

The Maccabees

"Ayla"

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Aimless am I, listless I'm the blunt of the knife
Drifting to the corners of life, Ayla
I could make something right
Gentle with the kindness I'd like
So often it's a trick of the light, Ayla

And we wait for love in the shape of us
Until the wait is over under halcyon skies
Until the wait is over for an innocent life

It's a weight off my mind I could trust you
You could tell me it's fine
I could sew you a stitch and save nine, Ayla
None more admired and out of soft focused desire
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

The wait is over under halcyon skies
The wait is over for an innocent life
The wait is over, the wait is over...

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