

# In the Ghetto

Merle Haggard

As the snow flies on a cold and gray Chicago morn  
A poor little baby child is born in the Ghetto and his mama cries  
Cause there's one thing that she don't need  
Is another little hungry mouth to feed in the Ghetto.

People don't you understand the child needs a helping hand  
He'll grow to be an angry young man someday  
Take a look at you and me are we too blind to see  
Do we simply turn our heads and look the other way  
As the world turns.

A hungry little boy with a running nose  
Plays in the streets as the cold wind blows in the Ghetto  
And his hunger burns  
So he starts to roam the streets at night  
And he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight in the Ghetto.

Then one night in desperation the young man breaks away  
And he buys a gun and he steals a car and he tries to run  
But don't get far and his mama cries.

As a crowd gathers round and the angry young man  
Paces down the street with a gun in his hand in the Ghetto  
As the young man dies.

On a cold and gray Chicago morn  
Another little baby child is born in the Ghetto  
And his mama cries  
(In Ghetto, oh, oh...)