

**Elvis presley – In the ghetto (1969,  
written by Scott Davis)**

**Complete the missing lyrics**

As the snow flies

\_\_\_\_\_ a cold and gray Chicago morning

A poor little baby child is born

\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto (\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto)

And his mama cries

'Cause if there's one thing that she don't  
need

It's another hungry mouth to feed

\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto (\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto)

People, don't you \_\_\_\_\_

The child needs a helping hand

Or he'll grow to be an angry young man  
some day?

Take a look \_\_\_\_\_ you and me

Are we too blind to see

Do we simply turn our heads, and look the  
\_\_\_\_\_ ?

Well, the world turns

And a hungry little boy with a runny nose

Plays \_\_\_\_\_ the street as the cold wind blows

\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto (\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto)

And his hunger burns

So he starts to roam the streets at \_\_\_\_\_

And he learns how to steal, and he learns  
how to fight

\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto (\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto)

Then one night in desperation

A young man breaks away

He buys a gun, steals a car

Tries to run, but he don't get far

And his mamma cries

As a crowd gathers around an angry

\_\_\_\_\_.

Face down on the street with a gun \_\_\_\_\_ his  
hand

\_\_\_\_\_ the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And as her young man dies

\_\_\_\_\_ a cold and gray Chicago mornin'

Another little baby child is born

In the ghetto (in the ghetto)

And his mama cries (in the ghetto)

(In the ghetto)

