

Matt Monro, Wednesday's Child

Wednesday's child is a child of woe.
Wednesday's child cries alone, I know.
When you smiled, just for me you smiled,
For awhile I forgot I was Wednesday's child.

Friday's child wins at love, they say.
In your arms Friday was my day.
Now you're gone, well I should have known,
I am Wednesday's child, born to be alone.

Now you're gone, well I should have known,
I am Wednesday's child, born to be alone.

Wednesday's child, born to be alone