

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ 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 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 (3) and they will read you rea	al
A storyteller's game	
Inside he flicks the gate	
The calling heart is a limitless chest of tales	
I am the (4) of never, never land	
The innocence of (5) from every man	
I am the empty (6) 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, (7) land	
The innocence of dreams from every man	
Searching heavens for another earth	
I am the voice of never, (8) 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 (9) (10) you hold dea	a



- 1. empty
- 2. memory
- 3. tales
- 4. voice
- 5. dreams
- 6. grave
- 7. never
- 8. never
- 9. memory
- 10. that

## Fill in the gaps