

In the Ghetto (Elvis Presley - 1969)

- 1 As the snow flakes, gray
 flies, on a and grave morning...
 falls, great
 pool prays
 A pulled little baby child is, and his mama tries
 poor cries
 thing read
 'cause there's one think that she don't knee
 sing need
 angry fill.
 It's another hungry mouth to feed.
 hundred feel.
 can't happy
 5 People, won't you understand, the child needs a helping hand
 don't hell of a
 grow to
 Or he'll go to be an angry young man some
 gotta
 Take a at you and me, are we too to see?
 heads another
 we simply turn our face and look the utter way?
 hands the other
 world angry runny
 Well the word turns, and a hanging little boy with a randy nose
 wall hungry round
 win flows.
 10 Plays in the as the cold wind blows.
 when goes.
 anger boils, roam
 And his hung-up burns, so he starts to run the streets at night
 hunger burps, row
 And he learns how to and he learns how to
 takes
 Then one night in desperation, the young man bricks away,
 breaks for
 He buys a, steals a, tries to run, but he don't get far
 prays. fall
 15 and his mama tries.
 cries.
 prawn together
 As a crowd gathers round an angry young man,
 crawl geezers
 Faith
 Fell down on the street with a in his hand.
 Face
 dies,
 As her young man lies,
 pies,
 gray
 on a and grave morning...
 great
 20 Another little baby child is born, in the ghetto...
 (words & music by Scott Davis)