

## Fill in the gaps

It was the night before
When all through 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 painter on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within the (1) on his palm
A (2) of poetry
I'll tell is over
Cutting in falling back in to the stars
I am the voice of never, never land
The (3) of dreams from every man
The (3) 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, (4) sky
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (4) sky Every chimney, every (5) sight
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (4) 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, (4) 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, (4) 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, (4) 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, (4) 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, (4) 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 heart is a limitless chest of tales
I am the (6) of never, never land
The innocence of dreams from every man
I am the empty (7) of Peter 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
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 (8) every man
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
A (9) kite against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the story (10) will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear



- 1. snowflake
- 2. dream
- 3. innocence
- 4. blue
- 5. moonlit
- 6. voice
- 7. grave
- 8. from
- 9. soaring
- 10. that

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