

# 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)