

# Millencolin, Israelites

(Lyrics by Desmond Dekker)

Get up in the morning slaving for bread sir  
So that every mouth can be fed  
Oooh, oooh mi Israelites.

Mi wife an' ma kids them a pack up an' a leave me  
&quot;Darling&quot; she said &quot;I was yours to be seen&am

Oooh, oooh mi Israelites

Who am I workin' for?

Cho! Shirt dem a tear-up trousers a go  
I don't wan' to end up like Bonny and Clyde  
Oooh, oooh mi Israelites

After a storm there must be a calm  
You catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm  
Oooh, oooh mi Israelites