

Vicious Circle

"In The Ghetto"

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IN THE GHETTO (THE VICIOUS CIRCLE)

As the snow flies

On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'

A poor little baby child is born

In the ghetto

And his mama cries

'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need

It's another hungry mouth to feed

In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

People, don't you understand

The child needs a helping hand

Or 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

Well the world turns

And a hungry little boy with a runny nose

Plays in the street as the cold wind blows

In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And his hunger burns

So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal
And he learns how to fight
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
Then one night in desperation
A 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 an angry young man
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
As her young man dies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries
In the ghetto
In the ghetto
-- Elvis Presley

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