

Ronan Keating, In The Ghetto

As the snow flies
On a cold and grey 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

Oh people don't you understand
This child needs a helping hand
He's gonna grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me
Are we that blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads and look the other way?

And the world turns
And the hungry little boy with the runny 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
He buys a gun and steals a car
He tries to run but he don't get far
And his mama cries
A crowd gathers round an angry young man
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto

Oh people don't you understand
This child needs a helping hand
He's gonna grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me
Are we that blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads and look the other way?

And as her young man dies
On a cold and grey Chicago morn
Another little baby child is born in the ghetto