

# Nancy Sinatra, Friday's Child - Nancy Sinatra

Friday's child.....Hard luck is her brother  
Friday's child.....Her sister's misery  
Friday's child.....Her daddy they call hard times  
Friday's child.....That's me

Friday's child.....Born a little ugly  
Friday's child.... Good looks passed her by..oh  
Friday's child.....Makes something look like nothing

Friday's child.....Am I..ya

Friday's child.....Never climbed no mountain  
Friday's child.....She ain't even gonna tray..oh  
Friday's child.....Whom they'll forget to bury  
Friday's child.....Am I