

# Ghetto Soundwave

Fishbone

There`s another cry of murder  
Policeman shoot down baby brother  
Shot him, shot him down in the street  
But did they know the mother`s grief  
Were they sure they got the right one  
Did they know he was her only son

A father tries to feed his family  
They come here to find their opportunity  
Living, living, living in the streets  
With their dreams and with their humility  
Can`t we see all the pain and hurt  
They love this land maybe more than us

It`s a ghetto soundwave  
Gets to me everyday  
It`s a ghetto soundwave  
Gets to me everyday

Another bourgeois politician  
Hears our pleas but does not listen  
Never, never, never sees the need  
But caters only to his greed  
Can`t he see there`s no use in lying  
And don`t he know all our hope is dying

Our hope is dying, our hope is dying ! Hey !  
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