

One-21, Ghetto Blaster

We have become tough and hard inside
Our eyes have lost their innocence
Our tears are dry!

Uno Viente Uno
Blast the ghetto now!

Get us out of this place!
Give us a home that is new!
These tents are tattered and they are torn
What will keep us warm?
Death, well he's among us can we hide from him?
He's been here since the fall
wow what are we gonna do?
WEll the cold is moving in and
He's about to begin Death, well he's upon us
Find a place to hide
Fall's moved on but he's still here
Que Vamos Hacer!

I heard a story of Big houses on the hill
Where the warmth and the light of the sun never fade away
And death he's non-existent
He can't find us there
Sadness and worry they can't find us there
Yes I heard about these houses on the hill!