

Barbara Lea, Thursday's Child

Monday's child is fair of face
And Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
But Thursday's child has far to go
Things look mighty black for Thursday's child
Trouble docks the track of Thursday's child
This world could be a wonderful place
But not when you wear Thursday's face
I never know which way I'm bound, I'm Thursday's child
Heartbreak hangs around for Thursday's child
I'll always be blamed for what I was named
But still I'm not ashamed, I am Thursday's child
I never know which way I'm bound, I'm Thursday's child
Heartbreak hangs around for Thursday's child
I'll always be blamed for what I was named
But still I'm not ashamed, I am Thursday's child