

The Ark, What To Do With Ayleen

daytime is fear's prime
when nobody dares to smile
in between she believes
that love would be awfully fine
around her neck she collects
shells of an ancient kind
as birds & bees like fantasies
going 'round her open mind

but you say
what to do with Ayleen?
she is lost in a dream
worst case the doctor's ever seen
what to do with Ayleen?
she's so ghastly naive
she just don't fit in the scheme

all the time you go down
in envious shades of blue
so how could i even try
to change your point of view?

you just say
what to do with Ayleen?
she is lost in a dream
worst case the doctor's ever seen
what to do with Ayleen?
she's so ghastly naive
she just don't fit in the scheme

what shall we do with Ayleen?
she is lost in a dream
worst case the doctor's ever seen
what to do with Ayleen?
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just a girl with healing hands
just a girl but her fantasy
lets her go off in peculiar ways
she lives in a ... haze!

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