

Fill in the gaps

It was the night before
When all (1) the world
No words, no dreams then one day
A writer by a fire
Imagined all of Gaia
Took a journey into a childless heart
A (2) on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within the snowflake on his palm
A (3) of poetry
I'll tell is over
Cutting in falling back in to the stars
I am the voice of never, never land
The (4) of dreams from every man
The (4) of dreams from every man I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale that grieves you
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every (5) sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale that grieves you Away to taste the night

Imaginarium, a dream emporium!
Caress the tales and they will read you real
A storyteller's game
Inside he flicks the gate
The calling (6) is a limitless chest of tales
I am the voice of never, never land
The innocence of dreams from every man
I am the empty (7) of Peter Pan
A soaring (8) against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, (9) moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear
I am the voice of never, never land
The innocence of dreams from every man
Searching heavens for another earth
I am the voice of never, never land
The innocence of dreams from every man
I am the empty grave of (10) Pan
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story that will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear
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- 1. through
- 2. painter
- 3. dream
- 4. innocence
- 5. moonlit
- 6. heart
- 7. grave
- 8. kite
- 9. every
- 10. Peter

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