

Desmond Dekker - Israelites

tom:
Capostrate na 2ª casa

Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sah
So that every mouth can be fed
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite. Aah

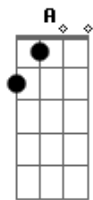
Wife and kids, dem pack up and-a leave me
Darling, she said, I was yours to receive
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite. Aah.

Shirt dem a tear up, trousers a go
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite. Aah

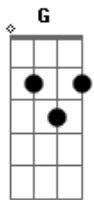
After a storm there must be a calm
Catch me in your farm..you sound an alarm
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite. Aah

(Poor, poor me, me-Israelite
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite
Poor, poor me, me-Israelite

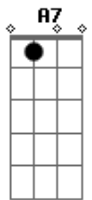
Acordes



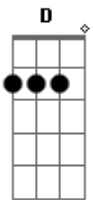
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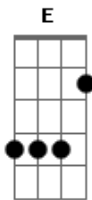
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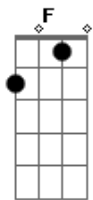
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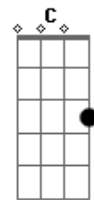
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