

## 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