

COLORS OF THE WIND

POCAHONTAS

Alan Menken / Stephen Schwartz

D Bm D

You think you own what-ev-er land you land on: the earth is just a dead thing you can

F#m Bm G Em A9susadd7add9

claim; but I know ev 'ry rock and tree and crea-ture has a life, has a spir-it, has a

Bm D Bm D

name. You think the on-ly peo-ple who are peo-ple are the peo-ple who look and think like

F#m Bm G Em7 A9susadd7add9

you, but if you walk the foot-steps of a strang-er you'll learn things you nev-er knew you nev-er

D Bm

knew. Have you ev - er heard the wolf cry to the

F#m G Bm F#m

blue corn moon, or asked the grin - ning bob - cat why he grinned? Can you

G A D/F# G6

sing with all the voi - ces of the moun-tain? Can you paint with all the col - ors of the

Bm7 Em7 A9 D Bm

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

D Bm D

run the hid - den pine trails of the for - est, come taste the sun-sweet ber - ries of the

earth: come roll in all the rich - es all a - round you, and for
 once nev - er won - der what they're worth. The rain - storms and the riv - ers are my
 broth - ers; the her - ron and the ot - ter are my friends; and
 we are all con - nect - ed to each oth - er in a cir - cle, in a hoop that nev - er
 ends. How high does the syc - a - more grow? If you
 cut it down, then you'll nev - er know. And you'll
 nev - er hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, for wheth - er we are white or cop - per
 skinned, we need to sing with all the voi - ces of the moun - tain, need to
 paint with all the col - ors of the wind. You can
 own the earth and still all you'll own is earth un - til you can
 paint with all the col - ors of the wind.

F#m Bm Bm/A G
 Em7 A9susadd7add9 Bm A D
 Bm D F#m
 Bm G Em7 A9susadd7add9
 D F#m G D/F# Bm
 C G/A A G/A G/A A
 Bm F#m G Bm
 F#m G A D/F# Bm
 G6 Bm7
 Em A F#m G
 Bm GMaj7 G/A D Bm G Em7/A