

# Desmond Dekker & The Aces, Israelites

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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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.

Poor me, the Israelite.  
I wonder who I'm working for.  
Poor me, Israelite,  
I look a-down and out, sir.