

Fill in the gaps

| As the snow flies | And his (8) burns |
|--|--|
| On a cold and gray Chicago mornin' | so he starts to roam the streets at night |
| A (1) little (2) (3) 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 (4) that she don't need | Then one night in desperation |
| it's another hungry mouth to feed | a (9) 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 child needs a helping hand | And his mama cries |
| or he'll grow to be an angry young man (5) day | As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man |
| Take a (6) at you and me, | face down on the (10) with a gun in his hand |
| are we too blind to see, | In the ghetto |
| do we simply (7) our heads | As her young man dies, |
| and look the other way | on a cold and gray Chicago mornin', |
| Well the world turns | another little 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. poor
- 2. baby
- 3. child
- 4. thing
- 5. some
- 6. look
- 7. turn
- 8. hunger
- 9. young
- 10. street

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