

In the Ghetto

(Elvis Presley)

C

1) As the snow flies;

^e on a cold and grey Chicago morning a poor little baby child was born in the Ghetto. ^F ^G ^C

2) And his mama cries;

^e cause if there's one thing she doesn't need it's another hungry mouth to feed ^F ^G
^C in the Ghetto.

R. People don't you understand, the child need's a helping hand ^G ^F ^C
^F or he'll grow up to be an angry young man some day. ^{G⁷} ^C

^G Take a look at you and me, are we too blind to see ^F ^C
^F or do we simply turn our heads and look the other way? ^e ^d ^{G⁷}

3) Well the world turns;

^C and the hungry little boy with the running nose plays in the street as the cold wind blows ^F ^G
^e in the Ghetto. ^C

4) And his hunger burns;

^e and he starts to roam the streets at night and he learns how to steel ^F
^G and he learns how to fight in the Ghetto. ^C

R² And then one night in desperation a young man breaks away, ^G ^F ^C
^F he buys a gun, steels a car, tries to run but he won't get far. ^e ^d ^{G⁷}

5) And his mama cries;

^C as the crowd gather 'round an angry young man face down in the street ^F
^e with a gun in his hand in the Ghetto. ^G ^C

6) And as her young man dies;

^e on a cold and grey Chicago morning another little baby child is born in the Ghetto. ^F ^G ^C