

# Ghetto

[Joan Baez](#)

If you ever lived in a ghetto  
And maybe at the close of your day  
On your front porch you hear the sound of a jukebox  
From the neighborhood cafe Well, in the noon you may hear the neighbors fussing  
When a kid breaks a window-pane  
In the night, in the night you may be wakened  
By the sound of the outbound train Well, the rich folks they own the big city  
And they down us who living the way we do  
But when you're born a child of a poor man  
You know the ghetto is the only place for you Well, if there's such a thing as revolution  
And there will be if we rise to the call  
When we build, we build, we build, we build the new Jerusalem  
There won't be no more ghetto, ghetto at all  
No, there won't be no more ghetto, ghetto at all

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