

Ghetto

Leatherface

As the snow flies on a cold and gray Chicago morning
Poor little baby child is born in the ghetto
His mama cries for if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto
And people don't you understand the child needs a helping hand
He's going to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me are we too blind to see
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 he starts to roam the street at night
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 steals a car he tries to run
But he won't get far and his mama cries
As the crowd gathers round the angry young man
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto
As her young man dies on a cold and grey Chicago morning
Poor little baby child is born in the ghetto and his mama cries