

In the Ghetto

Natalie Merchant

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is bornIn 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 ghettoOh, well people, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand?
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Oh, people look at you and meAre we too blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way?As the world turns and a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows in the ghetto
(In the ghetto)And his hunger burns
So he starts to roam the streets at night
Where he learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight in the ghettoOh, people, don't you understand
This child needs a helping hand?
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
People look at you and meAre we too blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way as the world turns?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 criesAs a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto
(In the ghetto)As her young man dies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is bornIn the ghetto
(In the ghetto)
In the ghetto
(In the ghetto)

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