

In The Ghetto

Elvis Presley

As the snow flies... On a cold and grey Chicago morning
A poor little baby child is born in the ghetto
And his mamma cries... 'Cos if there's one thing that she dont
need
It's another hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto

People dont you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll gonna 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
And his hunger burns... So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight 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 dont get far

And his mamma cries... As a crowd gathers round an angry young man
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto
And as her young man dies... On a cold and grey Chicago morning
Another little baby child is born in the ghetto...