

Joseph, 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 quit a sight to see
A golden sheaf and tall
Yours were green and second-rate
And really rather small

(Brothers)

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?

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 has to go