

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Joseph's Dreams

""[Narrator]""

Joseph's coat annoyed his brothers

""[Brothers]""

But what makes us mad

Are the things that Joseph tells us of the dreams he's often had

""[Joseph]""

I dreamed that in the fields one day, the corn gave me a sign

Your eleven sheaves of corn all turned and bowed to mine

My sheaf was quite a sight to see, a golden sheaf and tall

Yours were green and second-rate and really rather small

""[Brothers]""

"Small?!" (protesting)

This is not the kind of thing we brothers like to hear

It seems to us that Joseph and his dreams should disappear

""[Joseph]""

I dreamed I saw eleven stars, the sun, the moon and sky

bowing down before my star; It made me wonder why

Could it be that I was born for higher things than you?

A post in someone's government, a ministry or two

""[Brothers]""

The dreams of our dear brother are the decade's biggest yawn

His talk of stars and golden sheaves is just a load of corn

Not only is he tactless but he's also rather dim

For there's eleven of us and there's only one of him

The dreams of course will not come true

That is, we think they won't come true

That is, we hope they won't come true

What if he's right all along?

What if he's right all along?

The dreams are more than crystal clear

The writing on the wall

Means that Joseph some day soon

Will rise above us all

The accuracy of the dreams we brothers do not know

But one thing we are sure about:

The dreamer (dreamer), the dreamer (dreamer),

the dreamer (dreamer), the dreamer (dreamer),

the dreamer, dreamer, dreamer, dreamer,

dreamer has to go!