

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 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 \_\_\_\_\_ kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, (2)\_\_\_\_\_ moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every memory that you (3)\_\_\_\_\_ dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale that grieves you Away to taste the night Free and loose we fly! Follow the madness How do you know what's real?

## Fill in the gaps

Imaginarium, a dream emporium!
Caress the tales and they will read you real
A storyteller's game
Inside he flicks the gate
The (4) heart is a limitless chest of tales
I am the voice of never, never land
The innocence of dreams (5) (6) man
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
A soaring (7) 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 (8) for another 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, every moonlit sight
I am the story that (10) read you real
Every memory that you hold dear



- 1. soaring
- 2. every
- 3. hold
- 4. calling
- 5. from
- 6. every
- . . . . .
- 7. kite
- 8. heavens
- 9. dreams
- 10. will

## Fill in the gaps