

Isobel Campbell, Thursday's Child

Twenty-five years living in a fantasy
Twenty-five years, better choose reality
Took a trip searching in your house of fun
Couldn't go there with almost anyone

Thursday's child
Far to go
Thursday's child
Far to go
Thursday's child
No regrets
Thursday's child
Won't forget

Bought a ticket, waltzed on the ferris wheel
Take this longing and make it something real
Until then she will be a slave to trust
Before it's ashes to ashes, dust to dust

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