

In the Ghetto

Elvis Presley

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) And his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) People, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day?
Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Do we simply turn our heads, and look the other way? Well, the world turns
And a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) And his hunger burns
So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal, and he learns how to fight
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) Then one night in desperation
A young man breaks away
He buys a gun, steals a car
Tries to run, but he don't get far
And his mama cries As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) And as her young man dies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto) And his mama cries (in the ghetto)
(In the ghetto)
(Aah-aah)

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