

Fill in the gaps

As the snow flies on a cold and gray Chicago mornin'						
A poor little (1)	child	is born i	n t	he ghett	0	
And his (2)	cries	'cause	if	there's	one	thing
(3) she don't ne	ed					
It's another hungry mouth to feed in the ghetto						
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 hungry little boy with a runny nose						
Plays in the street as the	e cold	wind ((4)_			in the
ghetto						
And his (5)	bu	rns, so	he	starts	to roa	am 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 yo	ung man breaks away				
He buys a gun, steals a car, tries to run, but he don'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 ghette					
As her young man dies on a cold and gray Chicago mornin					
Another little baby (6)	is born in the ghetto				
And his (7) cries					
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- 1. baby
- 2. mama
- 3. that
- 4. blows
- 5. hunger
- 6. child
- 7. mama
- 8. SONGS

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