

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,  
so that every mouth can be fed.  
Poor me, the Israelite.

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.

Shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone.  
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde.  
Poor me, the Israelite

After a storm there must be a calm.  
They catch me in the farm. You sound the alarm.  
Poor me, the Israelite.

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