

# Friday's Child

[Nancy Sinatra](#)

Friday's child.....Hard luck is her brotherFriday's child.....Her sister's miseryFriday's child.....Her daddy they  
call hard timesFriday's child.....That's meFriday's child.....Born a little uglyFriday's child.... Good looks passed  
her by..ohFriday's child.....Makes something look like nothingFriday's child.....Am I..yaGuitar SoloFriday's  
child.....Never climbed no mountainFriday's child.....She ain't even gonna try..ohFriday's child.....Whom they'll  
forget to buryFriday's child.....Am I

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