

## Fill in the gaps

| It was the night before                  |              |     |
|--|--------------|-----|
| When all (1)                             | the world    |     |
| No words, no (2)                         | 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 snowflake on his palm         |              |     |
| A dream of poetry                        |              |     |
| I'll tell is over                        |              |     |
| Cutting in falling back in to the stars  |              |     |
| 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 (3) against the blue, blue sky |              |     |
| Every chimney, every moonlit sight       |              |     |
| I am the story that will read you real   |              |     |
| Every (4) that ye                        | ou hold dear |     |
| I am the journey                         |              |     |
| I am the destination                     |              |     |
| I am the whole mad tale that (5)         | ) y          | ou/ |
| Away to taste the night                  |              |     |
| Free and loose we fly!                   |              |     |
| Follow the madness                       |              |     |
| How do you know what's real?             |              |     |

| 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 voice of never, never land             |  |  |
| The innocence of (6) 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 hold dear                 |  |  |
|   |  |  |
| I am the voice of never, never land             |  |  |
| The (7) of dreams from every man                |  |  |
| Searching heavens for (8) earth                 |  |  |
| I am the voice of never, never land             |  |  |
| The innocence of (9) from every man             |  |  |
| I am the empty grave of Peter Pan               |  |  |
| A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky       |  |  |
| Every chimney, (10) moonlit sight               |  |  |
| I am the story that will read you real          |  |  |
| Every memory that you hold dear                 |  |  |
|   |  |  |



- 1. through
- 2. dreams
- 3. kite
- 4. memory
- 5. grieves
- 6. dreams
- 7. innocence
- 8. another
- 9. dreams
- 10. every

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