

Ambrosia "Ice Age"

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(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

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