

Peter Hammill, Wendy & The Lost Boy

Dear Wendy, I still believe the promises
we swore upon when we were magic.
This came to me as in a dream:
my heart was in your hands.
Wendy, do you believe in promises?
The problem is the boy became a man.

Wendy mother, child, lover everything
you meant to me lives on in memory;
to think of how we broke each other's hearts
is more than I can stand.
Wendy, were we in love eternally
or were we just in never-never land?

Sometimes the boy denies the man,
sometimes the boy defies the man,
flying in the shade of Peter Pan...

Oh, Wendy, maybe you still remember this:
a touch, a kiss that lasts forever...
but time and tide rush in conspiracy:
all love is damned.
Wendy, I still believe the promise is
the boy's alive,
the boy is in the man.