

Desmond Dekker & The Aces

"The Isrealites"

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Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,
so that every mouth can be fed.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah.

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so that every mouth can be fed.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah.

My wife and my kids, they are packed up and leave me.
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah.

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

After a storm there must be a calm.
They catch me in the farm. You sound the alarm.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah.

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,
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After a storm there must be a calm.
They catch me in the farm. You sound the alarm.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah.
Aah Poor, aah. poor, aah poor, aah poor Israelite.
I wonder who I'm working for.
Aah Poor, aah. poor, aah poor, aah poor Israelite.
I look a-down and out, sir.
Aah Poor, aah. poor, aah poor, aah poor Israelite.

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