

# Van Morrison, Fridays Child

From the North  
to the South,  
ya' walked all the way.  
Ya' know ya' left your,  
left your home  
for good to stay,  
while ya' built all,  
all of your castles  
in the sun,  
and I watched ya' knock 'em down,  
knock 'em down, each and every one.  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' can't stop now.  
No.  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' can't stop now.

And I watched you  
'fore you 'came too ol' (??)  
and I tol' ya'  
a long time before ya' ever came to be told,  
&quot;You've got somethin'  
that they all wanna know.  
You gotta hold on  
and never ever let go.&quot;  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' can't stop now.  
No, no.  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' cannot stop now,  
ya' can't stop.

There ya' go,  
there ya' go, rainbows hangin' around your feet,  
and you're makin' out,  
you're makin' out with everyone that you meet.  
even havin' a ball  
and stayin' up late,  
and watched the sun come up  
'round Nottinghill Gate.  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' can't stop now.  
No, no.  
Whoa-oh, Friday's child  
ya' cannot stop.  
You're drivin'.  
Aaowwh,  
no no no no no no no no,  
ya' cannot stop now.  
You're too much.  
Ya' can't stop, ya' can't stop, ya' can't stop, can't stop, no.