

Andrew Lloyd Webber "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 and 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?

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, the dreamer, the dreamer
The dreamer, the dreamer, dreamer
Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer has to go

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