

Peter sat on a mountain top.
northern wind blows through his hair all day long.
Peter never took no time for him to stop.
just stood right there and he stared.
singing, oh.

he don't need us anymore, cause his life is just too good.
he'll be living everyday and loving like we could.
and that's Peter's song.

have you ever known a boy, lonely as could be?
a lifetime away he was a child of the free.
so here he stand alone crying at the sea.
it listens, and moves, and holds him.
singing, oh.

he don't need us anymore, cause life is just too good.
he'll be living everyday, and loving like we could.
and that's Peter's song.

late one day on the mountaintop Peter swept down the side.
he'd been waiting all his life for one more chance to ride.
but the Sun said, "Son, don't you come around up
here anymore."
so Peter topped on his hat and head to the west shore.
singing Ladanday.

Have you ever known a boy lonely as can be?
lifetimes away we were children of the sea.
and if the Sun and Moon come through
freedom is a giude.
hoping that one day we will all try.
singing Ladanday