

“COLORS OF THE WIND”

You think I'm an ignorant _____
And you've been so many places
I guess it must be so
But still I _____ see
If the savage one is me
How can there be so much that you don't know?
You don't know ...

You think you own whatever _____ you land on
The Earth is just a dead thing you can _____
But I know every rock and tree and _____
Has a life, has a _____, has a name

You think the only people who are people
Are the _____ who look and think like you
But if you walk the _____ of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

Have you ever heard the _____ cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning _____ why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the _____?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Come run the hidden _____ trails of the forest
Come taste the sunsweet 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 _____ are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all _____ to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that _____ ends

How high will the sycamore _____?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn _____

For _____ we are white or copper skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountains
We need to _____ 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 _____of the wind

¿Habéis rellenado todos los huecos?

Al final os pongo la canción **enterita** para que comprobéis si lo habéis hecho bien.

Glosario:

- 1- **Savage**: salvaje
- 2- **Claim**: reclamar
- 3- **Footsteps**: huellas
- 4- **Grin**: sonrisa, mueca
- 5- **Bobcat**: lince
- 6- **Riches**: tesoros
- 7- **Worth**: valía
- 8- **Copper skinned**: piel cobriza, morena (copper: cobre)
- 9- **Trails**: rastro
- 10- **Forest**: bosque
- 11- **Heron**: garza
- 12- **Hoop**: aro
- 13- **Sycamore**: sicómoro (variedad de árbol)

La letra completa

“COLORS OF THE WIND”

You think I'm an ignorant savage
And you've been so many places
I guess it must be so
But still I cannot see
If the savage one is me
How can there be so much that you don't know?
You don't know ...

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 ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountains?
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 sunsweet 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 will 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 mountains
We 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