

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Who's The Thief

Stop, you robbers, your little number's up
One of you has stolen my precious golden cup
Joseph started searching through his brothers' sacks
Everyone was nervous, no one could relax
Who's the thief? Who's the thief?
Is it Reuben? No, is it Simeon? No
Is it Naphtali? No, is it Dan? No
Is it Asher? No, is it Isaachar? No
Is it Levi? No, who's the man?
Is it Zebulun? No, is it Gad? No
Is it Judah? No, is it him? Could it be
Could it be, could it possibly be Benjamin?
Yes, yes, yes
Benjamin, you nasty youth
Your crime has shocked me to the core
Never in my whole career have I encountered this before
Guards, seize him, lock him in a cell
Throw the key into the Nile as well
Each of the brothers fell to his knees
Show him some mercy, oh, mighty one, please
He would not do this, he must have been framed
Jail us and beat us, we should be blamed