Webber Andrew Lloyd "Grovel Grovel"

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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

I dreamed I saw eleven stars

The sun the moon and sky

Bowing down before my star,

And now I realize why

How do I know where you come from?

You could be spies

Telling me that you are hungry.

That could be lies

How do I know who you are?

Why do you think I should help you?

Would you help me?

Why on earth should I believe you?

I've no guarantee

Brothers & Narrator

Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fall

Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl

Brothers

We are just eleven brothers

Good men and true

Though we know we count for nothing

When up next to you

Honesty's our middle name

Life is slowly ebbing from us

Hope's almost gone

It's getting very hard to see us

From sideways on

Brothers & Narrator

Grovel, grovel, cringe, bow, stoop, fall

Worship, worship, beg, kneel, sponge, crawl

Joseph

I rather like the way you're talking

Astute and sincere

Suddenly your tragic story

It gets me right here

Brothers

This is what we hoped he'd say

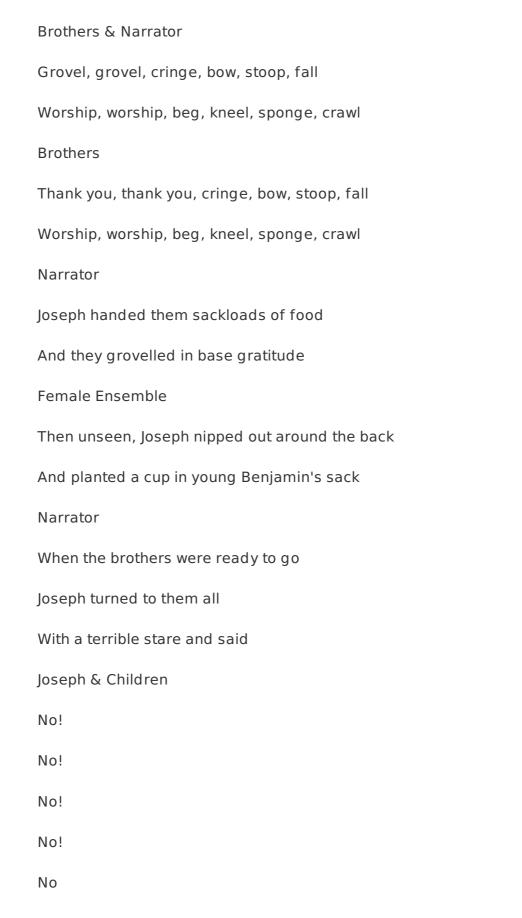
Joseph

All this tugging at my heartstrings

Seems quite justified

I shall give you what you came for

And lots more beside



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