

## Desmond Dekker "Israelites"

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Get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir  
So that every mouth can be fed  
Poor me Israelites

Get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir  
So that every mouth can be fed  
Poor me Israelites

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

Shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go  
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde  
Poor me Israelites

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

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

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

Look, shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go  
I don't want to end up like Bonny and Clyde  
Poor me Israelites

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

A-poor, a-poor, a-poor, a-poor me Israelites  
Ima wondering working for hard  
A-poor, a-poor, a-poor, a-poor me Israelites  
I look a-down and out, sir  
A-poor

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