

Wednesday's Child

Matt Monro

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

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I am Wednesday's child, born to be alone.

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