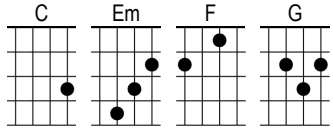


In The Ghetto

Elvis Presley



C |

As the C snow flies |

On a Em cold and gray Chicago mornin'

A 1/2F poor little baby 1/2G child is born in the C ghetto |

And his C mama cries |

'Cause if Em there's one thing that she don't need

It's a 1/2F nother hungry 1/2G mouth to feed in the C ghetto |

People, don't you G understand, the child needs a 1/2F helping 1/2C hand

Or 1/2F he'll grow to be an 1/2G angry young man some C day

Take a look at G you and me, are we too 1/2F blind to 1/2C see?

1/2F Do we simply Em turn our heads

And F look the other G way

Well, the C world turns |

A Em hungry little boy with a runny nose

1/2F Plays in the street as the 1/2G cold wind blows in the C ghetto |

And his C hunger burns |

So he Em starts to roam the streets at night

And he 1/2F learns how to steal and he 1/2G learns how to fight in the C ghetto |

G Then one night in desperation the 1/2F young man breaks a 1/2C way

He 1/2F buys a gun, 1/2Em steals a car

1/2F Tries to run, but he G don't get far

And his C mama cries |

As a Em crowd gathers round an angry young man

Face 1/2F down on the street with a 1/2G gun in his hand in the C ghetto |

And as her C young man dies |

On a Em cold and gray Chicago mornin'

A 1/2F nother little baby G child is born nc in the C ghetto |

And his | mama cries | C

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