

# Friday's Child

Will Young

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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