

# Israelites

## Millencolin

Poor me, Israelites I get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir  
So that every mouth can be fed Poor me, Israelites My wife and my kids they packed up and leave me  
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen Poor me, Israelites Well, shirt them a tear-up, trousers are gone  
I dont want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde Poor me, Israelites And after a storm there must be a calm  
They catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm Poor me, Israelites I get up in the morning slaving for bread,  
sir  
So that every mouth can be fed Poor me, Israelites My wife and my kids they packed up and leave me  
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen Poor me, Israelites Shirt them a tear-up, trousers are gone  
I dont want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde Poor me, Israelites  
Poor me, Israelites  
Poor me, Israelites Poor me, Israelites  
Poor me, Israelites

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>