In the Ghetto - Presley, Elvis

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