

Israelites

Desmond Dekker

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor, poor me, Israelites. Aah
Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me, the Israelite
My wife and my kids, they packed up and leave me
Darling, she said, "I was yours to be seen"
Poor me, the Israelite
Shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor me, the Israelite
After a storm there must be a calm
They catch me in the farm
You sound your alarm
Poor a-poor a-poor me, the Israelite {Instrumental}
I said I get up in the morning, slaving for
bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor me, Israelite. Aah
I said my wife and my kids, they are packed up and leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen
Poor me, Israelites. Aah
Look Me shirts them a-tear up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
A-poor a-poor me, Israelites. Aah
After a storm there must be a calm
They catch me in the farm
You sound your alarm
Poor me, Israelite
A-poor a-poor a-poor me, Israelites. Aah
Poor me, Israelite
Poor me, Israelite

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>