

Emily Simonian

"Peter"

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You're the essence of a story I heard when I was
younger,
about a boy who flew upon the night, ravenous hunger.
He hungered for youth, he didn't wanna know the truth.
He thirsted for fun, but his heart could hold no one.

And what that story has never told is the real-life, real-
world end.
He got older and his nights got colder when he had to
leave his Neverland.
And his true love wore a thorny crown, with a thorn for
each day he was not around.
When he returned with a heart that yearned for her,
she could not be found.

So grow up, Peter. Grow up, Peter.

So you wanna fly? You won't even try to mend my heart
strings?
Just wanna play? Throw it all away? It all meant
nothing?
Well, you're crazy to run out on someone that you love.

Should I tell you the tale of that flighty, selfish male?

What that story has never told is the real-life, real-
world end.
He got older and his nights got colder when he had to
leave his Neverland.
And his true love wore a thorny crown, with a thorn for
each day he was not around.
When he returned with a heart that yearned for her,
she could not be found.

Grow up, Peter. Grow up, Peter.

Wake up, Peter. Wake up, wake up, wake up. Wake up,
Peter.

What that story has never told shall unfold.

