

# Elvis Presley & Lisa Marie Presley "In The Ghetto"

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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

People, don't you understand?  
The child needs a helping hand  
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day

I 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

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

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 the crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand  
In the ghetto

And as her young man dies  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
Another little baby child is born

In the ghetto

And his Mama cries  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
A poor little baby child is born  
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