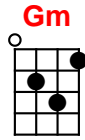
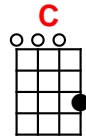
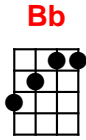
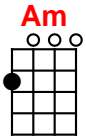
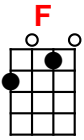


## In the Ghetto

Mac Davis 1969 (recorded by Elvis Presley)



Verse 1:

As the **[F]** snow flies  
On a **[Am]** cold and grey Chicago mornin'  
A **[Bb]** poor little baby **[C]** child is born  
In the **[F]** ghetto

Verse 2:

And his **[F]** mama cries  
'cause if **[Am]** there's one thing that she don't need  
It's **[Bb]** another hungry **[C]** mouth to feed  
In the **[F]** ghetto

Chorus:

People don't you **[C]** understand  
The child needs a **[Bb]** helping **[F]** hand  
Or he'll **[Bb]** grow to be an **[C]** angry young man some **[F]** day  
Take a look at **[C]** you and me,  
Are we too **[Bb]** blind to **[F]** see  
**[Bb]** Do we simply **[Am]** turn our heads and **[Gm]** look the other way **[C]**

Verse 3:

Well the **[F]** world turns  
And a **[Am]** hungry little boy with a runny nose  
**[Bb]** Plays in the street as the **[C]** cold wind blows  
In the **[F]** ghetto

Verse 4:

And his **[F]** hunger burns  
so he **[Am]** starts to roam the streets at night  
And he **[Bb]** learns how to steal, and he **[C]** learns how to fight  
In the **[F]** ghetto

Bridge:

**[C]** Then one night in desperation  
A **[Bb]** young man breaks a **[F]** way  
He **[Bb]** buys a gun, and he **[Am]** steals a car,  
**[Gm]** Tries to run, but he **[C]** don't get far

Verse 5

And his **[F]** mama cries  
As a **[Am]** crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
Face **[Bb]** down on the street with a **[C]** gun in his hand  
In the **[F]** ghetto

Verse 6:

As her **[F]** young man dies,  
On a **[Am]** cold and grey Chicago mornin'  
A **[Bb]** nother little baby **[C]** child is born  
In the **[F]** ghetto  
And his **[F]** mama cries...