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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