

# In The Ghetto

Chris de Burgh

And the snow flies  
On a cold and grey 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 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 will we simply turn our heads  
And look the other way?

And the world turns  
And the hungry little boy with the 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  
He learns how to steal  
And he learns how to fight  
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

Then one night in desperation  
The young man breaks away  
He buys a gun, he steals a car  
He 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 (in the ghetto)  
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, in the ghetto, in the ghetto...)