

# 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