

As the flies	<i>white flakes falling from the sky</i>
on a cold and Chicago morning	<i>a mixture of black and white</i>
a poor little baby child is	<i>to come to earth</i>
in the	<i>slum</i>
And his mama	<i>weep loudly</i>
because if there's one thing that she doesn't	<i>want</i>
it's another hungry mouth to	<i>give food</i>
in the ghetto	
....., don't you understand?	<i>folks</i>
The child needs a	<i>care</i>
or he'll to be an angry young man some day.	<i>become</i>
..... you and me,	<i>see</i>
are we too to see?	<i>not able to see</i>
Do we simply turn our	<i>important part of the body</i>
And look the way?	<i>different</i>
Well, the turns	<i>earth</i>
and a hungry little boy with a running	<i>part of the face to breathe</i>
plays in the street as the cold wind	<i>wind in motion</i>
in the ghetto.	
And his burns	<i>lack of food</i>
so he starts to the streets at night.	<i>to go with no special aim</i>
And he learns how to steal	<i>take away</i>
and he learns how to fight	<i>attack or defend</i>
in the ghetto.	
Then one night in desperation	<i>no hope</i>
A young man	<i>run off</i>
He buys a , steals a car,	<i>weapon</i>
tries to run, but he doesn't get	<i>away</i>
And his cries	<i>mother</i>
as a gathers around an angry young man	<i>lot of people</i>
..... down on the street with a gun in his hand	<i>part of the head</i>
in the ghetto	
As her young man	<i>lose his life</i>
on a cold and grey morning,	<i>large Illinois city</i>
..... little baby child is born	<i>one more</i>
in the ghetto.	