

## Poor, Poor Joseph

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Next day, far from home  
the brothers planned the repulsive crime  
Let us grab him now  
do him in, while we've got the time  
This they did, and made the most of it  
tore his coat, and flung him in a pit

Let us leave him here  
all alone, and he's bound to die  
when some Ishmaelites  
a hairy crew, came riding by  
In a flash the brothers changed their plan  
We need cash, let's sell him if we can

Poor, poor Joseph, what'cha gonna do  
Things look bad for you, hey, what'cha gonna do  
Poor, poor Joseph, what'cha gonna do  
Things look bad for you, hey, what'cha gonna do

Could you use a slave  
you hairy bunch of Ishmaelites  
Young, strong, well-behaved  
going cheap, and he reads and writes  
In a trice the dirty deal was done  
Silver coins for Jacob's favourite son

Then the Ishmaelites  
galloped off, with a slave in tow  
off to Egypt where  
Joseph was not keen to go  
It wouldn't be a picnic, he could tell  
oh, and I don't speak Egyptian very well

Joseph's brothers tore  
his precious multi-coloured coat  
Having ripped it up  
they next attacked a passing goat  
Soon the wretched creature was no more  
They dipped his coat in blood and guts and gore

Oh now, brothers, how low can you stoop  
You make a sordid group, hey, how low can you stoop  
Poor, poor Joseph, sold to be a slave  
Situation's grave, hey, sold to be a slave