

It was the night before
When all through the world
No words, no dreams (1) 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 snowflake on his palm
A dream of poetry
I'll tell is over
Cutting in falling back in to the stars
I am the (2) of never, never land
The innocence of dreams from every man
The innocence 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 moonlit sight
I am the empty grave 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
I am the empty grave 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 empty grave 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 journey
I am the empty grave 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 journey I am the destination
I am the empty grave 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 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 moonlit 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

Fill in the gaps

imaginarium, a dream emporium!	
Caress the (3) and they will read you re	ea
A storyteller's game	
Inside he flicks the gate	
The calling heart 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 grave of Peter Pan	
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky	
Every chimney, every (4) sight	
I am the story that will read you real	
Every memory that you (5) dear	
I am the voice of never, never land	
The innocence of dreams (6) every man	
Searching heavens for another earth	
I am the (7) of never, never land	
The innocence of dreams from every man	
I am the empty grave 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 (8) dear	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. then
- 2. voice
- 3. tales
- 4. moonlit
- 5. hold
- 6. from
- 7. voice
- 8. hold