

George Michael "Village Ghetto Land"

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Would you like to go with me
Down my dead end street
Would you like to come with me
To Village Ghetto Land

See the people lock their doors
While robbers laugh and steal
Beggars watch and eat their meal -- from garbage
cans

Broken glass is everywhere
It's a bloody scene
Killing plagues the citizens
Unless they own police

Children play with rusted cars
Sores cover their hands
Politicians laugh and drink -- drunk to all demands

Families buying dog food now
Starvation roams the streets
Babies die before they're born
Infected by the grief

Now some folks say that we should be
Glad for what we have
Tell me would you be happy in Village Ghetto Land

Village Ghetto Land

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