

In the Ghetto - Presley, Elvis

Bb

As the snow flies

Dmi

On a cold and gray chicao mornin

D#

F

A poor little baby child is born

Bb

In the ghetto

Bb

And his mama cries

Dmi

cause if there's one thing that she don't need

D#

F

Its another hungry mouth to feed

Bb

In the ghetto

F

People, don't you understand

D#

Bb

The child needs a helping hand

D#

F

Bb

Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day

F

Take a look at you and me,

D#

Bb

Are we too blind to see,

D#

Dmi

Do we simply turn our heads

Cmi

F

And look the other way

Bb

Well the world turns

Dmi

And a hungry little boy with a runny nose

D#

F

Plays in the street as the cold wind blows

Bb

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

Dmi

As a crowd gathers round an angry young man

D#

F

Face down on the street with a gun in his hand

Bb

In the ghetto

As her young man dies,
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin,
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto