

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 still in 1995 living in
Village Ghetto Land
Oh, Village Ghetto Land

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