

Elvis Presley: In The Ghetto

^AAs the snow flies... On a ^{C#mi7}cold and grey Chicago morning
A ^Dpoor little baby ^{E7}child is born in the ^Aghetto
And his ^Amamma cries... 'Cos if t^{C#mi7}here's one thing that she dont need
It's ^Danother hungry mo^{E7}uth to feed in the g^Ahetto

People dont you u^Enderstand
The child needs a h^Delping h^Aand
Or h^De'll gonna be an a^Engry young man some d^Aay
Take a look at y^Eou and me
Are we too bl^Dind to s^Aee
Or d^Do we simply t^{C#mi}urn our heads and l^{Bmi}ook the other ^{E7}way

Well, the ^Aworld turns... And a ^{C#mi7}hungry little boy with a runny nose
^DPlays in the street as the ^{E7}cold wind blows in the ^Aghetto
And his ^Ahunger burns... So he ^{C#mi7}starts to roam the streets at night
And he ^Dlearns how to steal and he ^{E7}learns how to fight in the g^Ahetto

Th^Een one night in desperation the y^Doung man breaks a^Away
He b^Duys a gun, he s^{C#mi7}teals a car,
He t^{Bmi}ries to run but he ^{E7}dont get far

And his ^Amamma cries... As a ^{C#mi7}crowd gathers round an angry young man
Face ^Ddown in the street with a ^{E7}gun in his hand in the g^Ahetto
And as her ^Ayoung man dies... On a ^{C#mi7}cold and grey Chicago morning
An^Dother little baby c^{E7}hild is born in the gh^Aetto...