Ayla by The Maccabees

Fill in the gaps

| Aimless am I |
|--|
| (1) I'm the blunt of the knife |
| Drifting to the corners of life |
| (2) |
| I could make something right |
| Gentle with the kindness I'd like |
| So (3) it's a trick of the light |
| Ayla |
| And we wait for (4) in the shape of us |
| Until the wait is over under halcyon (5) |
| Until the (6) is over for an innocent life |
| It's a weight off my mind I (7) trust you |
| You could tell me it's fine |
| I could sew you a (8) and (9) nine |
| Ayla |
| None more admired |
| And out of soft focused desire |
| (10) honeyed milk to funeral pyre |
| Ayla |
| And we'll wait for love in the shape of us |
| But the state of us, Daedalus |
| The wait is over under halcyon skies |
| The wait is over for an innocent life |
| Until the wait is over the wait is over |
| The wait is over |



- 1. Listless
- 2. Ayla
- 3. often
- 4. love
- 5. skies
- 6. wait
- o. wait
- 7. could
- 8. stitch
- 9. save
- 10. From

Fill in the gaps