

Derrick Morgan "Israelites"

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Poor me Israelites
I get up in the mornin', slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites

My wife an' the kids, them a pack up
an' a leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me Israelites

My shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor me Israelites

After a storm, there must be a calm
They catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me Israelites

I get up in the mornin', slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites

Look, my wife an' the kids, them a pack up
an' a leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me Israelite

My shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor me, the Israelite

Now, after a storm, there must be a calm
Catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me Israelite

My wife an' the kids, them a pack up
an' a leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me Israelite

My shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde

Poor me Israelite, yeah

I get up in the mornin', slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me Israelites

I'ma workin', I'ma workin' so hard
Poor, poor, poor me Israelites
I'm workin', I'ma workin' so hard
Poor, poor, poor me Israelites

Poor me Israelites
I'm workin', I'ma workin' so hard
Poor, poor, poor me Israelites

Oh, yeah, poor me Israelites
I'm workin', I'ma workin' so hard
I'ma wonderin', ah wonderin', poor me Israelites

I'm working, working hard
Poor me Israelites
I'm workin', I'ma workin' so hard
Poor, poor, poor me Israelites

I'ma wonderin', ah working so hard
Poor, poor, poor me Israelites

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