

# Village Ghetto Land

Stevie Wonder

Would you like to go with me  
Down my dead end street  
Would you like to come with me  
To Village Ghetto Land

See the people lock their doors  
While robbers laugh and steal  
Beggars watch and eat their meals-from garbage cans

Broken glass is everywhere  
It's a bloody scene  
Killing plagues the citizens  
Unless they own police

Children play with rusted cars  
Sores cover their hands  
Politicians laugh and drink-drunk to all demands

Families buying dog food now  
Starvation roams the streets  
Babies die before they're born  
Infected by the grief

Now some folks say that we should be  
Glad for what we have  
Tell me would you be happy in Village Ghetto Land  
Village Ghetto Land

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