

Fill in the gaps

It was the night before			
When all through the world			
No words, no (1) 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 (2) of never, never land			
The innocence of (3) from every man			
The innocence of (3) from every man I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every (6) that you hold dear			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every (6) that you hold dear I am the journey			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every (6) that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every (6) that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale (7) grieves you			
I am the empty (4) of Peter Pan A (5) kite against the blue, blue sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story that will read you real Every (6) that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale (7) 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 (8)	chest of	f
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 moonlit sight		
I am the story that will read you real		
Every memory (9) 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 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		



1. dreams

- 2. voice
- 3. dreams
- 4. grave
- 5. soaring
- 6. memory
- 7. that
- 8. limitless
- 9. that

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