

Mark-Almond

"Ghetto, The"

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Here I am, standing all alone.
Seems like I'm a thousand miles from home.
You know that never did I have a friend.
You know I never had a dollar that I could lend.

And sometimes I get down on my knees,
And I wonder if He sees.

New York City is where I'm from,
Down there in the ghetto, where you don't come.
Seems like my life has passed me buy.
And you tell me tears of joy, but I tell you I cry!

And sometimes I get down on my knees,
And I wonder if He sees.

Don't give me liquor for my pain.
All my friends they never came back again.
Nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide,
Just me in the ghetto with you looking in from outside.

And sometimes I get down on my knees,
And I wonder if He sees.

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