Israelites

The Selecter

Poor me, Israelites

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 are 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 don't 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 are 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 don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde

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