

# In The Ghetto

Paul Young

As the snow flies  
On a cold and gray chicago mornin  
A poor little baby child is born  
In the ghetto  
And his mama cries  
cause if theres one thing that she dont need  
Its another hungry mouth to feed  
In the ghetto

People, dont you understand  
The child needs a helping hand  
Or hell grow 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  
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  
A young man breaks away  
He buys a gun, steals a car,  
Tries to run, but he dont get far  
And his mama cries

As a crowd gathers round an angry young man  
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand  
In the ghetto

As her young man dies,  
On a cold and gray chicago mornin,  
Another little baby child is born  
In the ghetto