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Opening extract from
**Joseph and the Amazing
Technicolor Dreamcoat**

Written by
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and Tim Rice**

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Joseph's mother, she was Joseph's favourite wife
He never really loved another all his life
And Joseph was his joy because he tended him of her

Through young Joseph Joseph lived his youth again
Loved him, praised him, gave him all he could but then
It made the rest feel second best, and even if they were
Being told 'you're also-ness' did not make them Joseph's son

REFRAINS

But where we have really missed the best is
We're great guys but we're never the best



JOSEPH

I dreamed I saw eleven stars, the sun and moon and sky
Bowling down before my star, it made me wonder why
Could it be that I was born for higher things than you?
A post in occasional government, a society or two?

BROTHERS

These dreams of our dear brother are the decade's biggest puns
No talk of stars and golden sheaves is just a load of puns
Not only is he fearless 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 were more than crystal clear, the writing on the wall
Meant that Joseph some day soon would rise above them all
The accuracy of the dreams the brothers did not know
But one thing they were sure about -
The dreamer had to go





PHARAOH

Well I was wondering along the banks of the river
When you let your nose up out of the Nile
And right behind those five healthy animals
Came you, other you, that were strong and able
Well then, the five you ate the fat you
Which I thought would do them good
But it didn't make them fatter
Like such a monster supper should
The five you were as thin as they had ever been,
This doesn't get me half-bull, hey, I'm just what does it mean?

Now you know that things ain't stupid, but I don't have a clue
To do 'n' be great things, help me out I beg of you

I am standing doing nothing in a field out of town
When I see you, beautiful you of you
They were ripe, they were golden, but you let yourself in
Right behind those were you, other you, that were fattened and thin
Then, the bad you, ate the good you
Now, they come up thin behind you they did
But I'm just, here's the point - but
It's really you, it's your mind, it's your bid
The bad you was as bad as it had ever been,
This doesn't get me all shook up, treat me nice and tell me what it means



JOSEPH

Seven years of drought were on their way
Years of plenty, nothing about and lots of hay
The farms all here, there ain't no more
To store the surplus food you grow

After that the future doesn't look so bright
Egypt's luck will change completely overnight
And Joseph's hand will catch the lead
With food as all their life

Maybe there is no doubt
What your dream is all about
All these things you see in your eyes
Are long-range forecasts for your future
And the rest of it, proceed your mind
What it is you have to find
Food is what to feed you through the famine
With a plan for emergency planning
But when this was could be I just don't know

