

# 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

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So that every mouth can be fed

Poor me, Israelites

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