

In The Ghetto

Chris de Burgh

And the snow flies
On a cold and grey Chicago morn
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

People, don't you understand?
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Or will we simply turn our heads
And look the other way?

And the world turns
And the hungry little boy with the runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And his hunger burns
So he starts to roam the streets at night
He learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

Then one night in desperation
The young man breaks away
He buys a gun, he steals a car
He tries to run, but he don't get far
And his mama cries

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

And as her young man dies (in the ghetto)
On a cold and grey Chicago morn'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries...
(In the ghetto, in the ghetto, in the ghetto...)