

# Ambrosia, Ice Age

(drummond - pack - puerta - bernstein\*\*\*\*)

Home life, seems you're gettin'  
Mad 'n' nothin's gettin' done  
Old ties, that held you back  
Have got you on the run  
It's do or die, it's time to fly

Tearin' up all the old news  
Put down the trash we used to take  
Now, we'll leave it for the next  
Fool to go, hope you know, it was almost real

Don't need no one  
'cause I got my own  
I don't need nothin' at all  
Nothin's gonna change the world  
No handouts from your kind

Oh my, it's time we found a way to  
Turn our heads around  
No time, before they put our bodies underground

All right, okay, we're gonna pay

Blown-out, my brains are blistered  
No doubt, it's been two-fisted fate  
Now I'm border-linin' straight from this show  
To some hole where we'll lay real low...

Make my own world  
I'm on my own and I don't need that world at all  
Runnin' from an angry crowd  
No escape from your kind

Ice age, the wind is chilly  
And the sun is almost gone  
Mad race, is growin' cold and your life's gettin' on  
No time to stop, your number's up

Make my own world  
I'm on my own and I don't need that world at all  
Runnin' from an angry crowd  
No escape from your kind