

## In the ghetto (Elvis Presley)

**A** **C#m**  
As the snow flies, on a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
**D** **E7** **A**  
a poor little baby child is born in the ghetto.  
**A** **C#m**  
And his mama cries, 'cause if there's one thing that she don't need  
**D** **E7** **A**  
it's another hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto.

**E** **D** **A**  
People, don't you understand the child needs a helping hand  
**D** **E** **A**  
or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day.  
**E** **D** **A**  
Take a look at you and me, are we too blind to see,  
**D** **C#m** **Bm** **E7**  
or do we simply turn our heads and look the other way.

**A** **C#m**  
Well the world turns, and a hungry little boy with a runny nose  
**D** **E7** **A**  
plays in the street as the cold wind blows in the ghetto.  
**A** **C#m**  
And his hunger burns, so he starts to roam the streets at night  
**D** **E7** **A**  
and he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight in the ghetto.

**E** **D** **A**  
Then one night in desperation a young man breaks away.  
**D** **C#m** **Bm** **E7**  
He buys a gun, steals a car, tries to run, but he don't get far.

**A** **C#m**  
And his mama cries as a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
**D** **E7** **A**  
face down on the street with a gun in his hand in the ghetto.  
**A** **C#m**  
As her young man dies, on a cold and gray Chicago mornin',  
**D** **E7** **A**  
another little baby child is born in the ghetto.