

Spinners, The "Ghetto Child"

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When I was 17
I ran away from home
And from everything
I had ever known
I was sick and tired
Living in a town
Filled with narrow minds
And hate

They used to laugh at me
And children called me names
I would run and hide
Feeling so ashamed
Just for being born
I was just a boy
Punished for a crime
That was not mine

Chorus:
Life ain't so easy
When you're a ghetto child
Life ain't so easy
When you're a ghetto child

Bridge:
No one tried to understand
Papa did the best a man
Could do

A child's reality
Is paid for by his folks
Fancy fairy tales
Are bought and sold by those
Who can well afford
Time to make believe
Childhood dreams
Can still come true

So I've been wandering
Traveling all around
Guess it ain't my style

To live in just one town
Still I'll never know
Why a child is blamed
Ridiculed and shamed
We're all the same

Chorus 2X

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