Ebmaj7 F Bb |
| Gm F Eb Bb | You can paint with all the colors of the wind. |
| Come roll in all the riches all around you | 1 |
| Cm Bb F Gm F | |
| And for once never wonder what they're worth. | |
| Bb F Gm | |
| The rainstorm and the river are my brothers | |
| Bb Dm | |
| The heron and the otter are my friends | |
| Gm F Eb Bb | |
| And we are all connected to each other | |
| Cm Eb Bb | |
| | |
| In a circle in a hoop that never ends. | |