

## Better Day

702

Here's the story bout a ghetto girl  
Livin' in a ghetto world  
Against the world alone  
Problems in her ordinary life  
Make you wanna run and hide  
She can never get it right

Like the seasons when they change  
Nothing ever stays the same  
Surrounded by pain and empty dreams

So I pray (I'm praying for a better day)  
There's gotta be a better day  
New day  
Gotta be a better way  
I'm tryna find a better way

See many times she didn't have a dime  
When the bills would multiply  
Contemplated suicide  
And momma never had that special touch  
Her daddy touched her way too much  
Finally she had enough

Like the seasons when they change  
Nothing ever stays the same  
Surrounded by pain and empty dreams

And she's so alone  
Living in the ghetto  
I'm praying for a better day - oooooohhhhh  
I'm tryna find a better place  
Baby don't you cry

Hush little baby  
Please don't you cry  
Baby there's no need to cry  
Just reach for the sky  
Don't worry baby  
You'll be alright  
So learn to smile  
Kiss your tears goodbye

She was a little ghetto child (I'm praying for a better day)  
And then she turned her life around  
Another day (I'm tryna find a better way)  
And I gotta find another way  
Baby don't you cry  
Dry your eyes  
You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, high....  
(For a better day)  
Baby dry your eyes (Oh a better day)  
You can spread your wing and learn to fly - high, so high....  
Baby don't you cry (I'm praying for a better day)  
You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, high....  
(Her mother didn't have that touch, no, and daddy touch her way too much)  
Baby dry your eyes

You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, so high.....

Said she gotta get outta the ghetto, oh yes....