

Fill in the gaps

| As the snow flies | And his hunger burns |
|---|--|
| On a (1) and gray (2) mornin' | so he starts to roam the streets at night |
| A poor little baby child is born | and he learns how to steal |
| In the ghetto | and he learns how to fight |
| And his mama cries | In the ghetto |
| 'cause if there's one thing that she don't need | Then one night in desperation |
| it's another (3) mouth to feed | a young man breaks away |
| In the ghetto | He buys a gun, steals a car, |
| People, don't you understand | tries to run, but he don't get far |
| the (4) needs a helping hand | And his (5) cries |
| or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day | As a crowd (6) 'round an angry young man |
| Take a look at you and me, | face down on the street with a gun in his hand |
| are we too blind to see, | In the ghetto |
| do we simply turn our heads | As her young man dies, |
| and look the other way | on a cold and (7) Chicago mornin', |
| Well the world turns | another (8) baby child is born |
| and a hungry little boy with a runny nose | In the ghetto |
| plays in the street as the cold wind blows | |
| In the ghetto | |



1. cold

- 2. Chicago
- 3. hungry
- 4. child
- 5. mama
- 6. gathers
- 7. gray
- 8. little

Fill in the gaps

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