

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 cri
es
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 Gh
etto.

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...)