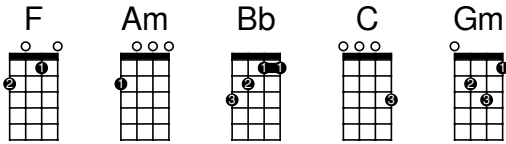


# In the Ghetto

Mac Davis 1969 (recorded by Elvis Presley)



## Verse 1:

As the [F] snow flies  
On a [Am] cold and grey Chicago mornin'  
A [Bb] poor little baby [C] child is born  
In the [F] ghetto

## Verse 2:

And his [F] mama cries  
'cause if [Am] there's one thing that she don't need  
It's [Bb] another hungry [C] mouth to feed  
In the [F] ghetto

## Chorus:

People don't you [C] understand  
The child needs a [Bb] helping [F] hand  
Or he'll [Bb] grow to be an [C] angry young man some [F] day  
Take a look at [C] you and me,  
Are we too [Bb] blind to [F] see  
[Bb] Do we simply [Am] turn our heads and [Gm] look the other way [C]

## Verse 3:

Well the [F] world turns  
And a [Am] hungry little boy with a runny nose  
[Bb] Plays in the street as the [C] cold wind blows  
In the [F] ghetto

## Verse 4:

And his [F] hunger burns  
so he [Am] starts to roam the streets at night  
And he [Bb] learns how to steal, and he [C] learns how to fight  
In the [F] ghetto

Bridge:

[C] Then one night in desperation  
A [Bb] young man breaks a [F] way  
He [Bb] buys a gun, and he [Am] steals a car,  
[Gm] Tries to run, but he [C] don't get far

Verse 5

And his [F] mama cries  
As a [Am] crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
Face [Bb] down on the street with a [C] gun in his hand  
In the [F] ghetto

Verse 6:

As her [F] young man dies,  
On a [Am] cold and grey Chicago mornin'  
A [Bb] nother little baby [C] child is born  
In the [F] ghetto  
And his [F] mama cries...