

Colours of the wind

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 colours of the wind
Can you paint with all the colours of the wind

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 colours of the wind
You can own the Earth and still
All you'll own is Earth until
You can paint with all the colours of the wind

Hopelessly Devoted

Guess mine is not the first heart broken
My eyes are not the first to cry
I'm not the first to know there's
Just no getting over you
You know I'm just a fool who's willing
To sit around and wait for you
But baby can't you see there's nothing else for me to do
I'm hopelessly devoted to you
But now there's no way to hide
Since you pushed my love aside
I'm outta my head hopelessly devoted to you
Hopelessly devoted to you
Hopelessly devoted to you

Where is love?

Where is love?

Does it fall from skies above?

Is it underneath the willow tree

That I've been dreaming of?

Where is she

Who I close my eyes to see?

Will I ever know the sweet hello

That's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide?

Must I travel far and wide?

'Til I am beside the someone who

I can mean something to

Where, where is love?