

Sunday's Child

Phil Keaggy

Monday's child was feeling blue,
Tuesday's child who noticed you,
Wednesday's child was full of woe,
Thursday's child was dressed up
With no place to go.
Friday's child and Saturday
Out there running wild.
Since she's met the King of hearts
They call her Sunday's child.

Sunday's child, oh yeah.
Sunday's child, oh yeah.

Some they cry all through the night,
A few send up a wishing kite.
When the day comes to an end,
There you sit all alone feeling empty again.
Frightened by each sadder day,
So long since you smiled.
You will find no peace of mind
Til you're Sunday's child.

Sunday's child, oh yeah.
Sunday's child, oh yeah.

Every day of the week,
Every month of the year,
While time is still on your side,
Take the love that is here.
Take the love that is here.

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