

# Caught in a Ghetto

Martin Jondo

ain't it your foolish heart which rules your hand  
ain't it a greedy thought to cheat a friend  
ain't it your silent wish to be the king  
ain't it a weaking who's killing for money and things

tell me man where is your knowledge  
you'll never see smoke without fire

tell me man where are you gone  
gone and gone

sell your soul but when you wake up  
wake up wake up

you'll receive a bag of scorn

you are caught in a ghetto caught in a ghetto  
caught in a ghetto of your own  
so you fall in the pit woe  
fall in the pit woe  
you've been digging for all the souls

and in these hard times of trouble  
you will be far way from their side  
and when they call the offender  
there is a day which you deny

oh man you got that money  
and greedy dogs won't ever bite  
judge I see that honey  
you vow as easy as you lie

look into your heart if you really build a cornerstone  
fighting their religion man you're eating flesh and  
bone  
who's killing for the righteous  
he will never earn the throne  
sitting ina ghetto in a ghetto of your own bless  
we're all depending on fire Jah love and crystal waters  
this is how we express the present to all the sons and  
daughters  
life ain't no prison but still the civilized is the  
privileged  
somebody save me and lead me to the bridge and

history is painting  
a bloody vision on your flag  
but your boat isn't shaking  
you're swearing you obey your God  
man don't you know that looks are deceiving  
and tomorrow never dies  
no never dies

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