

# In The Ghetto

## The Cranberries

As the snow flies  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
A poor little baby child is born  
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  
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  
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  
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  
As her young man dies  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
Another little baby child is born  
In the ghetto

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