

Friday's Child

Will Young

We've been told
To live our lives - just working on a feeling
Waiting for
The sun to shine on what we do believe in
I'm every man
I hear the cry of someone else
A drowning man reaching out
But no-one hears
I know a man living 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
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 sacrifices his wayward son
I wonder
What you give that someone else is needing nothing
Next to nothing

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