

Ghetto Soundwave

Fishbone

There`s another cry of murder
Policeman shoot down baby brother
Shot him, shot him down in the street
But did they know the mother`s grief
Were they sure they got the right one
Did they know he was her only son

A father tries to feed his family
They come here to find their opportunity
Living, living, living in the streets
With their dreams and with their humility
Can`t we see all the pain and hurt
They love this land maybe more than us

It`s a ghetto soundwave
Gets to me everyday
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Gets to me everyday

Another bourgeois politician
Hears our pleas but does not listen
Never, never, never sees the need
But caters only to his greed
Can`t he see there`s no use in lying
And don`t he know all our hope is dying

Our hope is dying, our hope is dying ! Hey !
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