

Ghetto by Elvis Presley  
(words & music by scott davis)

A D A D  
 As the snow flies  
 E  
 On a cold and gray chicago mornin'  
 D E  
 A poor little baby child is born  
 A D A D  
 In the ghetto  
 A D A D  
 And his mama cries  
 E  
 'cause if there's one thing that she don't need  
 D E  
 It's an-other hungry mouth to feed  
 A D A  
 In the ghetto  
 E  
 People, don't you understand  
 D A  
 The child needs a heeee-lping hand  
 D E A  
 Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day  
 E  
 Take a look at you and me,  
 D A  
 Are we too bliiiiind to see,  
 D A  
 Do we simply turn our heads  
 E  
 And look the other way  
 A D A D  
 Well the world turns  
 E  
 And a hungry little boy with a runny nose  
 D E  
 Plays in the street as the cold wind blows  
 A D A D  
 In the ghetto  
 A D A D  
 And his hunger burns  
 E  
 So he starts to roam the streets at night  
 D  
 And he learns how to steal  
 E  
 And he learns how to fight  
 A D A  
 In the ghetto  
 E  
 Then one night in desperation  
 D A  
 A young man breaks away  
 D A  
 He buys a gun, steals a car,  
 E  
 Tries to run, but he don't get far  
 A D A D  
 And his mama cries  
 E  
 As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
 D E  
 Face down on the street with a gun in his hand  
 A D A D  
 In the ghetto

As her <sup>A</sup> young man dies, <sup>D A D</sup>  
On a <sup>E</sup> cold and gray chicago mornin',  
An-other <sup>D</sup> little baby <sup>E</sup> child is born  
In the <sup>A</sup> ghetto <sup>D A D</sup>