

Skrewdriver, In The Ghetto

As the snow fell, on a cold and grey Chicago dawn a poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto (White ghettos)
And his mother cried
If there's one thing that she don't need it's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghettos (White ghettos)
People don't you understand? A child needs a helping hand
He'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me, are we too blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads and look the other way, as the world turns?
And a hungry young boy with a runny nose plays out in the street as a cold wind blows
In the ghettos (White ghettos)
Just black and white
So he has to roam the street at night and he learns White Pride and he learns how to fight
In the ghettos (White ghettos)
And then one night in desperation, the young man breaks away
He buys a gun and drives his car, he orders his life but he dot get far, and his mother cries
As a crowds gathers 'round an angry young man, face down in the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto (White ghettos)
As the young man dies
On a cold and grey Chicago dawn, well another baby child is born
In the ghettos (White ghettos)
And his mother cries
White Pride
And his mother cries
White Pride