

The Getto by Elvis Presley

R Keo

A 002220
 Asus4 002230
 C#m 046654
 E 022100
 D 000232
 Bm 022432

A, Asus4, A, Asus4

A, Asus4, A, Asus4
 As the snow flies
 C#m
 On a cold and gray chicago mornin'
 D E
 A poor little baby child is born
 A Asus4 A Asus4
 In the ghetto
 A Asus4 A Asus
 And his mama cries
 C#m
 'cause if there's one thing that she don't need
 D E
 It's an-other hungry mouth to feed
 A Asus4 A Asus4
 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 C#m
 Do we simply turn our heads
 Bm E
 And look the other way
 A Asus4, A, Asus4
 Well the world turns
 C#m
 And a hungry little boy with a runny nose
 D E
 Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
 A Asus4, A, Asus4
 In the ghetto
 A Asus4, A, Asus4
 And his hunger burns
 C#m
 So he starts to roam the streets at night
 D
 And he learns how to steal
 E
 And he learns how to fight
 A Asus4, A, Asus4
 In the ghetto
 C#m
 Then one night in desperation
 D A
 A young man breaks away
 D A

He buys a gun, steals a car,
Bm E
Tries to run, but he don't get far
A Asus4, A, Asus4
And his mama cries
C#m
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
D E
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand
A Asus4, A, Asus4
In the ghetto
A Asus4, A, Asus4
As her young man dies,
C#m
On a cold and gray chicago mornin',
D E
An-other little baby child is born
A Asus4, A, Asus4
In the ghetto