

In The Ghetto

Candi Staton

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago morn
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries

'Cause if there's one thing
That she don't need
It's another little
Hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

People, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an
Angry young man some day

Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Or do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way

Well, 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 street at night
He learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And 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 cries

As a crowd gathers round
An angry young man
Face down in the street
With a gun in his hand
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And as her young man dies
On a cold and grey Chicago morn
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries (in the ghetto)