

Better Day

702

Here's the story bout a ghetto girl
Livin' in a ghetto world
Against the world alone
Problems in her ordinary life
Make you wanna run and hide
She can never get it right

Like the seasons when they change
Nothing ever stays the same
Surrounded by pain and empty dreams

So I pray (I'm praying for a better day)
There's gotta be a better day
New day
Gotta be a better way
I'm tryna find a better way

See many times she didn't have a dime
When the bills would multiply
Contemplated suicide
And momma never had that special touch
Her daddy touched her way too much
Finally she had enough

Like the seasons when they change
Nothing ever stays the same
Surrounded by pain and empty dreams

And she's so alone
Living in the ghetto
I'm praying for a better day - oooooohhhhh
I'm tryna find a better place
Baby don't you cry

Hush little baby
Please don't you cry
Baby there's no need to cry
Just reach for the sky
Don't worry baby
You'll be alright
So learn to smile
Kiss your tears goodbye

She was a little ghetto child (I'm praying for a better day)
And then she turned her life around
Another day (I'm tryna find a better way)
And I gotta find another way
Baby don't you cry
Dry your eyes
You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, high....
(For a better day)
Baby dry your eyes (Oh a better day)
You can spread your wing and learn to fly - high, so high....
Baby don't you cry (I'm praying for a better day)
You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, high....
(Her mother didn't have that touch, no, and daddy touch her way too much)
Baby dry your eyes

You can spread your wings and learn to fly - high, so high.....

Said she gotta get outta the ghetto, oh yes....