

## 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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