

## Ambrose Wykes

Wet Wet Wet

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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