Ayla by The Maccabees

Fill in the gaps

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

Fill in the gaps

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