

Israelites

Desmond Dekker

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites Aah

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelite

My wife and my kids, they packed up and leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me Israelite

Shirt them a-tear up, trousers is gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor me Israelite

After a storm there must be a calm
They catch me in the farm
You sound your alarm
Poor a-poor a-poor me Israelite

I said I get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelite Aah

I said my wife and my kids, they are packed up and leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me Israelites Aah

Look Me shirts them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
A-poor a-poor me Israelites Aah

After a storm there must be a calm
They catch me in the farm
You sound your alarm
Poor me Israelite
A-poor a-poor a-poor me Israelites Aah