

Vermillion Lies, Wednesday's child

Monday's child is fair of face
Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
Thursday's child has far to go
Friday's child is kind and giving
Saturday's child works hard for a living
But the child that was born on the Sabbath Day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay
I was born on a Wednesday
I don't know about you
I always wanted to meet Sunday's child
and tell her what to do
'Cause I was so angry
And, oh, how I cried
Why, oh, why do I have to be
Wednesday's child?
Thought I could change the story
Didn't like how the way it looked
So I took my pencil
and I rewrote that whole storybook
'Cause I was so angry
and, oh, how I cried
Why, oh, why do I have to be
Wednesday's child?
If I could write music
I'd rewrite all the songs
that you hear on the radio
All the sad songs
They're about me
If I could write Latin
I'd rewrite the way
All the Latin-based languages
Are spoken, all the sad words
They're about me
If I could write one song
It wouldn't be this one
This one's too sad
Or maybe it's just bad
I'm so angry
and, oh, how I cried
Why, oh, why do I have to be
Wednesday's child?
Monday's child is fair of face (narcissist)
Tuesday's child is full of grace (a little stiff)
Wednesday's child is full of woe (whatever)
Thursday's child has far to go (get out)
Friday's child is kind and giving (sucker)
Saturday's child works hard for a living (overachiever)
But the child that was born on the Sabbath Day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay