

# Nick Cave, In The Ghetto

As the snow flies  
On a cold and grey Chicago morn  
A poor little baby child is born in the ghetto

And his mama cries  
Cause there's one thing that she don't need  
Is another little hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto

Oh people don't you understand  
This child needs a helping hand  
He's gonna grow to be an angry young man some day  
Take a look at you and me  
Are we that blind to see?  
Do we simply turn our heads and look the other way?

And the world turns  
And the hungry little boy with the runny nose  
Plays in the streets as the cold wind blows in the ghetto

And his hunger burns  
So he starts to roam the streets at night  
And he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight in the ghetto

Then one night in desperation  
The young man breaks away  
He buys a gun and steals a car  
He tries to run but he don't get far

And his mama cries  
A crowd gathers round an angry young man  
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto

And as her young man dies  
On a cold and grey Chicago morn  
Another little baby child is born in the ghetto