

# Fishbone, Ghetto Soundwave

There's another cry of murder  
Policeman shoot down baby brother  
Shot him, shot him down in the street  
But did they know the mother's grief  
Were they sure they got the right one  
Did they know he was her only son

A father tries to feed his family  
They come here to find their opportunity  
Living, living, living in the streets  
With their dreams and with their humility  
Can't we see all the pain and hurt  
They love this land maybe more than us

It's a ghetto soundwave  
Gets to me everyday  
It's a ghetto soundwave  
Gets to me everyday

Another bourgeois politician  
Hears our pleas but does not listen  
Never, never, never sees the need  
But caters only to his greed  
Can't he see there's no use in lying  
And don't he know all our hope is dying

Our hope is dying, our hope is dying ! Hey !

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