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Fourth Class

Unit 1

**Lesson 1 – A Million Dreams**

I close my eyes and I can see

A world that's waiting up for me

That I call my own

Through the dark, through the door,

Through where no one's been before,

But it feels like home

They can say, they can say it all sounds crazy

They can say, they can say I've lost my mind

I don't care, I don't care, so call me crazy

We can live in a world that we design

'Cause every night I lie in bed

The brightest colors fill my head

A million dreams are keeping me awake,

I think of what the world could be,

A vision of the one I see

A million dreams is all it's gonna take

Oh, a million dreams for the world we're gonna make

There's a house we can build

Every room inside is filled

With things from far away

Special things I compile

Each one there to make you smile

On a rainy day

They can say, they can say it all sounds crazy

They can say, they can say we've lost our minds

I don't care, I don't care if they call us crazy

Run away to a world that we design

Cause every night I lie in bed

The brightest colors fill my head

A million dreams are keeping me awake

I think of what the world could be,

A vision of the one I see

A million dreams is all it's gonna take

A million dreams for the world we're gonna make

**Lesson 3 – Colors 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 mountain?

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 does 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 mountain

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.