

Desmond Dekker & The Aces

"The Israelites"

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Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir, so that
every mouth can be fed
Poor me, the Israelites
Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir, so that
every mouth can be fed
Poor me, the Israelites
My wife and my kids, they pack up and a-leave me
Darling, she said, "I was yours to receive"
Poor me, the Israelites
Shirt them a-tear up, trousers are go
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor me, the Israelites
After a storm there must be a calm
If they catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
I'm poor, I'm poor, I'm poor, the Israelite

I said, "I get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,
so that every mouth can be fed"
Poor me, the Israelites
I said, "My wife and my kids, have a-been packed up
and a-leave me"
Darling, she said, "I was yours to receive"
Poor me, the Israelites
Look, my shirt them a-tear up, trousers are go
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
I'm poor, I'm poor, the Israelites
After a storm there must be a calm
If they catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Poor me, the Israelites
I'm poor, I'm poor, I'm poor, I'm poor me, the Israelite
I'm wondering, I'm working so hard
I'm poor, I'm poor, I'm poor me, the Israelites
Look-a down and a-mean, sir
I'm, poor, I'm poor, oh poor me, the Israelites
Poor me, the Israelites

I'm, poor, I'm poorÂ...

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