

Tove Östman Styrke

"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 (in the ghetto)

And his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another little hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

Oh, people, don't you understand
This child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Now take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Or 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 (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)

Oh, 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
(In the ghetto)

And his mama cries
(In the ghetto)

