

Nat Stuckey, In The Ghetto

As the snow flies on a cold and gray 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 hungry mouth to feed in the Ghetto
People don't you understand 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 while the world turns

And 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 of 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 steals a car tries to run but he 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 and as her young man dies
On a cold and gray Chicago morn another little baby child is born in the Ghetto
People don't you understand...
(In the Ghetto in the Ghetto in the Ghetto in the Ghetto)