

# In The Ghetto

Elvis Presley

As the snow \_\_\_\_\_  
On a cold and \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ to feed  
**in the ghetto..**

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

Well the world \_\_\_\_\_  
And a hungry little \_\_\_\_\_ with a *runny* nose *il naso che cola*  
Plays in the street as the cold \_\_\_\_\_ blows **in the ghetto..**

And his hunger burns  
So he starts to *roam* the streets at night *vagare per le strade*  
And he learns how to steal  
And he learns how to \_\_\_\_\_ **in the ghetto..**

Then one \_\_\_\_\_ in desperation  
A young man breaks away *scappare, allontanarsi*  
He buys a gun, steals a \_\_\_\_\_,  
Tries to run, but *he don't* get far  
And his \_\_\_\_\_ cries  
As a crowd *gathers* 'round an angry young man *raccogliere*  
Face \_\_\_\_\_ on the street with a gun in his hand **in the ghetto..**

As her young man \_\_\_\_\_,  
On a \_\_\_\_\_ and gray Chicago *mornin'*,  
Another little \_\_\_\_\_ child is born **in the ghetto**  
And his mama cries...