

## 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