

# **IN THE GHETTO**

Author: Elvis Presley

## **Intro** C

### **Verse 1**

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

### **Bridge 1**

|   |   |    |   |   |  |                                |   |
|---|---|----|---|---|--|--------------------------------|---|
|   |   | G  |   |   |  | F                              | C |
| People don't you understand                           |   |    |   |   |  | The child needs a helping hand |   |
|   | F |    | G |   |  | C                              |   |
| Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day       |   |    |   |   |  |                                |   |
|   |   | G  |   |   |  | F                              | C |
| Take a look at you and me                             |   |    |   |   |  | Are we too blind to see        |   |
| F   |   | Em |   | F |  | G                              |   |
| Or do we simply turn our heads and look the other way |   |    |   |   |  |                                |   |

### **Verse 2**

|   |   |  |   |   |  |   |  |
|---|---|--|---|---|--|---|--|
|   | C |  |   |   |  | Em  |  |
| Well the world turns                                  |   |  |   |   |  | And a hungry little boy with a runny nose |  |
| F   |   |  | G |   |  | C   |  |
| Plays in the street as the cold wind blows            |   |  |   |   |  | In the ghetto                             |  |
|   | C |  |   |   |  | Em  |  |
| And his hunger burns                                  |   |  |   |   |  | So he starts to roam the streets at night |  |
| F   |   |  |   | G |  | C   |  |
| And he learns how to steal and he learns how to fight |   |  |   |   |  | In the ghetto                             |  |

### **Bridge 2**

|                               |   |    |  |   |  |                                   |   |
|-------------------------------|---|----|--|---|--|-----------------------------------|---|
|                               | G |    |  |   |  | F                                 | C |
| Then one night in desperation |   |    |  |   |  | A young man breaks away           |   |
| F                             |   | Em |  | F |  | G                                 |   |
| He buys a gun, steals a car   |   |    |  |   |  | Tries to run but he don't get far |   |

### **Verse 3**

|  |   |  |   |  |  |  |  |
|--|---|--|---|--|--|--|--|
|  | C |  |   |  |  | Em   |  |
| And his mama cries                             |   |  |   |  |  | As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man |  |
| F  |   |  | G |  |  | C  |  |
| Face down on the street with a gun in his hand |   |  |   |  |  | In the ghetto                                |  |
|  | C |  |   |  |  | Em   |  |
| As her young man dies                          |   |  |   |  |  | On a cold and grey Chicago mornin'           |  |
| F  |   |  | G |  |  | C  |  |
| Another little baby child is born              |   |  |   |  |  | In the ghetto                                |  |

## **Outro** C

