

Ghetto

If you ever lived in a ghetto
And maybe at the close of your day
On your front porch you hear the sound of a jukebox
From the neighbourhood cafe

Well in the noon you may hear the neighbours fussing
When a kid breaks a window pane
In the night, in the night you may be wakened
By the outbound train

Well the rich folks they own the big city
And they down us who living the way we do
But when you're born a child of a poor man
You know the ghetto is the only place for you

Well if there's such a thing as revolution
And there will be if we rise to the call
When we build we build we build we build the new Jerusalem
There won't be no more ghetto, ghetto at all
No there won't be no more ghetto, ghetto at all