

# 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 hate They 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 mine Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child  
Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child No one tried to understand  
Papa did the best a man could do A 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 true So 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 same Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child  
Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child, yeah Ooh yeah, life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child  
Oh baby, life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child  
Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child  
Life aint so easy  
When youre a ghetto child Life aint so easy

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