

Neverland

Darren Hayes

Long ago
When mercury descended high on the moon
Far below
Where little hands are making shapes in the room
The shadows they dance
And they cheer up this place
The face
That's staring through the tiny crack in the door
Eyes so wide
He's never seen a woman fall on the floor

I swear daddy's killed her this time
Should I make a rocket?
Should I try to fly away?
Should I make a hammer?
Should I try to smash his face?
Should I make a bullet?
Should I try to shoot the gun?
I'm sure the judge will let me off real soon.

Long ago
When saturn tried to find a way past the sun
Deep inside
A little boy is turning pain into fun
The pencils, the crayons, the paint colors run
The plans
Are forming slowly made with scissors and glue
Eyes so wide
He's telling mommy all the things he can do
He'll sketch a contraption to save them for sure

He can draw an alien
He can come and take them home
He can draw a cartoon
He can draw a safety hatch
He can draw a hot bath
He can plug a toaster in
And wait till daddy's nice and warm
Toss it in

And then when he's gone
There's a neverland of fun

Take a loaded gun.
Take a shot of rum.
Take a poison rat.
There's a lesson in that.
No more closing fists.
No more face to hit.
No more bloody nose or apologetic roses.

Long ago when mercury descended high on the moon.
Should I make a rocket?
Should I try to fly away?
Far below little hands are making shapes in the room.
Should I make a hammer?
Should I try to smash his face?

Long ago when Saturn tried to find a way past the sun.
Should I draw are cartoon?
Should I draw an alien?
Deep inside a little boy is turning pain into fun.
Should I draw a hot bath?
Should I throw the toaster in?