

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.