

Ambrose waits
For don't fires to burn
Burning, broken branches
Of this family tree
Its not you and me
That has to suffer

Ambrose she cried
Cos the son's not so welcome
Into a kingdom that
He's been given by birth
And NOW's 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
Life's so uncertain
He won't give it a try
Cos their heaven's 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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And gave him back all his yesterdays

All his yesterdays
All his yesterdays

They gave him back all his yesterdays
All his yesterdays
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