

# Mary J. Blige, Children Of The Ghetto

Children, children, yeah, yeah....  
I'm talkin' bout the babies yeah yeah yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We gotta fight the battles  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Children of the Ghetto  
Runnin' wild and free  
In the concrete jungle  
Filled with misery  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Theres no inspiration  
To brighten up our day  
None at all, not at all, none at all  
So out of desperation  
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto  
Keep your head  
To the sky

Keep it up, keep it up

Children of the ghetto  
We're always in the news  
See toughness is our moto  
And bitter blues  
See there's no inspiration  
To brighten up our day  
None at all  
So out of desperation  
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto  
Keep your head  
To the sky

Keep it up, keep it up  
Oh keep it up

Cornell serenade the people

[Musical Interlude]

There's no inspiration  
Ooh ah  
To brighten up our day  
No, no, no, no  
So out of desperation  
I would like to say

Children of the Ghetto  
Keep your head to the sky

Keep your head up, keep your head up  
See to me, see to me  
We are all God's Children

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la  
(repeat x2)

Hold on tight

Everything will be alright

Children of the Ghetto  
Keep your head