

# Joseph's Dreams

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Joseph's coat annoyed his brothers  
but what makes us mad  
are the things that Joseph tells us  
of the dreams he's often had

I dreamed that in the fields, one day  
the corn gave me a sign  
Your eleven sheaves of corn  
all turned and bowed to mine  
My sheaf was quite a sight to see  
A golden sheaf, and tall  
Yours were green and second-rate  
and really rather small

This is not the kind of thing  
we brothers like to hear  
It seems to us that Joseph  
and his dreams should disappear

I dreamed I saw eleven stars  
the sun, the moon and sky  
bowing down before my star  
It made me wonder why  
Could it be that I was born  
for higher things than you  
A post in someone's government  
A ministry or two

The dreams of our dear brother are  
the decade's biggest yawn  
His talk of stars and golden sheaves  
is just a load of corn  
Not only is he tactless but  
he's also rather dim  
for there's eleven of us and  
there's only one of him

The dreams, of course, will not come true  
That is, we think they won't come true  
That is, we hope they won't come true  
What if he's right all along

The dreams are more than crystal clear  
The writing on the wall  
means that Joseph some day soon  
will rise above us all  
The accuracy of the dreams  
we brothers do not know  
but one thing we are sure about  
the dreamer, dreamer, the dreamer, dreamer  
the dreamer, dreamer, the dreamer, dreamer  
the dreamer, dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
dreamer has to go