

## Peter Pan Syndrome

A Toys Orchestra

Friend! I've kept the corks to build a raft  
without a map without a flag  
you told me always to be "clear"  
now i'm so clean that i cry soapball tears  
flat like an ol electric eel  
too boring to bore, too scared to fear  
the moon is just a cheeky skull  
and everynight it says the same:  
"you are the same! You are the same!"  
You! You dig up the seeds that i've spread  
and hide dried flowers in your hat  
help me, my friend, to camouflage  
my peter pan syndrome advanced state  
rose-scented days glue-flavoured nights  
so terrified to split one's sides  
when the wild beast will be tamed  
the cheeky moon repeats the same:  
"you are the same! You are the same!"  
Into the bottle for a day  
i'm waiting for tomorrow  
i'm waiting for the final round  
to perceive the ultrasound  
and start the haunt  
i'm waiting for the night the moon will close  
for ever.