

Israelites

Desmond Dekker

Get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites Get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites My wife an' my kids them a pack up an' a leave me
Darlin' she said, "I was yours to be seen"
Poor me Israelites Shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde
Poor me Israelites After a storm there must be a calm
You catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me Israelites I said, "I get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed"
Poor me Israelites My wife an' my kids them a pack up an' a leave me
Darlin' she said, "I was yours to be seen"
Poor me Israelites Look, shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde
Poor me Israelites After a storm there must be a calm
You catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me Israelites A-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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