

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds "In The Ghetto"

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As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago morn'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto
And his momma cries

'Cause there's one thing that she don't need
It's another little hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto

Oh, people, don't you understand?
This child needs a helping hand
He's gonna grow to be
An angry young man some day

Woah, take a look at you and me
Are we that blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way? And the world turns

And the hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the streets 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
Young man breaks away
He buys a gun and steals a car
He tries to run but he don't get far
And his mama cries

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

Oh, people, don't you understand?
Oh, this child needs a helping hand
He's gonna grow to be

An angry young man some day

Hey, take a look at you and me
Are we that blind to see?
Do we simply turn our heads
And look the other way?

And as her young man dies
On a cold and gray Chicago morn'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto, in the ghetto
In the ghetto, in the ghetto

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