

Mac Davis "In The Ghetto"

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Elvis Presley

In The Ghetto (The Vicious Circle)

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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

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

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

As her young man dies,

on a cold and grey Chicago mornin',

another little baby child is born

In the ghetto

And his mama cries

In the ghetto

In the ghetto

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