

## In the Ghetto - Presley, Elvis

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

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