Friday's Child

Wendy Matthews

We've been told to live our lives just workin' on the feelin'
Waitin' for the sun to shine on what we do believe in
In every man I hear the cry of someone else
A drownin' man reachin' out but no one hears
I know a man livin' out his life without a reason
And he says
Monday's got a beautiful baby
And Wednesday's child can never win
Little Saturday will work till he's crazy
But Friday's child, he was born to give
Now what about all the unborn people that will suffer
At the hands of Mr. Right who cares about no other
I see a mother who lets her children use her up
I know a father who just sacrificed his wayward son
I wonder what you give that someone else is needin'
Next to nothin'
Monday's got a beautiful baby
Wednesday's child can never win
Little Saturday will work till he's crazy
But Friday's child, he was born to give
Monday's got a beautiful baby
Wednesday's child can never win
Little Saturday will work till he's crazy
But Friday's child, this here you say
Monday's got a beautiful baby
Wednesday's child can never win
Little Saturday will work till he's crazy
But Friday's child
He was Friday's child
He was Friday's child
Friday's child
Friday's child

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