

# Andrew Lloyd Webber, Poor, Poor Joseph

""[Narrator]""

Next day, far from home  
The brothers planned the repulsive crime

""[Brothers]""

Let us grab him now  
Do him in, while we've got the time

""[Narrator]""

This they did and made the most of it  
Tore his coat and flung him in a pit

""[Brothers]""

Let us leave him here  
All alone and he's bound to die

""[Narrator]""

Then some Ishmaelites  
A hairy crew came riding by

In a flash the brothers changed their plan

""[Brothers]""

We need cash! Let's sell him if we can!

""[Narrator, Female Ensemble & Children]""

Poor, poor Joseph, what'cha gonna do?  
Things look bad for you, hey, what'cha gonna do?  
Poor, poor Joseph, what'cha gonna do?  
Things look bad for you, hey, what'cha gonna do?

""[Brothers]""

Could you use a slave,  
you hairy bunch of Ishmaelites?  
Young, strong, well-behaved  
Going cheap, and he reads and writes

""[Narrator]""

In a trice the dirty deal was done  
Silver coins for Jacob's favorite son  
Then the Ishmaelites galloped off with the slave in tow  
Off to Egypt where Joseph was not keen to go  
It wouldn't be a picnic he could tell

""[Joseph]""

And I don't speak Egyptian very well

""[Narrator]""

Joseph's brothers tore his precious multi-colored coat  
Having ripped it up they next attacked a passing goat  
Soon the wretched creature was no more  
They dipped his coat in blood and guts and gore

Oh now brothers, how low can you stoop?  
You make a sordid group, hey, how low can you stoop?  
Poor, poor Joseph, sold to be a slave  
Situation's grave, hey, sold to be a slave  
Sold to be a slave