

Wet Wet Wet, Ambrose wykes

Ambrose waits
For dont fires to burn
Burning, broken branches
Of this family tree
Its not you and me
That has to suffer
Ambrose she cried
Cos the sons not so welcome
Into a kingdom that
Hes been given by birth
And NOWs got no worth
In his rich little luxury life
They took tomorrow away from him
And gave him back all, all his yesterdays
Ambrose starting
To see with an opening eye
Lifes so uncertain
He wont give it a try
Cos their heavens too high
For his rich little luxury life
They took tomorrow away from him
And gave him back all his yesterdays
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hey gave him back all his yesterdays