

Israelites

Millencolin

Poor me, Israelites

I get up in the morning slaving for bread, sir
So that every mouth can be fed

Poor me, Israelites

My wife and my kids they packed up and leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to be seen

Poor me, Israelites

Well, shirt them a tear-up, trousers are gone
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde

Poor me, Israelites

And after a storm there must be a calm
They catch me in your farm, you sound your alarm

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