

Wendy Matthews, Friday's Child

Just when I lose my touch
you come up and touch me
Just when I can't find the words
you run up and tell me
I'm off in the distance
out of time, out of place
we always save a trace
for Friday's Child
Friday's Child

At times I drift too far from shore
you give the lifeline to me
when I fight my holy war
you tell me what it's good for
I walk in your footsteps
when the road gets too wide
you go the extra mile
for Friday's Child

I see it like a silver screen
I see just what you're like
when I can't see anything
you make the world turn my way
you make the world turn my way

I walk in your footsteps
when the road's hard to find
you stand the test of time
for Friday's Child
Friday's Child

You make the world turn my way
you make the world turn my way
Friday's Child...
you make the world turn my way
hey.... for Friday's Child