

Children of the Ghetto

Waldeck

Children of the ghetto,
Running wild and free
In a concrete jungle
Filled with misery.
There's no inspiration
To brighten up their day. Wild with desperation
I would like to say:
Children of the ghetto
Keep your heads
Keep your heads
To the sky. Children of the ghetto,
Always in the news.
Talk less is their motto
And bitter are their blues.
Deep inside the ghetto
There's a unity,
Counsels of the sorrow
And the misery.
Children of the ghetto,
Children of the ghetto,
Keep your heads
To the sky. To the sky.

Songwriters

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