

Ghetto Child

The Spinners

When I was 17, I ran away from home
And from everything, I had ever known
I was sick and tired living in a town
Filled with narrow minds and hateThey used to laugh at me and children called me names
I would run and hide feeling so ashamed
Just for being born, I was just a boy
Punished for a crime that was not mineLife aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto childNo one tried to understand
Papa did the best a man could doA child's reality is paid for by his folks
Fancy fairy tales are bought and sold by those
Who can well afford time to make believe
Childhood dreams, can still come trueSo I've been wandering, traveling all around
Guess it aint my style to live in just one town
Still I'll never know why a child is blamed
Ridiculed and shamed, we're all the sameLife aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child, yeahOoh yeah, life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Oh baby, life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto childLife aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto childLife aint so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Life aint so easy
When you're a ghetto childLife aint so easy

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