



heron

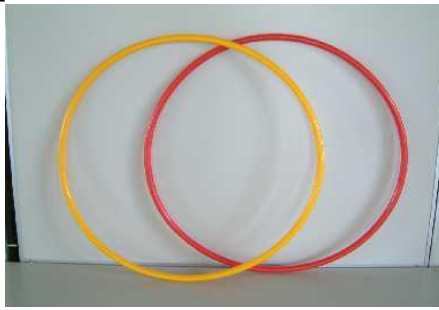


otter

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



connected



hoop



sycamore

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



copper skinned

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