

Webber Andrew Lloyd

"Josephs Dreams"

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Narrator

Joseph's coat annoyed his brothers

Brothers

But what makes us mad

Are the things that Joseph tells us of the

Dreams he's often had

Joseph

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 quit a sight to see

A golden sheaf and tall

Yours were green and second-rate

And really rather small

Brothers

This is not the kind of thing

We brothers like to hear

It seems to us that Joseph and his

Dreams should disappear

Joseph

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
Brothers
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 has to go

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