

# Will Young, Friday's Child

We've been told to live our lives  
Just working on a feeling  
Waiting for the sun to shine on what  
We do believe in  
I'm every man  
I hear the cry of someone else  
A drowning man reaching out  
But no-one hears  
I know a man living out his life  
Without a reason  
And he says...

## Chorus

Monday's got a beautiful baby  
And Wednesday's child can never win  
Little Saturday will work till he's crazy  
But Friday's child was born to give

Now what about all the unborn people that will suffer  
At the hands of Mr. Right  
Who cares about no other  
I see a mother who lets her children use her up  
I know a father who sacrifices his wayward son  
I wonder  
What you give that someone else is needing nothing  
Next to nothing

Repeat Chorus