

# The Cranberries - In The Ghetto

Tom: **A**  
Intro: **A**

As the snow flies  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
A poor little baby child is born  
In the ghetto  
And his mama cries  
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need  
It's another hungry mouth to feed  
In the ghetto

So people, don't you understand  
The child needs a helping hand  
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day  
Take a look at you and me,  
Are we too blind to see,  
Do we simply turn our heads  
And look the other way

Well the world turns  
And a poor little boy with a runny nose

Plays in the street 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

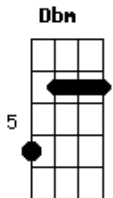
Then one night in desperation  
A young man breaks away  
He buys a gun, steals a car,  
Tries to run, but he doesn't get far

And his mama cries  
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand  
In the ghetto  
As her young man dies,  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin',  
Another little baby child is born  
In the ghetto  
In the ghetto...

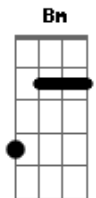
## Acordes



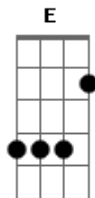
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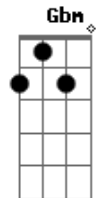
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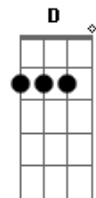
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