Israelites

Desmond Dekker

Get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me IsraelitesGet up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me IsraelitesMy wife an' my kids them a pack up an' a leave me
Darlin' she said, "I was yours to be seen"
Poor me IsraelitesShirt dem a tear-up trousers a go
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde
Poor me IsraelitesAfter a storm there must be a calm
You catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me IsraelitesI said, "I get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed"
Poor me IsraelitesMy wife an' my kids them a pack up an' a leave me
Darlin' she said, "I was yours to be seen"
Poor me IsraelitesLook, shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde
Poor me IsraelitesAfter a storm there must be a calm
You catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me IsraelitesA-poor, a-poor, a-poor, a-poor me Israelites
Ima wondering working for hard
A-poor, a-poor, a-poor, a-poor me Israelites
I look a-down and out, sir
A-poor

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