

Friday's Child

Them

From the North
To the South,
Ya' walked all the way.
Ya' know ya' left your,
Left your home
For good to stay,
While ya' built all,
All of your castles
In the sun,
And I watched ya' knock 'em down,
Knock 'em down, each and every one.
Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' can't stop now.
No.
Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' can't stop now. And I watched you
'Fore you 'came too ol' (??)
And I tol' ya'
A long time before ya' ever came to be told,
"You've got somethin'
That they all want to know.
You gotta hold on
And never ever let go."
Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' can't stop now.
No, no.
Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' cannot stop now,
Ya' can't stop. There ya' go,
There ya' go, rainbows hangin' around your feet,
And you're makin' out,
You're makin' out with everyone that you meet.
Even havin' a ball
And stayin' up late,
And watched the sun come up
'round Nottinghill Gate.
Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' can't stop now.
No, no.

Whoa-oh, Friday's child
Ya' cannot stop.
You're drivin'.
Aaowwh,
No no no no no no no no no,
Ya' cannot stop now.
You're too much.
Ya' can't stop, ya' can't stop, ya' can't stop, can't stop, no.

Songwriters

VAN MORRISON Published by

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