

Fishbone, Ghetto Soundwave

There's another cry of murder
Policeman shoot down baby brother
Shot him, shot him down in the street
But did they know the mother's grief
Were they sure they got the right one
Did they know he was her only son

A father tries to feed his family
They come here to find their opportunity
Living, living, living in the streets
With their dreams and with their humility
Can't we see all the pain and hurt
They love this land maybe more than us

It's a ghetto soundwave
Gets to me everyday
It's a ghetto soundwave
Gets to me everyday

Another bourgeois politician
Hears our pleas but does not listen
Never, never, never sees the need
But caters only to his greed
Can't he see there's no use in lying
And don't he know all our hope is dying

Our hope is dying, our hope is dying ! Hey !

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