

Milla

"Israelites"

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(lyrics by desmond dekker)

Get up in the morning slaving for bread sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Ooh, ooh mi israelites.

Mi wife an' ma kids them a pack up an' a leave me
"darling" she said "i was yours to be seen"
Ooh, ooh mi israelites

Who am I workin' for?

Cho! shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go
I don't wan' to end up like bonny and clyde
Ooh, ooh mi israelites

After a storm there must be a calm
Uou catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm
Ooh, ooh mi israelites

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