

## Children Of The Ghetto

Waldeck

Children of the ghetto,  
Running wild and free  
In a concrete jungle  
Filled with misery.  
There's no inspiration  
To brighten up their day.

Wild with desperation  
I would like to say:  
Children of the ghetto  
Keep your heads  
Keep your heads  
To the sky.

Children of the ghetto,  
Always in the news.  
Talk less is their motto  
And bitter are their blues.  
Deep inside the ghetto  
There's a unity,  
Counsels of the sorrow  
And the misery.  
Children of the ghetto,  
Children of the ghetto,  
Keep your heads  
To the sky.

To the sky.

To the sky.